# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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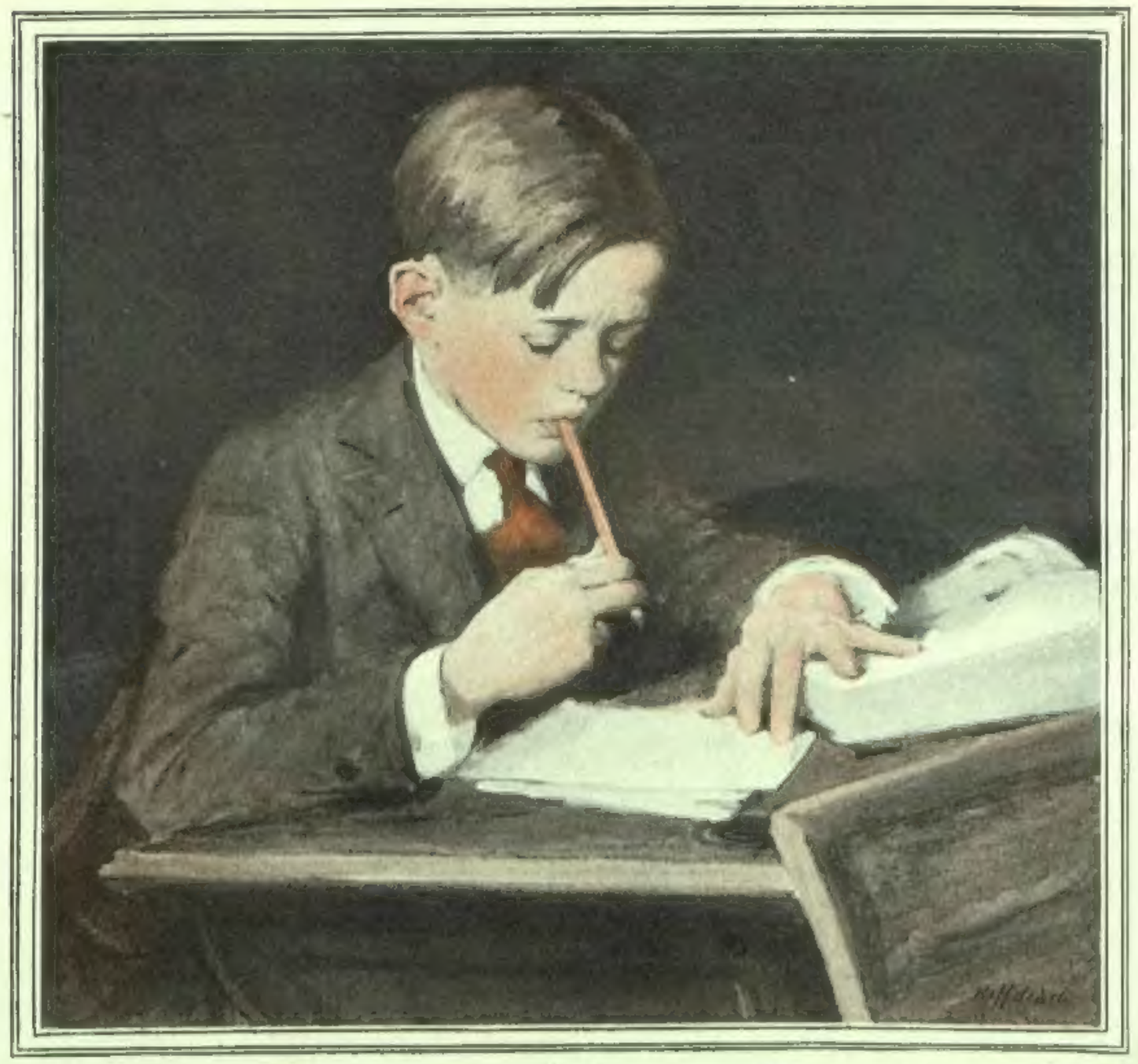
**Mary Roberts Rinehart—Captain Dingle—Ellen Glasgow**
**George Pattullo—Alice Duer Miller—Kenneth L. Roberts**



# Serious business, now, for little brains

## —and school authorities say they wish every mother understood one important fact

School again! So much to learn about a big world full of fascinating things—some so hard to understand. No wonder little brains get tired!

The mental effort a child expends in school uses up tremendous energy. And right here is one important fact which school authorities say they wish every mother understood.

It is this: If the little mental machine is to go ahead at full speed, necessary steam must be provided by an ample, constant intake of energy. Lacking this, it will certainly slow down.

### *Provide ample energy for these busy little brains*

To help your boy or girl meet successfully these mental demands is of course your greatest wish. And you *can* help in one important way.

Begin with the meal which starts the day. Breakfast should supply enough energy for the whole morning's needs.

Food *rich in energy*, of course! But one thing more. Energy-food *so simple and easy to digest* that none of its precious force is squandered in hard, extra work imposed upon the stomach! For digestion itself, you know, *may* be an energy-consuming process.

Such a breakfast means no special problem for the mother. For there is one delicious food which perfectly combines these qualities—Cream of Wheat!

Cream of Wheat with raisins

⅛ cup Cream of Wheat
4 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup raisins

*Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly; add raisins, and cook twenty minutes in a double boiler.*

Also with FIGS, DATES or PRUNES

*Follow recipe above, using instead of raisins ½ cup figs, dates or prunes cut in small pieces.*

This is the great value of Cream of Wheat—a combined value not often found in a single food; high energy *fully, quickly* released because so little work is required of digestion!

For it is made of the heart of the best hard wheat, the part richest in energy units, which scientists call carbohydrates. And these, of all food substances, are most easily and quickly digested. In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat *begins in the mouth!*

### *A delicious food rich in energy quickly available*

Vital energy to last all morning long! Fresh, unflagging interest in the task at hand, both for children and grown-ups! Make Cream of Wheat the basis of breakfast for *all the family*.

And it does more than answer this great practical need for energy; it gives the appetite rare pleasure, also. There are so many delicious ways to serve it; try it with fresh fruit or raisins, chopped dates, figs or nuts.

We will be glad to send you free our new booklet of suggestions for serving Cream of Wheat—practical, delicious ways which the family will enjoy for breakfast and other meals, too. Fill out the coupon and mail to us.

*Free* Fill out this coupon now and send it to us for illustrated recipe booklet, Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

S. E. P.—Aug. 25th

# *Cream of Wheat*

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota

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# ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

*The McBedwin Finish*

**This distinctive model for Fall is as British as a foggy London night. The long, rolling lapels and the turn of the jacket are characteristic of the latest importations from the Bond Street tailors. Quite a lot of leg room in the generous trousers with two darts on each side of the front. English . . . *very* . . . from coat collar to trouser cuff.**

*The Adler Collegian dealer in your community has the above and other smart Fall models in suits and overcoats at moderate prices. For every man of 17 to 70*

## *Don't depend* on the dummies in the windows

All clothing looks good on dummies in store windows. And, 'most any suit, if it is your size, looks well when you try it on. But experience surely has taught you that there *is* a big difference in clothes. The trouble is that most of us can't tell the difference between the good values and the poor until after we have paid out our money, and worn the suit a little while.

There are more than fifty different points in a suit where materials and workmanship can be varied to turn out a good suit or one "not so good."

Adler Collegian Clothes are good clothes because at every one of these fifty points we use good material and good workmanship. Take, for instance, the materials used in our suits. Our woolens are cold-water shrunk. It would cost us much less to shrink them with steam, but the first time you got caught in a sudden shower the fit of your steam-shrunk clothes would be gone.

The canvas in our different coats, which gives shape to the front and lapels, is also cold-water shrunk. We do not feel that we can afford to "take the chance" of not shrinking the canvas. So with the haircloth and the edge-tape.

Another point which you cannot see, but which makes the difference between a coat that holds its shape and one that does not, is the *kind* of canvas used. When this was written, cotton canvas could be bought at 11c a yard. We pay more than three times that much for our dependable Belgian all-linen canvas.

There is the same wide difference in the qualities of other materials used in coats—in the tape, haircloth, felt, wigan, silesia, pocket stays, buttons and even in silk thread. We use nothing but good materials because we make good clothes.

Individually these items are small—but taken as a whole they help make the difference between a suit that *keeps* you looking your best and a suit that quickly loses its shape.

Buy good clothes—clothes that are worth what they cost. Pay enough to get real value. We don't believe that you can get good clothes for less than the moderate prices asked for Adler Collegians.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis.

*Just as stylish as they are useful*

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
# COATS FOR WOMEN

YOU'LL find them a constant delight There are coats for every occasion They always look smart The fine tailoring and fabrics give you long wear and real economy

*Our women's coat book for fall shows sport coats, wraps, dress coats, motor coats—every outer garment a woman needs Send for it*

## HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

*Chicago* *New York*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# THE BABY BLIMP

## A Tish Story—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

EVER since last spring I have felt that a certain explanation is due to the public regarding Tish's great picture, The Sky Pirate, especially as to the alteration at the end of that now celebrated picture. I have also felt that a full explanation of what happened to us on that final tragic night is due to our dear Tish herself. She has never yet made a statement of any case of hers, believing that her deeds must speak for her.

But perhaps, more than anything, I am influenced by the desire to present the facts to Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, for, owing to his attitude the day he met us at the train, Tish has never deigned to make a full explanation.

We were on the platform, and I was taking a cinder out of Aggie's eye, when we perceived him, standing close by and surveying us gloomily.

"My life," he said, "has resolved itself into meeting you three when you have come back from doing something you shouldn't." He then picked up a bag or two and observed: "Even the chap in the Bible only had one prodigal."

He said nothing more until we were waiting for a taxi, when he observed that his nerves were not what they had been, and who was to secure bail for us when he was gone? We could only meet this with silence, but the fact is that he has never yet lost his money in that way, and never will.

"Some day," he said, "I shall drop over of heart failure on receiving one of your wires, and then where will you be?"

"The circumstances were unusual," Tish said with dignity.

"I'll tell the world they were!" he said. "Unusual as h—l."

He then lapsed into silence, and so remained until we were in the taxicab, on our way to Tish's apartment. Then he leaned forward and stared fixedly at his Aunt Letitia.

"Now!" he said. "We're going to have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. What about that elephant?"

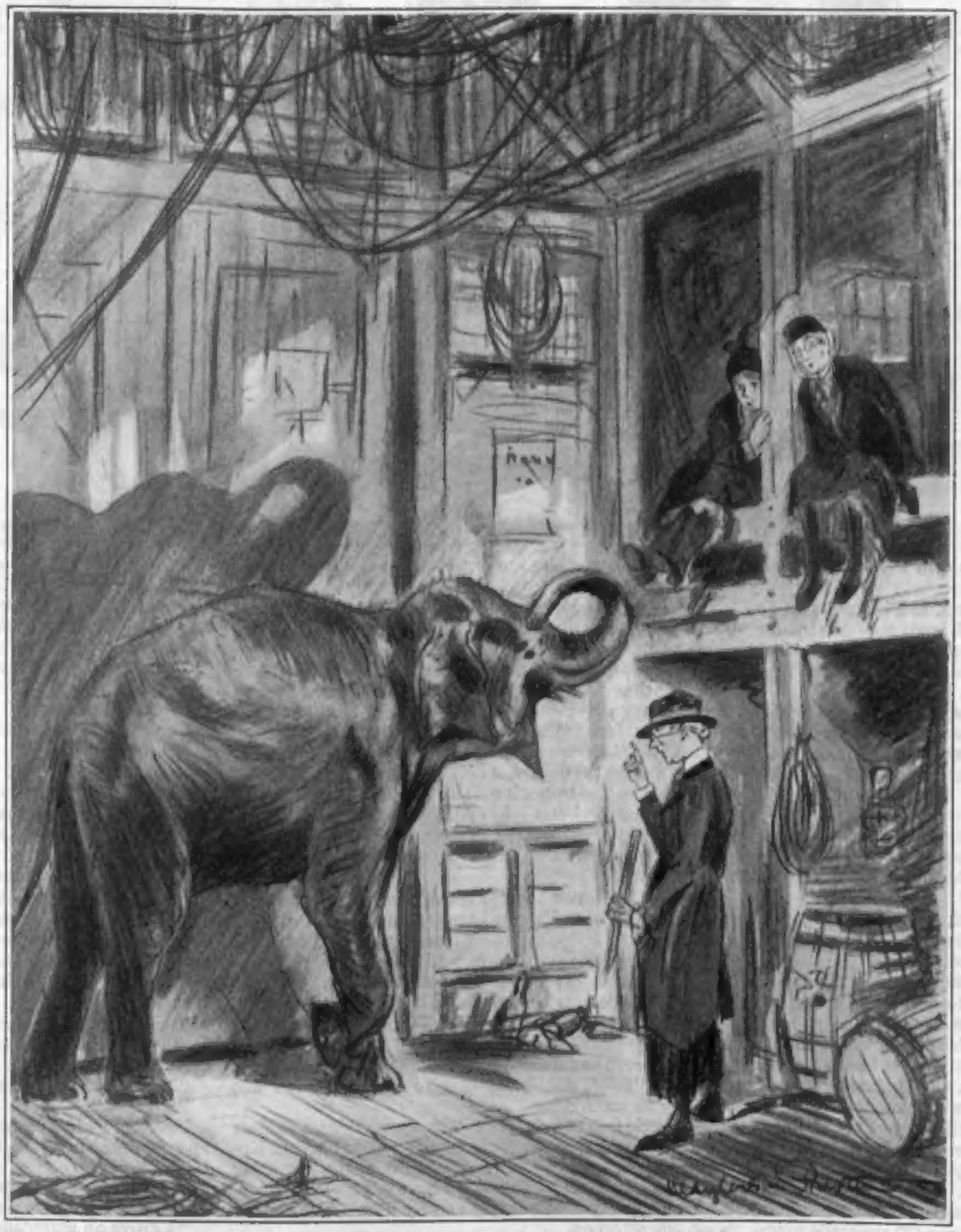
Tish raised her eyebrows.

"Elephant?" she said.

"'Elephant' is the word I used. Look me square in the eye, last surviving female relative of mine, and deny you had anything to do with it! The moment the Associated Press wires began to come in, I knew."

"Very well," Tish said acidly. "If you know, there is no need to explain."

And from that moment to this, she never has.



*"Now!" She Said. "Bring Them Down, You Shame to Your Sex. And be Gentle. Remember, You are Not Quite Yourself"*

In order to bring the elephant incident in its proper sequence it is necessary to return to the autumn of last year, and to tell of the various incidents which led up to that awful night, and the roof of the First National Bank of Los Angeles.

During all of last winter Tish had been making a survey of what she called the art, the educational value and the business of moving pictures. She was, in a word, studying them. And she came to certain conclusions. Thus, she believed that the public had wearied of sentiment and was ready for adventure without sex. Also, that the overemphasis on love in the pictures was weakening the moral fiber of the nation.

"It was when sex replaced war," she observed to Aggie and myself, "that Rome fell and Babylon crumbled to the dust."

I agreed with her, but Aggie had certain reservations. When, as frequently happened, Tish left the theater just before the final embrace, thus registering her disapproval, Aggie sometimes loitered, to put on her overshoes or to find her glasses. Indeed, once trying to take her departure while looking back over her shoulder, she had a really bad fall in the theater aisle.

But our dear Tish showed Aggie considerable indulgence, as Aggie's life had at one time held a romance of its own, she having been engaged to a Mr. Wiggins, who had not survived the engagement.

I have mentioned Mr. Wiggins because, although it is thirty years since he passed over, it was Aggie's getting into touch with him in the spirit world which brought Mr. Stein into our lives. And it was Stein who brought about all our troubles. We were both very happy to find our dear Tish occupied with a new interest, as since the war, when she had captured the town of X—— single handed—for Aggie was at the time on the church steeple and I had gone back for reënforcements—she had become rather listless.

"I find it difficult," she had once acknowledged, "to substitute the daily dozen for my activities in France, and the sight of four women quarreling madly over a bridge

table for a back scratcher with a pink bow on it simply makes me homesick for the war."

Judge of our disappointment, therefore, when with the first of March, Tish's interest in the pictures apparently lagged. From spending night after night watching them, she suddenly became invisible to us for long periods, and Hannah reported that at these times she would lock herself in her room, burning innumerable papers at the end of the period of seclusion. Also that, listening at the door, she could hear our dear Tish walking up and down the floor muttering to herself; and she reported that these active periods were followed by quiescent ones, when she could hear the rapid scratching of a pen.

Our first anxiety was that Tish had got herself into some sort of difficulty with her affairs, and this was not lessened by Hannah's bringing to us one evening a scrap of charred paper on which were the words: "I will kill myself first."

Had Charlie Sands not been out of town we would have gone to him, but he was in Europe, and did not return until four months later, when we were able to call on him for bail, as I have said. We had, therefore, no inkling of what was happening when, finding Tish in an approachable mood one evening, Aggie suggested that she try automatic writing.

Aggie had at last got into touch with Mr. Wiggins through a medium, and learned that he was very happy. But, although I have seen her sit for hours with a pencil poised over a sheet of paper, she had secured no written message from him. She therefore suggested that Tish try it.

"I've always felt that you are psychic, Tish," she said. "Every now and then when I touch you I get a spark, like electricity. And I have frequently heard knocks on the furniture when you are in a dark room."

"I've got bruises to show for them too," Tish said grimly.

Well, though Tish at first demurred, she finally agreed, and after Aggie had placed a red petticoat over the lamp to secure what she called the psychic light, Tish made the attempt.

"I have no faith in it," she said, "but I shall entirely retire my personality, and if there is a current from beyond, it shall flow through me unimpeded."

Very soon we heard the pencil moving, and on turning on the light later we were electrified to see the rough outline of an animal, which Aggie has since contended might have been intended for Katie, the elephant, but which closely resembled those attempts frequently made to draw a pig with the eyes closed. Underneath was the word "stein."

In view of later developments we know now that the word "stein" was not from Mr. Wiggins—although Aggie remembered that he had once or twice referred, when thirsty, to a stein of something or other—but that it was a proper name.

That at least a part of the message had a meaning for our dear Tish is shown by a cryptic remark she made to the room.

"Thanks," she said, to whatever spirit hovered about us. "I'll do it. It was what I intended, anyhow."

II

JUST a month later Tish telephoned one morning for Aggie and myself to go there that afternoon. There was a touch of sharpness in her manner, which with Tish usually means nervous tension.

"And put on something decent, for once," she said. "There's no need to look as though you were taking your old clothes for an airing, to keep out the moths."

Tish was alone when we arrived. I could smell sponge cakes baking, and Tish had put on her mother's onyx set and was sitting with her back to the light. She looked slightly feverish, and I commented on it, but she only said that she had been near the stove.

When she was called out, however, Aggie leaned over to me.

*"I Did Not Fully Estimate Your Powers When I Said You Could Fill a Tooth. You Could, With That Cordial, Make a Ouija Board Hiccup"*

"Stove, nothing!" she said. "She's painted her face! And she's got a new transformation!"

Had Charlie Sands himself appeared wearing a toupee we could not have been more astounded. And our amazement continued when Hannah brought in a tea tray with the Carberry silver on it, silver which had been in a safe-deposit vault for twenty years.

"Hannah," I demanded, "what is the matter?"

"She's going to be married! That's what," said Hannah, putting down the tray with a slam. "No fool like an old fool!" Then she burst into tears. "She spent the whole morning in a beauty parlor," she wailed. "Look at her finger nails! And callin' me in to draw up her corset on her!"

Neither Aggie nor I could speak for a moment. As I have said, our dear Tish had never shown any interest in the other sex. Indeed, I think I may say that Tish's virginity of outlook regarding herself is her strongest characteristic. It is her proud boast that no man has ever offered her the most chaste of salutes, and her simple statement as to what would happen if one did has always been a model of firmness.

I have heard her remark that when the late Henry Clay observed "Give me liberty or give me death," he was referring to marriage.

But Aggie had been correct. There was a bloom on dear Tish's face never placed there by the benign hand of Nature. Had I seen Mr. Ostermaier, our minister, preaching a sermon in a silk hat I should not have felt more horrified. And our anxiety was not lessened by Tish's first remark when she returned.

"I shall want you two as witnesses," she said. "And I shall make just one remark now. I know your attitude on certain subjects, so I ask you simply to remember this: I believe we owe a duty to the nation, especially with regard to children."

"Good heavens, Tish!" Aggie said, and turned a sort of greenish white. "A woman of your age ——"

"What's my age got to do with it?" Tish snapped. "I simply say ——"

But just then the doorbell rang, and Hannah announced a gentleman.

It was a Mr. Stein.

Aggie has told me since that the thought of Tish marrying was as nothing to her then, compared with the belief that she was marrying out of the Presbyterian Church. And she knew the moment she saw him that Mr. Stein was not a Presbyterian. But as it developed, and as all the world knows now, it was not a matter of marriage at all.

Mr. Stein was the well-known moving-picture producer.

While Aggie and I were endeavoring to readjust our ideas he sat down, and looked at Tish while rubbing his hands together.

"Well, Miss Carberry," he said, "I've brought the contracts."

"And the advance?" Tish inquired calmly.

"And the advance. Certified check, as you requested."

"You approve of my idea?"

"Well," he said, "you're right in one way. Sex has been overdone in pictures. The censors have killed it. When you're limited to a five-foot kiss—well, you know. You can't get it over, that's all. We've had to fall back on adventure. Not even crime, at that. Would you believe it, we've had to change a murder scene just lately to the corpse taking an overdose of sleeping medicine by mistake. And we can't have a woman show her figure on a chaise longue in a tea gown, while the bathing-suit people get by without any trouble. It's criminal, that's all. Criminal!"

"You have missed my idea," Tish said coldly. "I wrote that picture to prove that a love interest, any love interest, is not essential to a picture."

He agreed with what we now realize was suspicious alacrity.

"Certainly," he said. "Certainly! After all, who pays the profits on pictures? The women, Miss Carberry. The women! Do up the dishes in a hurry—get me?—and beat it for the theater. Like to sit there and imagine themselves the heroine. And up to now we've never given them a heroine over seventeen years of age!"

He reflected on this, almost tearfully.

"Well," he said, "that's over now. There are twenty-nine million women over forty in America today, and every one will see this picture. That is, if we do it."

"If you do it?" Tish inquired, gazing at him through her spectacles.

"When I told the casting director to find me a woman for the part he went out and got drunk. He's hardly been sober since."

"You haven't found anyone?"

"Not yet."

Tish had picked up her knitting, and Mr. Stein sat back and surveyed her for a few moments in silence. Then he leaned forward.

"Excuse me for asking, Miss Carberry," he said, "but have you ever driven a car?"

"I drove an ambulance in France."

"Really?" He seemed interested and slightly excited. "Then the sound of a gun wouldn't scare you, I dare say?"

"I would hardly say that. I shoot very well. I'm considered rather good with a machine gun, I believe."

He sat forward on the edge of his chair, and stared at her.

"Ever ride a horse?" he inquired. "Not hard, you know, with a Western saddle. You just sit in it and the horse does the rest."

Tish looked at him through her spectacles.

"There is no argument for the Western saddle as against the English," she said firmly. "I have used them both, Mr. Stein. One rides properly by balance, not adherence."

Mr. Stein suddenly got out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Would you believe it!" he muttered. "And me just happening to be in town on a little matter of alimony! Does everything! By heaven, I believe she could fill a tooth!"

He then stared again at Tish and said, "You're not by any chance related to the Miss Carberry who captured the town of X—— from the Germans, I suppose?"

"My friends here, and I, did that; yes."

He stared at us all without saying anything for a moment. Then he moistened his lips.

"Well, well!" he said. "Well, well! Why, we ran a shot of you, Miss Carberry, in our news feature, when you were decorated and kissed by that French general, What's-His-Name."

"I prefer not to recall that."

"Surely, surely," he agreed. He then got up and bowed to Tish. "Miss Carberry," he said, "I apologize, and I salute you. I came here to offer you a fixed price for your story. A moment ago I decided to offer you the part of the woman of—er—maturity in your picture, with two hundred dollars a week and a double for the stunts. I now remove the double, and offer you a thousand a week for your first picture. If that goes, we'll talk business."

If Tish reads this I will ask her at this moment to pause and think. Did I or did I not enter a protest? Did Aggie warn her or did she not? And was it not Tish herself who silenced us with a gesture, and completed her arrangements while Aggie softly wept?

She cannot deny it.

One final word of Tish's I must record, in fairness to her.

"If I do this, Mr. Stein," she said, "there must be a clear understanding. This is purely a picture of adventure and is to teach a real moral lesson."

"Absolutely," Mr. Stein said heartily. "Virtue is always triumphant on the screen. It is our greatest commercial asset. Without it, ladies, we would be nowhere."

"And there must be no love element introduced."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Stein. "Certainly not!"

Those were almost his final words. We then had tea, and Tish gave him some of our homemade blackberry cordial. He seemed very pleased with it, and on departing remarked, "My admiration for you grows steadily, Miss Carberry. I did not fully estimate your powers when I said you could fill a tooth. You could, with that cordial, make a ouija board hiccup."

### III

THINGS were quiet for a month or two after that, and we understood that the production was being got ready. But Tish was very busy, having thrown herself into her preparations with her usual thoroughness.

She had found a teacher who taught how to register with the face the various emotions on the screen, and twice a week Aggie or myself held her book, illustrated with cuts, while Tish registered in alphabetical order: Amusement, anxiety, boredom, curiosity, devotion, envy, fatigue, generosity, hate, interest, jealousy, keenness, laughter, love, merriment, nobility, objection, pity, quarrelsomeness, ridicule, satisfaction, terror, uneasiness, vanity, wrath, and so on.

I must confess that the subtle changes of expression were often lost on me, and that I suffered extremely at those times, when discarding the book, she asked us to name her emotion from her expression. She would stand before her mirror and arrange her features carefully, and then quickly turn. But I am no physiognomist.

Her physical preparations, however, she made alone. That she was practicing again with her revolver Hannah felt sure, but we had no idea where and how. As has been previously recorded, the janitor of her apartment had refused to allow her to shoot in the basement after a bullet had embedded itself in the dining table of A flat while the family was at luncheon. We surmised that she was doing it somewhere outside of town.

Later on we had proof of this. Aggie and I were taking a constitutional one day in the country beyond the car line when, greatly to our surprise, we heard two shots beyond a hedge, followed by a man's angry shouts, and on looking over the hedge, who should we behold but our splendid Tish, revolver in hand, and confronted by an angry farm laborer.

"Right through my hat!" he was bellowing. "If a man can't do an honest day's work without being fired at ——"

"Work?" Tish said coldly. "You were so still I took you for a scarecrow."

"Scarecrow yourself! When I yelled, you shot again!" he howled. "Deliberate attempt at murder. That's what it was."

"It went off by itself the second time," Tish explained. "I'm rehearsing a certain scene, and ——"

"Rehearsing?" said the man. "What for?"

"For the moving pictures."

He looked at her, and then he bowed very politely.

"Well, well!" he said. "I didn't recognize you at first, Miss Pickford. And how's Doug?"

*But, More Than That, Aggie Declared That There Were Guards Here and There All Around*

We did not tell Tish that we had witnessed this encounter. She might have been sensitive about mistaking a farmer for a scarecrow.

It was a day or so after, in our presence, that Tish informed Hannah she would take her along as her maid. And Hannah, who in twenty-odd years had never been known to show enthusiasm, was plainly delighted with the prospect.

"D'you mean I can see them acting?" she inquired.

"I imagine so," Tish said with a tolerant smile.

"Love scenes too?" Hannah asked, with an indelicacy that startled us.

"There will be no love scenes in this picture, Hannah," Tish reproved her. "I am surprised at you. And even in the ones you see every evening, when you ought to be doing something better, it is as well to remember that the persons are not really lovers. Indeed, that often they are barely friends."

She then told Hannah to go downtown and buy a book on moving-picture make-up and the various articles required, as, since she was to be a personal maid, she must know about such things.

I confess that Aggie and I were in a state of extreme depression when we left Tish that day. The thought of our dear friend altering the face her Creator gave her was a painful one, and both of us, I think, feared it as an index of a possible general demoralization, as too often happens in the movies. Aggie particularly feared the contacts with men, as mentioned by Hannah, in spite of Tish's firm attitude. The well-known temptations of Hollywood were in both our minds.

"They aren't paying her a thousand dollars a week just to ride, and so on," Aggie said bitterly. "Did you ever see a picture without a love story? It isn't only her neck she's risking, Lizzie."

I must confess to the same uneasiness.

We went to bed early that night, sorely troubled, and I had fallen asleep and was dreaming that Tish was trying to leap from an automobile to a moving train, and that every time she did it the train jumped to another track, when the telephone bell rang, and it was Hannah. She said that Tish wanted me, and to go over right away, but not to waken Aggie.

I went at once and found all the lights going, and Tish in her bed, bolt upright, with both eyes closed.

"Tish!" I cried. "Your eyes! Can't you see?"

"Not through my eyelids," she said witheringly. "Don't be a fool, Lizzie. Look at this stuff and then tell me what will take it off."

I then saw that the rims of her eyelids were smeared with a black paste which had hardened like enamel, and that they had become glued together, leaving her, temporarily at least, sightless and helpless. My poor Tish!

"What will take it off?" she demanded. "That idiot Hannah offered to melt it with a burning match."

"I don't think anything but a hammer will do any good, Tish."

I discovered then that Hannah had bought the make-up book, and that it laid particular emphasis on beading the eyelashes. With her impatient temperament Tish, although the shops were shut by that time, decided to make the experiment, and had concocted a paste of glue and India ink. She had experimented first on her eyebrows, she had thought successfully, although when I saw her they looked like two jet crescents fastened to her forehead; but inadvertently closing her eyes after beading her lashes, she had been unable to open them again.

She and Hannah had tried various expedients, among them lard, the yolk of an egg, cold cream and ammonia, but without result. I was obliged to tell her that it was set like a cement pavement.

In the end I was able, amid exclamations of pain and annoyance from

*(Continued on Page 113)*

# THE AMBUSH OF ITALY

## By Kenneth L. Roberts

MANY moving pictures condone the existence of an exasperating and disgusting person. He is the man who won't shoot when the circumstances urgently demand shooting. The villain, for example, is discovered by the hero in the act of setting fire to the old homestead in which reside the beautiful heroine and her sweet white-haired mother. The proper procedure for the hero would be to shoot the villain under the left armpit or drop a large, rough coupling-pin on the apex of his skull in such a manner as to wreck him thoroughly and permanently. The reason for the hero's failure to destroy the villain when he catches him in the act is due, of course, to the desire on the part of motion-picture producers to produce six or eight reel films. If the hero did what he ought to do, most motion pictures would be only about half a reel in length.

Equally annoying effects may repeatedly be observed in the best-regulated governments because of the desire of politicians to remain in office, and because of their frequently mistaken ideas as to what they must do in order so to remain—due to the tumult and outcry raised on every side by organized minorities. Because of these things the world is troubled with weak parliaments and congresses which talk much of doing many things well, and succeed only in doing a few things ill; with a great mass of foolish and half-baked theories and very little common sense; with wild and dangerous laws which are inflicted on inarticulate conservative majorities at the wish and request of red-eyed and brass-lunged radical minorities; with many cheap and ineffective conferences and an almost total lack of brave and constructive acts; with regiments of demagogues who fool the credulous public with promises of something for nothing; and with a painful scarcity of genuine leaders and statesmen.

For the benefit of those persons who are weary of open displays of timidity, selfishness and the dodging of issues—whether on the part of the movie hero who helps to build up a worthless film by failing to shoot, or on the part of cheap demagogues and fuddled lawmakers who do their best to start their country on the road to disaster—a timely and gratifying spectacle has been provided by Italy in the shape of the Fascisti movement.

### Applied Common Sense

ANYTHING that is written about the Italian Fascisti movement should have a dedication. It should be dedicated to all reds and pinks; to parlor, bedroom, bath and gutter Bolsheviks; to communists, anarchists, syndicalists and Socialists; to government-ownership cranks and to fanatics on the subject of state-assisted coöperative societies; to organized minorities and legislative blocs and advocates of class legislation; to legislators who impose fool taxation on the people and who waste the nation's income on paternalistic schemes and reckless appropriations for vote-getting; to men and women who scream for the elimination of the army and navy with no thought of the nation's security; to all strikers who would imperil the nation's interests for their own selfish and immediate ends; and to all radicals, subverts, aliens and morons who work for themselves first, last and all the time, and for their country never.

These persons deserve the dedication not because the Fascisti movement has a strong appeal for them, but because without their assistance it couldn't have existed. As a matter of fact, it has about as much appeal for them as a sulphuric-acid shower bath would have for a pretty girl. It not only cramps their style severely but it reduces their style to the vanishing point.

As in the case of most European matters, a great deal of twaddle and mush has been dispensed concerning the Fascisti movement in Italy. There has been an enormous amount of exalted conversation for the purpose of telling the world that Fascism is the essence of spirituality, the embodiment of idealism, the spirit of youth, and so on.

*Girl Fascists at Salute on the Birthday of Rome. Above—Fascisti From Todi in a Motor Lorry Carrying a Machine Gun Directly After the March on Rome*

Actually it is the application of common sense to the business of government—first to local government and then to the national government.

Bolshevism, communism and their many offshoots that make for bad government wherever they appear can stand up pretty well against the attacks of spirituality, idealism and the blazing spirit of youth. In fact such things only serve to make Bolsheviks and other mental perverts burst into hoarse hoots of laughter; and, as is well known, laughter is not infrequently recommended as a health-giving tonic.

When confronted with common sense, however, these mentally warped folks become gloomy, depressed and neurasthenic; and when the common sense is backed with a bit of organization and money, they may be observed crawling into their holes and pulling the holes in after them so that all traces of their existence are obliterated.

The application of genuine common sense to any situation necessitates the use of directness, truth, honesty, simplicity and square dealing. Likewise, it might be remarked in passing, it sometimes necessitates the use of force for the defeat of brutality and the occasional ignoring of the law in the interests of decency when the law is too weak. The Fascisti movement, in spite of all the flowery and sob-punctuated things that have been said about it, is merely common sense applied to the problems of a fool-ridden nation. If it allows its common sense to become warped, if it strays from the paths of honesty and simplicity, if it uses its force to attain selfish ends, then it becomes an ordinary autocracy and a very dangerous thing.

Everybody who has looked into the Fascisti movement in Italy is agreed that it was a greatly needed movement, and that it saved the nation from descending into a chaotic whirlpool of communism and financial disaster that would have made Niagara's whirlpool look like a placid puddle of rain water by comparison.

There is not the same clarity and simplicity, however, in the explanation of the reasons why the Fascisti movement became necessary. The usual explanation consists of the statement that communism in Italy was encouraged by a succession of weak governments to such a point that it could only be restrained and overcome by the Fascisti and their methods.

This is true as far as it goes; but it ought to go much farther. It ought to go back to the government ownership of railways and telegraphs and telephones and tram lines, and the government-assisted coöperative societies for laborers and agricultural workers, all of which ills were as plentiful in Italy as are dandelions in America.

### Cost of Government Ownership

AMONG other things, these evils were of tremendous assistance in ramming Italy deeper and deeper into debt with each succeeding year, in imposing terrific burdens on the taxpayer, in establishing the bloc system in the Italian Chamber of Deputies until a minority of legislators could and did throw a Prime Minister out of office whenever they didn't like the way he combed his hair or ate his spaghetti, in intimidating the politicians to such an extent that through fear of losing votes they acceded to the demands of organized minorities for class legislation and the further wasting of the public funds, and in encouraging the pampered communists to demand greater and greater privileges and to grant fewer and fewer rights to the general public, after the fashion of communists the world over.

Before embarking on the beautiful sea of Fascism, therefore, it is not only necessary to wade for a time in the miasmic marshes and the clinging muck of communism with which the sea is surrounded, but it is also necessary to clamber around a bit on the desolate and sterile lava beds of government ownership that surround both the muck and the sea.

Italy's adventures with government ownership should have a certain amount of interest for Americans, for some of America's most influential senators and representatives are determined that America, too, shall have government-owned railways and government-owned public utilities of various sorts and government-assisted coöperatives. In case there are some to set up a plaintive wail to the effect that one shouldn't base his judgment of government ownership on the experiences of Italy, it is just as well to remark at once that government ownership is almost invariably a heavy burden on a taxpayer, if not a rank failure, wherever it is encountered. The Canadian government-owned railways show a heavy annual deficit; the government-owned railways of Switzerland lose money with great vigor and enthusiasm; the single state-owned railway of France chalks up a yearly loss that is almost as great as the losses of all the privately owned French railways added together; the government-owned railways of Germany,

which were the best of all the government-owned railways before the war, were inferior to the privately owned British railways and operated at a much greater cost.

If the bookkeeping of the Italian Government is accurate, the state-owned Italian railways lost for the nation, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the tidy sum of 1,257,946,309 lire. Translated into American money at the rate of exchange existing at that time, this amounted to more than $60,000,000, for about twenty lire were equivalent to one dollar. The Italian Government's bookkeeping may be open to suspicion, as is the bookkeeping of all governments, including our own, when they mix up in business; but one may be certain that any mistakes that have crept in would have been mistakes that tended to minimize the government's losses as much as possible.

The Italian Government apparently believed in employing almost enough railway workers in recent years to give individual attention to each passenger who traveled in an Italian train. Before the war there were slightly under 150,000 railway employes in the Italian railway service, while at the end of 1922 there were 228,000 of them. This increase in employes wasn't due to any increase in the size of the Italian railway system, but to frequent changes in the government. Every time a government changed a great many more political supporters had to be supplied with jobs by the new government in return for services rendered. The politicians of every nation are invariably brought into the world with a highly developed determination to use all government-owned propositions as a means of buying or paying for votes.

*Mussolini Inspecting His Men in Naples. He is Wearing a Sash Over the Shoulder*

### *Passengers Mainly Deadheads*

ONE might have expected—if one had been an eager and starry-eyed believer in government ownership—that a condition of affairs that provided one railway worker for nearly every traveler who paid for a ticket would have resulted in neatness, efficiency and excellent service. On the contrary, the Italian railways were the worst in the world. They were the worst in the world before the war, and they lost money before the war. As they took on more and more employes during and after the war, they became steadily worse and worse, just as they lost more and more money. Italians who traveled on the railways would throw up their hands in volcanic disgust, exclaiming, "Madonna! These railways are as bad as it is possible for any railway to be! They can never be worse, by Bacchus, and perhaps they will be better!" But when these same travelers traveled again they would find the trains filthier and slower and smellier and more uncomfortable than ever.

As a matter of fact, most of the persons who were in a position to pass judgment on the cleanliness and comfort of the Italian railways were, in a manner of speaking, in no position to protest. Since the railways were government-owned, and therefore a political proposition, the handing out of railroad passes became as constant as the dropping of the gentle rain from heaven during the rainy season. When a politician couldn't get a railroad job for a constituent, he got him a railroad pass, and the constituent then spent his time traveling around with the other travelers who were listed as railway workers.

The person who wasn't able to travel on a pass, or to get at least 75 per cent knocked off his fare in token of the high esteem in which he was held by the Italian Government, was extremely small potatoes. All the members of Parliament received passes, and their families and the friends of their families. To anyone who is familiar with the size of Italian families, and the vast and tangled web of relationship in which every European is enmeshed, this fact alone is awe-inspiring. Every European in America, unless recent immigration investigations are at fault, has eight or ten thousand relatives left in Europe; and the members of Parliament were no exception to the general European relative rule. All Italian journalists were also supplied with passes; and since the antique shops and the journals run close races with each other for numerical supremacy, it is difficult to turn without falling over a journalist.

Whenever any European in public life finds himself with a dull rainy Thursday on his hands, and doesn't know what else to do, he starts a journal and creates a number of journalists. Many European journalists seem to exist almost entirely by permitting some person or cause or corporation to do favors for them in return for colored news—a fact which frequently causes considerable anguish and embarrassment to American reporters who go to Europe for facts and not for fiction or favors.

In addition to the passes, the railways gave a discount of 75 per cent to the entire army, navy, civil service and railway employes. The result of all this was that all first and second class cars on the Italian railways were filled with pass holders and persons riding on quarter fare, with a sprinkling of tourists who paid their way. The regular money was paid by the peasants who rode on the third-class coaches and got nothing for which they didn't remove the string from the old sock.

One of the most effective forms of pressure on any government-owned proposition is political pressure. As a result of political pressure on the state management of the railways, the railways were forced to make all their purchases in Italy, even when the same commodities could be bought much more cheaply in America or some other country. And as a further result of political pressure, farm produce was carried at a very unremunerative rate. All this sportive gayety on the part of the government was paid for by the taxpayer, who is always the goat in government-ownership burlesques.

### *Tyrannical Railway Employes*

MEANWHILE the railway employes, in the cant phrase of an earlier day, were getting theirs. Long before the war they had organized themselves into several very strong unions which constantly brought great political pressure to bear on the Italian Parliament through strong leaders and representatives, threatened the country with strikes if their demands were not granted, and frequently indulged in strikes in order to impress their desires on the timid legislators. They were even more of a privileged class than was the general body of workers and officials.

Prior to 1917 the railway employes received frequent increases in pay in the form of cost-of-living allowances. These were sometimes allowances granted to all state officials at uniform rates, and sometimes they were special allowances granted only to railway workers because of their political strength. After 1917 the wage increases came with increased rapidity. Sometimes the increases took the form of payments in anticipation, sometimes of payments on account, sometimes of temporary bonuses, and sometimes of cost-of-living bonuses.

These concessions were not made in accordance with any system, but were sprayed out of the public treasury whenever the labor unions lifted up their voices and howled for them. Therefore all rewards, bonuses and gratuities hitherto received by the railway

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*Fascisti Taking the Oath of Allegiance to Mussolini—on the Balcony—as Chief Exponent of Fascisti Ideals, Soon After His Rise to Power*

# OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS

## By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

SUPPER was over, and the Big Un, contentedly playing solitaire in the warehouse office, crooned with tender sorrow:

*"If I'd only knowed you then*
*Like, oh, I know you now ——"*

"For the lova Mike," bawled the field superintendent, glaring at him from the phone, "can that stuff, will you? I'm tryin' to get these here reports. Hello, hello! Don't cut me off! Say, what makes you so damned sentimental, anyhow?"

"He's just plumb full of sentiment," remarked Ben Gober gently, leaning over his friend's shoulder to place the nine of hearts on the ten of clubs. "That's how come the Big Un went to work. He was only a boy of thirty when his sister's health give out and she couldn't earn enough for two, so the Big Un up and left his comfortable home to go into the oil game."

"He's makin' that up out'n his head," protested the Big Un hotly. "I ain't been home since I was growed, and what's more, I ain't got a sister—yah!"

The field superintendent picked up the telephone again and bellowed, "You boys keep quiet a minute till I see whether —— Hello! Gimme Number 7. Huh? I said to gimme Number 7! And don't cut me off! I said don't cut me off! Huh? Say, girlie, see if you can't make those guys answer. There must be somebody round. Try again —— Hello, hello! Number 7? Looka here, why don't you birds get in your report without —— Hello, hello! Don't cut me off! What the Sam Hill —— Well, what d'you know about that?"

He hung up with a bang and started to roll a cigarette, but the bell tinkled faintly and he dropped the makings to grab the instrument.

"Well? Number 7? Say, what do you guys think this is? Hello, hello! Huh? Who? I can't hear! I want Number 7! Yes, this is the warehouse. Who? You want Mr. Gober?" Suddenly his tones changed from strident wrath to dripping honey. "Sure, he's here. Won't anybody else do, ma'am? This is Louis—you remember Louis! You don't, hey? My mistake. All right, I'll call him."

He turned from the desk and said, with a hint of disapproval:

"Lady wants to talk to you, Ben."

All eyes turned to Gober, and everybody in the office listened attentively while he talked, but they got nothing for their pains. Beyond repetition of "No" half a dozen times, he said only, "No, I can't." They felt a vague resentment.

"Why can't you oblige the lady? Ain't you got no manners?" burst out the gang pusher.

"Shucks, that's the only way to treat 'em, boy," replied Gober as he rang off. "They like you better for it."

The others waited a while in the hope that he might loosen up, but Ben had nothing more to say. Somebody proposed a round of stud poker and the nightly game started. It was pitilessly hot in the warehouse, and the Big Un, who wasn't always a fast thinker, perspired a lot.

"Come on, big feller! Come alive! What d'you do?"

"Wait a minute, cain't you? Gimme time," rumbled the Big Un, taking a long, careful scrutiny of the card in the hole. "Sure, I'll stay. . . . Gee, but this heat is a fright! Seems like that ol' tin roof catches every bit there is and saves it up special for us."

"Well, what do you expect? Things've got to balance, ain't they? It was so cold only a month ago you near froze to the jack."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," retorted Ben. "If you only watch close you'll notice how things most always even up in this world. A rich man, now, he has ice in the summertime; but the poor man has it in the winter."

"That's a fact," admitted the Big Un.

They played until close to midnight, and then the game was interrupted by the return of the field-transfer man from town, who announced, "A wild woman done killed herself tonight."

"The hell she did! What for?"

"Search me. They found her in her room and she'd shot herself in the throat."

"What was her name?"

"Myrtle something—I forget her last name. Do you remember that li'l' bobbed-haired brunette we met ridin' the big sorrel horse over near Kelly Number 3 the other day, Jim? That was her."

"Are you sure?"

It was Ben, his face ashen.

"I was there when they carried her out."

Gober did not question him further. In a moment he pushed back his chair and went upstairs to the bedroom where he and four others slept.

Said the gang pusher, in an eager whisper:

"Say, do you reckon it's the same gal who phoned him tonight?"

"Well, supposin' it was," growled the Big Un truculently, and that line of thought remained undeveloped.

Any doubts about her identity were speedily dispelled. While they were undressing for bed they heard a horse amble up to the door and the card keeper descended to the porch to find out who it was. Presently he returned and said casually to Ben, "The law's downstairs and wants to see you, Gober."

Ben found a deputy sheriff sitting in the office.

"Do you know anything about this?" he demanded, holding out a letter.

Gober turned it over and over, staring dully.

"Ain't you read it yet?"

"It's addressed to you."

"Sure, but I thought ——"

"Best see what's inside," suggested the deputy, who already knew every word of the contents.

It was only a few lines on pink paper, blurred and still damp with tears. She thanked Ben for having been so good to her, but why had he acted so mean when all she wanted was for him to say just one word to Sid? Sid would believe him and everything would be all right, but she couldn't go on this way; and now he would never come back, and she was tired of it all, and her head ached. She just couldn't live without him, and this was the last time he would ever see her, and so good-by. "I'm a wild, wild woman, Ben; but at last I'm going home."

Gober silently handed the letter to the deputy.

*"Do You Remember That Li'l' Bobbed-Haired Brunette We Met Ridin' the Big Sorrel Horse Over Near Kelly Number 3? That Was Her"*

"Who's this guy Sid?"

"Sid Polasky."

The deputy's manner underwent an odd change. When next he spoke his tone was less domineering.

"What we couldn't figure out," he explained, with unconscious candor, "is whether she meant she couldn't live without you or without Sid."

"She got sort of mixed up there, but she meant him—not me—thank God." A long pause. "A wild, wild woman, hey? Poor kid, she often used to call herself that."

"Well, that's all, I reckon. I just wanted to find out what you knew about it. Did she have a fuss with Polasky?"

"Yeh. She phoned me only tonight and wanted me to go and fetch him back."

"What did she pick on you for? You been hanging round with her much?"

"No-o, not exactly. When we go to town, me and the Big Un generally always drop in for a dance, and I used to dance with Myrtle now and again."

"Often?"

"Pretty regular."

"Huh! What did her and Polasky fall out about?"

"He made believe he was jealous."

"Now we're gettin' to it!"

"But that was just a bluff, sheriff. Polasky'd made up his mind to quit her, and he grabbed the first excuse he could lay his hands on. Yes, sir, that polecat done lived offn that li'l' gal when he first come here, nothin' but a bum; and now, the minute he strikes oil and gets rich, he ups and throws her over. So she's dead."

"What did she mean by wantin' you to go to him?"

"She had a crazy notion that if I'd only tell Sid we was nothin' but friends he'd come back to her. The last time she seen him he pretended to get mad because she danced so much with me."

The deputy gazed long at the floor, testing this story in his mind.

"Well, I don't see as there's anything more to do," he announced finally. "A guy can't help it if a dame falls for him, and nobody can blame him for going on his way if he don't like her. Can they?"

"It all depends."

"Why, this might happen to anybody—to me, even! Sure it could! Polasky couldn't help it if that dame got stuck on him, could he? Tell you what, Gober, if I was in your shoes I'd sure enough keep my mouth shut."

"I aim to," answered Ben, who understood thoroughly what was in the deputy's mind.

"Well, I'll be drifting back to town."

"Say, have they found out anything about her yet? Found her kinfolks or anything?"

"Yeh. One of the girls told us where she come from and we've located her family in Missouri. Just waiting to hear from 'em."

"Well, if they don't turn up or send for her, I'd like to —— Say, how about letting me take care of shipping her—home?"

"Suit yourself. We do a lot of that, but maybe you'd like to fix it up good."

"That's what I would. I feel awful bad about this business, and ——"

"Sure! Drop in tomorrow mornin' and we'll get everything straightened out."

The deputy rose to go. As he paused to light a cigar, he remarked between puffs, "She was sure a pretty kid. Swell dancer too. Well, so long."

"Adios."

Ben lent him a flashlight and watched him ride away. Then he returned slowly upstairs to the bedroom. An ominous quiet reigned there, with the Big Un sitting up like a mastiff watchdog. Gober proffered no information at first, but as he was drawing off his rubber boots he said quietly, "I'd like you boys to know I didn't have nothing to do with that poor kid's death. The deputy'll tell you the same thing. He's got a letter she wrote."

"What did she kill herself for?"

"Had a row with her lover."

"Who was he?"

"A bum—leastways, he used to be."

"Gee, it's queer what women will love!" exclaimed the card keeper.

"Yes," Ben admitted wearily; "it seems to mean a heap more to 'em than it does to a man. Well, good night, you fellers. It'll all be in the paper tomorrow."

It was all in the paper next day, but tragedies of this sort are not uncommon in the oil fields, whither girls flock from all over the country like moths to a flame, so it attracted scant attention, and nobody arrived to claim Myrtle. The authorities got into communication with her father in Missouri, but a wire stated he was too sick to make the trip—no instructions about the funeral, or what he wanted done.

"Maybe he's pore and cain't pay to have it shipped," suggested the Big Un.

"More like, he don't want the folks in his home town to know," was Ben's thought. "But she's a-going back all the same, Big Un, and she's a-going back right."

With the help of some of the boys who worked for the company, he contrived to give Myrtle a real funeral, and quite a gathering stood with bared heads as the train bearing her body pulled out. In fact the Big Un admitted that Ben fixed everything up dandy and a guy couldn't want better for his own sister. So the wild, wild woman went home at last.

To avoid all unpleasantness, Polasky had gone to Hot Springs, but he arrived back in Smackover the following week to look after his properties. Some leases he had won in a poker game were now producing seven thousand barrels of oil a day, and Sid owned three motor cars, eleven diamonds, and a flock of parasites. Gossip ran that he had turned down an offer of four million for his stuff and intended to build a refinery and get into the game with the big fellows.

Bucking the big fellows in the oil game is a tough proposition, and the man who tries it generally earns hearty and prolonged guffaws; but Polasky now had an ambitious helpmate in the person of a beauteous blond buzzard, and he went right ahead.

"He's speculatin' in oil, too," remarked the company manager at supper one night. "He's figuring on some of ours."

Ben glanced up sharply from his plate.

"Say, when he does, leave that bird to me, will you, boss?"

"He's yours."

Polasky arrived at the warehouse a couple of days later, clad in natty riding breeches and a short leather coat.

"Thinks he's an oil man, does he?" muttered Gober as he came out to meet him. "I'll bet he don't know a Kelly from a Maude."

If Polasky had really been jealous on Myrtle's account, his memory was short, because he did not even recognize Ben. He had come to measure the oil in the tanks, he said, and see if it tested pipe-line oil.

"All right. Ready now? Let's go."

"I'm fixing to buy all your outfit's got in storage," remarked Polasky importantly as they went along.

This was a matter far above Ben's head. His job was to show their customer what the tanks held and let him measure the contents for himself, so he merely grunted.

They climbed to the top of the first fifty-five-thousand-barrel tank.

"Plumb full," said Polasky "How much water in there?"

"See for yourself." Gober handed him the thief and Polasky lowered it in the tank until the instrument rested on the bottom. Ben kept hold of the valve string.

"Now!" cried Polasky.

Gober gave a jerk, but it was not applied so as to open the valve. He waited until Polasky had pulled up the thief several feet, and then, with a quick, deft flip of the wrist, contrived to open the valve without the customer suspecting anything.

"Why, that's pipe-line oil clear to the bottom!" exclaimed Polasky in great surprise.

"Want to try it again?"

"You bet I do!"

He let the thief down into the oil once more, very slowly and carefully, and when it rested on the bottom, gave the order to pull. Ben went through the same performance, waiting until the thief was three feet clear of the bottom before opening the valve. The test showed pipe-line oil.

"How come there ain't any water in it at all?" demanded Polasky.

"All our tanks're just like this," Ben answered.

Indeed, they were—every single one of them had a good two feet of water on the bottom. But Polasky did not discover it. He knew enough about the oil game to expect some water in the bottom of a tank; but none of their soundings showed any, although, twice and thrice, he measured the contents of each. Ben always contrived to secure the specimen from about the three-foot level. Wherefore Polasky returned to town prepared to close the contract for everything the company had in storage at this tank farm, and, because of the trick, he paid high oil prices for thirty-two thousand barrels of dirty water.

"A funeral," remarked Ben grimly, "would've cost him less."

The company manager cleared his throat; he felt it his duty to frown on such practices.

"Gober, maybe the Old Man will kill this deal, after all. I wouldn't let it go through myself, only that skunk tried to steal our oil from the Huey lease."

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"Well, We're All Set to Go Now," He Remarked Complacently. "Some Right Queer Things Happen, Don't They?"

# THE ARTLESS AGE

## By Ellen Glasgow

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"I FELT that Richard ought to be thrown with at least one nice girl," remarked Mrs. Askew, with her usual precision. "That is why I invited her."

We were seated in my neighbor's pleasant drawing-room in Richmond, with our watchful eyes turned toward the pansies in the window boxes, while we waited for the car to bring Mary Louise Littleton from the station. Outside the trees were in leaf, the scent of lilacs floated in from the garden, and the Easter sunshine sparkled over the singing kettle on the tea table.

"And a nice boy like Richard ought to prefer nice girls," was my comment.

"He does," Richard's mother assented emphatically; and she added in a less positive tone, "I suppose she expected me to meet her; but there wasn't a minute to spare from that committee on eugenics."

She was a small, dark, very thin woman, with thick black eyebrows which curved like bands of fur over her long sallow face. Her features expressed great intelligence and sagacity, and there was a gleam of ironic humor in her smile. She was the kind of woman to whom one resorted in any difficulty, from the failure of the mayonnaise to a sudden funeral in the house. By instinct she was a public benefactor, and by accident she had become a wife and mother, and was now a widow with a comfortable fortune. Though she was president of innumerable societies for social welfare, it was as chairman of the National Committee on Eugenics that she had recently come into prominence. Earnest, untiring, and driven by her passion for improvement as if it were a disease, Richard had once, in a burst of undisciplined humor, described her as a conscientious objector to joy.

"Perhaps she would just as soon see Richard," I suggested mildly.

Never, I felt, had my neighbor's resourcefulness been more evident than in the adroit ease with which she had designed the destiny of her son. Richard must marry only a nice girl; she was so determined on this point that when none of the daughters of her friends appeared to meet her requirements, she had tracked a distant half-forgotten cousin to her retreat in the Virginia mountains, and snatched her child from a French convent. Mary Louise Littleton had spent all her life, with the exception of her cloistered years, in a village at the foot of the Blue Ridge, where she cultivated roses for an occupation and played croquet for exercise. "Just as I did in my girlhood," observed Mrs. Askew complacently. Though the girl was just twenty, the Victorian aura still surrounded her, if her mother's letters were to be trusted. The possibility that Mary Louise might have been drawn from her seclusion by the temptation, not of a Prince Charming, but of a great catch for a poor girl, had never crossed the firm but thin mind of Richard's mother.

"Is she pretty?" I inquired after a pause.

It was absurd, of course, to imagine that Richard, a superb blond giant of two and twenty, with the jutting eyebrows, straight features and square shoulders of the star performer in a moving picture, would fancy any girl who was not beautiful.

"Lovely," replied Mrs. Askew, with sparkling enthusiasm. "She is the living image of a Raphael Madonna—the thinnest of them," she amended decisively.

This was promising, I admitted. It occurred to me that a Madonna by Raphael might hold her own even in a collection of futurists, and the modern young girl impressed me as decidedly futurist in style.

"She will be a wonderful influence for Richard," Mrs. Askew was murmuring. When she spoke her son's name her metallic voice softened with suppressed feeling. "I don't like to say anything against my half-sister's child," she continued after a minute, "but Geraldine is impossible."

"I Danced a Hole in My Best Slippers, and Whenever My Spirits Began to Flag We Slipped Out on the Porch"

I breathed an inarticulate protest, though at the moment I could think of no better description of my friend's niece, Geraldine Plummer, than that elastic epithet. Poor Mrs. Askew, as so often happens in the careers of great reformers, had encountered an immediate reaction to her public virtues in her own household. The girl had just flitted through on her way upstairs, spinning round on the threshold to make an impudent grimace with her flat little features, which were painted chalk-white, cherry-red and bluish-black, like the face of a geisha on a Japanese fan. She was small, dark and lithe, with eyes like sloes, hair of burnished dusk that was just long enough after bobbing to twist up again, and a manner of piquant audacity. Wit she had, I suppose, or at least that effrontery which passes for wit in a conversational desert.

"Perhaps Mary Louise may have a good influence on her too," I remarked satirically as the girl disappeared up the staircase.

Mrs. Askew shook her head.

"She scoffs at the idea of her coming. When I told her that Mary Louise reminded me of a violet, she inquired if I had provided a mossy stone. Yes," she repeated sorrowfully, "I'm afraid Geraldine is impossible."

"It seems so strange, with her bringing up," was all that I could answer.

For, typical as she was of her age, the girl appeared a moral changeling when one considered the advantages she possessed in the matter of heredity. As the niece of a successful philanthropist and the daughter of a distinguished professor of archæology, she was little less than an enigma in eugenics. For her father I had a curiously impersonal sentiment, as if he were an institution that I respected. Mr. Plummer was an imposing, scholarly looking man of middle age, with clear-cut, slightly impassive features, and the dark hair and eyes of his daughter. He was not only a famous archæologist but he had been as well the faithful widower of a single wife for twenty years, a personal distinction which excelled scientific achievement in the feminine judgment.

"I hear the car!" exclaimed Mrs. Askew nervously; and lifting the kettle, she poured boiling water on the leaves of China tea in the Wedgwood teapot.

The door opened as if blown by a wind, and they came in together, laughing in the meaningless fashion of youth. First there was Mary Louise, a slim, lovely figure in navy-blue serge, a wide white collar, and a straw hat trimmed with a wreath of daisies and cornflowers; then Geraldine, who had run upstairs to change into a dress of apple green crêpe; and after her, Mr. Plummer, walking sedately, with the air of some wise, handsome and very dignified prehistoric bird. In the rear Richard loomed, large, blond, immaculate. Oh, there wasn't any flaw that one could pick in Richard's appearance! He was magnificent, but somehow he did not seem real. Of course, he was just the type to admire Mary Louise. I saw him flash one startled glance at her as Mrs. Askew took off the girl's hat; and then a mask—I assumed it was of admiration—closed over his conventional features.

"Come and have tea, dear," said Mrs. Askew when she had embraced her guest and inquired solicitously after her parents. "Was the trip a very bad one?"

"I didn't mind it at all, thank you," replied Mary Louise in a low sweet voice which was soothing to my ears after Geraldine's shrill fluting. "The wild flowers were so pretty."

She sat down modestly and crossed her slender feet in their gray stockings with black slippers. "A Raphael, indeed!" I exclaimed in a whisper as I tried in vain to catch Richard's glance. Who could resist that perfect oval, those delicate features, that pure pale skin, innocent even of rice powder, and those exquisitely penciled eyebrows over the shining brown of her eyes? So enraptured was I by her loveliness that I had forgotten to notice the way she wore her clothes until I detected the malicious smile on Geraldine's lips. Yes, Mary Louise's dress was old-fashioned; there was no dash, no smartness about her; but what did such artificial things matter? No wonder, I thought, that Mr. Plummer and Richard stared at her as if in a trance.

The next instant I saw that Mary Louise had turned away from her hostess and was gazing up at the two men with an expression of eager deference, as if she were waiting to drink in wisdom from their lips. Yet when they spoke they said nothing remarkable, nothing that either Mrs. Askew or I might not have evolved from the common processes of intelligence. Mr. Plummer asked her if she was fond of flowers; she replied sweetly but firmly that she adored them; and when Richard remarked that his favorite flower was the rose she clasped her hands and exclaimed softly, "How very strange! The rose is my favorite flower too!" This coincidence appeared strange to Richard also, for his trancelike expression deepened, while his fine eyes seemed held by an invisible wire to the features of Mary Louise.

I glanced hastily at Geraldine, and, before the secret I surprised in her face, I looked as quickly away again.

For an instant the Japanese mask that she wore, the expression of impish mockery, the chalk-white, the cherry-red and the bluish-black, became as transparent as gauze, and her pitiful little soul, so flamelike in its thinness and its intensity, flickered there in mortal anguish before my eyes. Until that moment of betrayal I had never suspected Geraldine's interest in Richard. Well, it was hopeless, of course; she must have realized that even before the intrusion of Mary Louise, with her mid-Victorian atmosphere and her disastrous beauty. And if Geraldine did not realize the hopelessness of her passion, surely she was using the worst possible tactics. Yet in spite of my disapprobation, I felt sorry for her. Even the flimsiest emotion can scorch if one comes too near the edge of it.

"My favorite flower is the violet," she exclaimed pertly, and the elfin look she cast at Mrs. Askew made me laugh inwardly while I began to sip my tea.

Mrs. Askew, with a lump of sugar poised in the tongs and her keen gray eyes on the teapot, shook her head disapprovingly. While I watched the aunt I discovered the source of her niece's Japanese look. The woman and the girl had the same accentuated eyebrows, the same narrow eyes with slightly slanting corners; and I wondered if the real difference between them was one not so much of inherited tendencies as of acquired characteristics. If Mrs. Askew had been born in an age when the only psychological vice appeared to be self-control, would she also have developed the indomitable egoism of Geraldine?

"I love violets too," Mary Louise acquiesced gently—almost too gently. I had already discerned that she had little conversation, and that the little she had was spoken in the sentimental idiom of another century. While she talked I had a vision of the scenery of Sweet Lavender assuming form and substance about her. When I glanced again at the two men I saw the syllables of an immortal poem shaping themselves on the lips of Mr. Plummer, and I knew as well as if he had told me the thought in the mind of that eminent archaeologist. With Richard I felt that my intuitions were far from infallible. Men of the Victorian age expected—or at least accepted—triteness as the penalty one paid for the combination of beauty and virtue; but would the rising generation conform submissively to the same standard of values? I couldn't answer. I gave up the problem, because I had been born twenty-odd years before Richard, and I had lived long enough to know that nothing passes so completely as an outworn ideal.

But if Mary Louise was conventional, Geraldine was becoming frankly outrageous. Something had happened to offend her, and she reminded me of a golden bee preparing to sting. I suspected that she was engaged in revenging herself on her aunt for the invitation to Mary Louise.

"It was such a pity you couldn't come in time for the dance in the country Saturday night," she said in a tone that was barbed with bitterness. "Richard would have adored taking you, for he couldn't keep up with the rest of us. Nice old thing, he isn't gay enough for the set I go with. But, I tell you, aunty, we went the pace Saturday night!" She went on exultantly in the sprightly slang of her group. "I danced a hole in my best slippers, and whenever my spirits began to flag we slipped out on the porch, and one of the boys gave me a sip of corn whisky out of his flask."

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Mrs. Askew. Her face was scarlet as she turned on her niece, and the heightened color made her look almost artificial. "Horace," she added peremptorily to her brother-in-law, "if you won't take your daughter in hand I am going to begin!"

The threat jerked Mr. Plummer back from what may have been, from the rapt expression of his face, a dream of prehistoric flora. I noticed that he looked younger, and yet at the same time more distinguished, as if a sudden rosy light had fallen over him, or he was presented from a new and becoming angle of vision.

"You will have more than my permission, Edmonia; you will have my gratitude," he rejoined mildly.

"Do you admit, my dear Horace, that you cannot manage your own child?"

He met this squarely.

"I do, my dear Edmonia," he affirmed.

With a gesture which implied that she washed her hands of him, Mrs. Askew concentrated her moral force and her piercing gaze upon her niece.

"Geraldine," she said sternly, "as long as you live in my house I exact that you shall try to behave like a lady."

I hated to look at Geraldine while she was admonished; but her piquant face, brimming over with vivacity, attracted my eyes like a blaze.

"Oh, aunty," she protested, "you wouldn't want me to do anything so horrid as that! It would be as much as my reputation is worth. Why, people might begin to call me a nice girl, and then where would my popularity be?"

Through this scene Mary Louise sat perfectly motionless, with her eyes on her teacup and a soft flush in her cheeks. My admiration for her beauty was increased by my approval of her manners. Surely no period could have produced a more ladylike deportment.

I rose to go, for I felt it was quite time that the gathering broke up; but Mrs. Askew, who fell back on Mary Louise much as an intrepid soldier might sink on a bed of down after defeat, begged me to run in and see the girls dressed for their Easter german.

"Mary Louise is going to wear white chiffon," she said enthusiastically, "and Richard has sent her the loveliest orchids. He is going to take her, you know."

"I'll trade flowers but not dancers with you, Mary Louise," mocked Geraldine. "I've got violets and they suit your style better than mine."

"Oh, I couldn't change," replied Mary Louise gravely, while her cousin made a provoking face at Richard over her father's shoulder.

Geraldine was the only girl I ever saw who could look fascinating in a grimace—perhaps because she was so airy and spritelike; but Richard only stared at her blankly, as he might have done at a naughty child. What he really thought of her I had never discovered, though he teased her unmercifully and she scratched back with all her claws. However, he usually got the better in these fights, and I have seen her fly in tears of rage from the room.

"The trouble with you, Jerry Boy"—that was his nickname for her—he remarked in the most amiable tone, "is that you were not spanked enough. I'd like to start a society for the revival of spanking."

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*Arrayed in Chiffon of an Angelic Blue, Mary Louise Sat Enthroned in the Midst of a Twittering Group of Geraldine's Friends*

# OLD STORMALONG

## By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

HOW Old Stormalong, years ago, wrecked his home-coming ship almost at the foot of his own garden, had been the hoary yarn of New Haven watermen for a generation. Pride, they said it was. Stinking pride. Just to show off before his young bride as he returned from a year-long China voyage. That was before New Haven built its breakwaters, which made a fine harbor out of an open roadstead.

Old Stormalong's young bride had died, and the double loss broke the old man up. All he had left to remind him of his prideful days was a rather tiny grave which he seldom visited, and a very big wooden figurehead which stood at the end of his garden. The figurehead had been dainty once, as befitted the name it bore, the name of as smart a China clipper as ever swung a stuns'l, the Ariadne. It was scarred and grim now, from lack of paint as well as from the terrific battering it had sustained when the ship was wrecked; folks used to laugh at it, and at the grim, taciturn old man who was often to be seen smoking an evening pipe beside it. But to the grim old man the figurehead not only retained every one of its graces and glories of old; behind it he could always see the stately clipper, proudly tossing up the sparkling foam to flirt with Ariadne, swinging her swelling stuns'ls to the wind, making a passage to be talked about.

"Steamer Ahoy! Steamer Ahoy! Stand By! My Mate's Hurt Bad! Ahe-e-oy the Steamboat!"

Small boys, urged thereto by elders who should have been kinder, would slow down in passing and pipe shrilly that fine old chantey more fitted for rustier pipes and saltier gales:

*"Stormy's gone, that good old man;*
*To my aye, Stormalong!*
*Oh, Stormy's gone, the good old man ——"*

They had been warned to be ready to run at that point; but always, amazingly, the grim old figure would break into chorus without anger, just as if he were suddenly transported back through the years to the reeling deck of a hard-pressed ship:

*"Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

Sometimes an imp of mischief made the boys carry the song along to the end, in hope that they might stir him to futile wrath by some memory:

*"He's moored at last, and furled his sail;*
*To my aye, Stormalong!*
*No danger now from wreck or gale ——"*

But ever the old man boomed forth the chorus without anger: *"Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

In time the boys left him alone. But there were evil spirits along the water front. Some men never could learn to let up on an old man in misfortune. Old Stormalong had carried himself with becoming pride when he commanded his fair clipper. Enemies never forgot that. They watched his descent through the years as bit by bit his little property vanished. He never seemed to realize that his little store of savings lacked the quality of the widow's cruse.

"There he goes, hockin' his sextant at last!" Cap'n Nickson, of the coastwise tug Gamecock, exclaimed gleefully one noon.

The day came when Stormalong was seen dragging a handcart along the street. The shutters had been put up on every window except two in his little cottage, the kitchen window and that of his bedroom. On the handcart reposed a long canvas-wrapped bundle. Stormalong's face held such an expression of desperation that even Cap'n Nickson, of the Gamecock, choked back the jeering hail that came to his lips.

Straight through the town Stormalong hauled his cart. At a small shipyard which looked as forlorn almost as himself, he turned into the gate, and met a man who wore a look on his face which overmatched everything for forlorn hopelessness.

"I can't buy no more o' your junk, cap'n," growled the hopeless one sourly.

Stormalong grimly puffed on his pipe, unlashing the bundle in the cart with a tenderness that was astonishing. At last the bundle was unwrapped. The scarred figurehead of the dead and gone Ariadne lay exposed in all its nakedness. The shipyard owner stared at it resentfully. He had bought many of the old man's valueless treasures in better days through sheer good nature. This was too much, from all the signs. Who wanted an old figurehead in these days? Why, even sailing ships themselves were going out of existence.

"Come here, mister," snapped Old Stormalong.

The shipbuilder approached sulkily.

"Here's a fine figurehead," Stormalong went on. "You go to work and build me a ship behind it. One o' them toothpick-rigged schooners as only needs two men to sail 'em. And don't say you can't do it neither. 'Tis a fine figurehead, I tell you!"

The shipbuilder's leathery old face slowly achieved a grin. In spite of dying business and lusty expenses, grim outlook and the gray grimness of his daily life, Hank Hollis grinned. It was a sour sort of grin; but a grin undeniably.

"Yew ain't been hearing the Ariadne's poop bell striking ag'in, have yew?" he asked.

Folks always referred to the ghostly bell whenever they wished to express the strongest possible opinion about Old Stormalong's imagination. For several weeks after his ship was wrecked he had sworn to hearing the bell at times of storm. Of course they had derided him. He had found the bell afterwards, lying in a rocky crevice where a higher tide or a stiffer surge of sea than usual would roll it to and fro and ring it. He had the bell now, but nobody except himself knew it. Folks simply said he had grown out of that silly notion. Hank Hollis was one man who remained friend when Stormalong's dark days came. But sometimes the old man got on his nerves, and now, in spite of his grin, he felt just a bit contemptuous towards the ancient mariner who could not realize the hard facts of life.

"Yew sure yew don't want a three-skys'l-yard clipper, cap'n? Ain't there no little thing like a main moons'l or skys'l stuns'ls I can rig for yew? How about a smart little packet of, say, about ——"

He sketchily but vividly described the Ariadne, and the old man's worn face lighted up until it glowed with rousing pride as he saw in the misty blue hanging over the bay three tapering masts soaring, snowily clad to the trucks with swelling canvas, rising from the spotless deck of a sweet-lined clipper that bore at her sharp stem the glistening graceful figure of the starry goddess. But the picture faded, the gaunt timbers of the deserted shipyard rose in its place, and Stormalong scowled bitterly, stopping Hank Hollis' wordy rambling.

"I ain't been hearing the Ariadne's bell, though that's possible. Nor I ain't crazy, though that's said a-plenty. I ain't found no rainbow end, nor no ambergrease, Hank Hollis. You go to work and build me a schooner behind that there figurehead; a craft as two men can sail coastwise, and ——"

The shipbuilder's grin vanished. It was out of place.

"Old Stormalong, if yew ain't crazy, then I am, and so's all New Haven. Yew see my yard? D'yew see anything that looks like I might have money enough to start building yew a schooner? I don't see nothing about yew as looks like ready cash neither. Hell an' high water! Might as well tell me to rebuild yewr old clipper and be done with it!"

"There's cash enough to pay for anything we can't get credit for," said Stormalong stubbornly. "I sold my cottage today, Hank. You ain't doing nothing to speak of. Your yard is full o' timber and lumber going to rot. You and me can build that schooner, and you and me can sail her. Two old men like we, as ain't got no kids nor kin, is only cluttering up the beach without we turns to and produces something, ain't we? You get busy laying off lines, or whatever you call it. I'll help you build her to fit that there figurehead, you'll help me rig her, and we'll sail her together, equal shares, 's long as we or she holds together. Here"—he shoved the handcart under a shed—"go to it!"

Hank watched the old man shamble along the street towards the cottage that was no longer home. He fumed for

hours over the outrageous proposition. It did not seem so outrageous by evening. By night Hank Hollis was sitting with Old Stormalong in conference. By dawn the schooner existed, on paper at least. But in coming down to hard facts they had to admit they were up against a stiff problem. Just as soon as Stormalong asked a blacksmith to make the ironwork on credit, a laugh was the answer. Hank tried, and was not exactly laughed at, but he returned under no foolish misunderstanding regarding the credit of the new combine of Old Stormalong and Hank Hollis, unincorporated.

"Fasten her with treenails instead o' spikes," snapped Old Stormalong angrily.

"Can't rig her with wooden ropes, or sail her with wooden sails!" Hank grumbled.

"I'll make the ropes. Leave sails until we're ready to bend 'em."

"Dumblast!" swore Hank, rumpling his grizzled hair and rousing up another vagrant grin. "Yew're so complete crazy I want tew be crazy too! Dummed if yew ain't. But after all's said and all's made shift with, there ain't a bit o' timber fit for a keel, and yew seen there ain't nobody half crazy enough t' find us a keel timber on credit. Yew got me goin', too, Old Stormalong. Dumblast my old spars, if I wouldn't like t' help yew."

Old Stormalong rubbed up a pipeful of plug tobacco and put a match to the sizzling bowl.

"More'n half th' Ariadne's keel and ribs lies awash at low tide, Hank. Ain't no sounder timber. All notched for framing too. Is that all the trouble you can hatch?"

For many weeks idlers found amusement in watching two old men salvage wreckage from an old clipper and try to fit it to the needs of a new schooner. For weeks longer fewer idlers watched two old men spin hemp yarns, and from the yarns make good rope. Then somebody asked for a job.

"Me son," Old Stormalong growled in reply, "this is a job for men."

The boys no longer sang Old Stormalong to arouse the old man to senile anger. Instead, it was the two old men who chanteyed lustily as they hauled heavy woodwork into place with manifold tackles:

*"He was a sailor bold and true;*
*To my aye, Stormalong!*
*A good old skipper to his crew;*
*Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

The schooner lay ready for launching. So far had the fame of her traveled that a sailmaker in Saybrook had offered to fit her with a suit of canvas on credit. True, the bill was to be double the value, and that amount covered by a lumping share out of the first voyage, but the new Ariadne could not sail without canvas, and Old Stormalong choked down the big bitter dose without a growl.

"Be we goin' tew hev a reg'lar launchin'?" Hank wanted to know, when the launching ways had been greased and the vessel waited only on the tide.

Old Stormalong reverently hauled forth a neat bundle.

"Here!" he snapped gruffly. "Here's the Ariadne's own bell. I was a crazy loon, 'cording to you all, when I heard the seas ringing it down amongst the rocks on the shore. Howsomedever, we'll launch our vessel all shipshape and Bristol fashion, but in our own way, Hank. The bell will hang on the poop. I'll strike eight bells on it, and you'll knock out the dogshores. If you ain't lost all your spryness, you can clamber aboard in time to help me leggo the anchors in the stream. That's how we'll launch her, Hank!"

Cap'n Nickson, of the tug Gamecock, found the shipyard gates closed when he went down to deliver his daily gibe. But he heard eight bells struck on a bell of such amazing sweetness of tone as to make him doubt whether he heard it actually; and he heard a ringing old voice ordering somebody to "leggo," followed by the sudden vanishing of the bulk of the new schooner out of the view field of his peephole in the gate.

"Them old grampuses hev done it!" he told his cronies. "They got her afloat, by gravy! But she won't hold together, I betcha. Fastened with wood, and rigged with hemp they made themselves?"

"Some o' them old-timers wuz purty stout, at that," an ancient has-been put in. Lacking the worth to prove his belief in his own person, the withered old man relished every chance he got to put in his oar for wooden ships and iron men as against the modern iron ships and wooden men. "Mebbe Old Stormalong and Hank'll show up none so bad against some I knows of, Cap'n Nickson."

It was an unusual piece of opposition for Nickson to encounter, and it was right speedily stormed down; but one ancient has-been creaked home on rheumatic legs that night with a toothless grin on his old, old face, and an astonishingly warm glow in his shrunken old breast, to rub cold bony hands together for hours as he gazed across the starlit harbor at the little schooner riding proudly at anchor as if to prove his championship was not wholly unmerited.

Mules have many masters but few friends. That perhaps is why the new Ariadne's old figurehead looked out upon the waters of the Sound with a cargo of mules in the hold of the new schooner behind. Out of proportion the figurehead undoubtedly was; and out of place perhaps. Built for a far statelier ship, only its battered and disfigured form could excuse its place at the stem of the new Ariadne. For, say what one would, not even the skill of Hank Hollis or the stubborn determination of Old Stormalong had been able thoroughly to combine the brine-seasoned old keel and timbers of the once glorious clipper with the new, faulty, poor-grade lumber that alone had been available. While sitting lightly on the water, unladen and at rest, the schooner kept bone-dry bilges; that stout were her underbody timbers. But as soon as she started to sail, carrying canvas above and a hundred fractious mules below, her topsides were wetted and the sea trickled through seams whose very calking forced them to gape.

"Sails well for such a naked-rigged craft, don't she, Hank?" remarked Old Stormalong, relinquishing the helm to his mate-cook-crew in one, when clear of the land. He glanced aloft at the two spidery masts with their sparse cloths, and saw through the smoke haze of his old pipe his glorious old Ariadne swaying her lofty trucks athwart the heavens, her snowy canvas swelling sail upon sail from chesstrees to skysails, billowing studding sails straining from the yardarms in thrumming beauty. Hank brought him back on deck and to earth with a crash.

"Oughta take a look below," Hank grunted sourly. "Ain't no seemin' relation between topsides an' bottom. Mules don't appear to 'preciate th' glories o' yewr new-fangled Ariadne neither. Always said yew wus crazy, dumblast ef I didn't!"

Old Stormalong turned towards the main hatch. He made no hot retort. He didn't even give Hank Hollis the withering glance such sentiments warranted. He swung a leg over the coaming of the hatch and went to look at his mules. But Hank, at the helm, striking wet matches upon damp trousers seat, held his pipe away from his yearning lips, held the lone successful match until it burnt his fingers, and spat on the new but not unscarred decks in disgust; for up from the hold Old Stormalong's rusty pipes pealed:

*"Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo!*
*Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!*
*Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo!*
*Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"*

"Shet up!" roared Hank. "Shet yewr onmusical old beller!"

*"Oh, Ranzo was no sailor!*
*Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!*
*He shipped aboard a skunner!*
*Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"*

bawled Stormalong with unction.

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*That Was a Bitter Voyage. Sleet and Rain and Gales in Her Teeth Made the Ariadne a Wallowing Thing of Horror*

# OUR FOREIGN CITIES

## Chicago—By Elizabeth Frazer

CHICAGO is different. That much, at least, is certain. Different, in its foreignness, from Pittsburgh, and vastly different from New York. It has a different taste in the mouth. Whether or not you like that taste is another question, depending to some extent on where you first saw daylight; but whatever your backgrounds and origins, you have to admit the difference. It's almost the first thing that hits you, and if you come fresh from the Atlantic Seaboard it hits you like a smack in the eye. The best way to get hold of this differentness, this particular Windy City flavor, is to visit in quick yet unhurried succession the three big foreign centers of America—New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago; to visit them in sequence, and taste each one in turn, sipping delicately, discriminatingly, like a tea taster, with the mind closed to all else in order to extract the exact quintessential flavor of each one.

Take a sip of New York, for example; shut your eyes; savor it; it has a strange, acrid, outlandish, roiled-up taste. Of the big trio, it is the least distinctively, independently native in flavor; it is the most strongly continentalized, not to say Balkanized; a kind of vast caravansary where camps down a restless invading horde from Europe, not her flower and élite, not her artistic and scientific folk, not her commercial or manufacturing giants, not her sturdy bourgeoisie, not even her skilled artisan class—but a stupendous army of downtrodden, landless peasants, illiterate for a thousand years, subjugated, submerged, and warped in mind, body and spiritual estate from neuroses arising from their cramped existence and the relentless thou-shalt-nots handed down from on high. And New York's flavor has the strong acrid tang of that flood which, boiling up from the bottom of Europe, sluices ceaselessly through her gates. Such is little old Bagdad-on-the-Subway.

*At a Mass Meeting of Chicago Workmen During a Strike. Above—Michigan Avenue and the Lions in Front of the Art Museum*

### *Differences*

THEN there's Pittsburgh. It has the smack of a mining camp, dynamic, lusty, hustling, ham-fisted, hard-boiled. Not so much a place of residence, a city of God-bless-our-homes, as a noisy cave of Titans where are forged the stout underpinnings of our modern steel world. They work their crews twelve hours a day, but they burn themselves up too. A Pittsburgh girl, visiting in Washington, was amazed at the number of eligible males who daily frequented the afternoon tea fights.

"Why," she exclaimed, "in Pittsburgh a real man wouldn't even be caught dead out of his office before dark!"

But Chicago is different. There's a bigger, purer air—more West and less East; not more puissant and dynamic, but dynamic in a larger space, so there's less tension and recoil. Here people seem more human, and humans more people; not simply universal Robots and automatic working machines, but more just plain common folks like everybody else. Here the individual, as an individual, and not a mere infinitesimal atom in a great swarming, squiggling mass, begins to come into his own. Opportunity seems to wigwag more kindly, more openly—though not one whit less briskly—to the plain man in the street. If the plain man doesn't respond, that's strictly his own affair. The point is, it's there. The whole proposition is more pioneer, less incrusted with tradition, less sicklied o'er with the Old World aristocratic caste and cultural hang-over which vents its own disillusion and sterility in destructive criticism. The inhabitants, in fact, seem proud as blazes of their town.

A very trifling episode reveals what I mean. In the East, visiting around in the homes of the various foreign groups, the public health or social worker who accompanied me knocked at the door of her case, opened it without more ado and marched in. Three motions—knock, open, enter; the initiative, you see, strictly confined to one side. But in Chicago they knocked and then waited—waited for the invitation to come in. Once inside, they didn't call every woman mother; they addressed her by her right name: "Hello, Mrs. Bartolucci." Mrs. Bartolucci was primarily a person with an individuality and a name she could call her own. And since it is upon the individual—the individual as a person, with a private intelligence and private initiative—rather than upon the great, undifferentiated, unindividualized mass herd that the whole principle of our big republic solidly rests, I found Chicago in this respect more sharply, refreshingly native in its flavor than either Pittsburgh or New York.

As a foreign center Chicago has another characteristic note. It is the big jump-off for the west and the north. Here the immigrant workers by tens and hundreds of thousands head in on their way to the mining and lumbering camps of the north or to transport service on the Lakes. It's a ceaseless ebb and flow, a vast tidal river of labor, of homeless peasantry, surging in, surging out, backing up a bit in winters and slack seasons, and boiling out again like a massive sheet of water over a dam at the onset of prosperity and the spring. At first glimpse this great floating population appalls one; it staggers the imagination. What a stupendous labor turnover is this! What terrific industrial wastage! What does it mean? Haven't they any jobs? Then why don't they stick to them? Why don't they stay put? Why this restless sluing back and forth?

### *The Movement Analyzed*

I HAD been making the tour of the Chicago employment agencies, where the scouts from the big industrial concerns round up their men, and looking at the figures of the labor bureau which bore directly on this vast shifting flood.

"Yes, I get the picture," I said to the official who showed me his elaborate labor curves and charts got up by his able statistician. "I can visualize the phenomenon very well—that stupendous stream of workers who pass in and out of industry every year, surging from east to west and north, then ebbing back again. I see it—but what does it mean? Analyze it for me."

"Well," he began, "there are various reasons for this constant shift and surge. You see it more plainly in Chicago only because it's the narrow neck of the bottle through which the big stream pours; but, as a matter of fact, it's going on everywhere. And now for an analysis of the movement Let's take the valid reasons first. On the surface the whole business seems a terrible industrial wastage, an appalling labor loss; but in reality, looking deeper, you see something else. It may be the search, on the part of the worker, for the special thing he wants and is suited for. Given an honest, industrious, intelligent fellow, it's a sign of initiative, the effort of the individual to better himself, to climb. That's idealistic, and to curb this particular element in the vast current would be to curb or destroy initiative. For very often these chaps are the hardy-settler types—usually men with families. They kick in and kick out again, leave good jobs in the East and come West in order to improve their condition and give their children chances they've never had. Well, that's one element—the pioneer type. A relatively small group, but precious; the kind of blood we need.

"Second, there's the seasonal shiftage due to cold weather—Italians, Mexicans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Greeks, negroes—all the sunny-clime birds, who hit the trail back to Chi when the first snow begins to fly. The fact that you find Alessandro humped over the stove when you visit our Little Italy doesn't necessarily mean he's a

jobless man; he may have a fat bank account; but he's hibernating until warm weather comes. Or he may be shifting around the circuit, working up north and back again in the employ of the same firm, maybe some steel company which controls its own ore and ships.

"Then, third, the stream is partly composed of what I call our mercenary industrial army. During the American Revolution, England had mercenary troops which she brought over and used against us—the Hessians. They fought for hire. They did the dirty work for pay, traded their brawn for dollars, and no ideals were involved. Well, America now has her mercenary troops—not military but industrial; fellows who don't care a hoot for our country, who are over here, not to live and make a decent place for themselves and their children, but to sell their brawn, to make their wad and then dig out for home."

### *Foreign Mercenaries*

"THESE foreign hired mercenaries from Eastern and Southeastern Europe are the biggest shifters of all, for they're ready to kick off any old time, any old where, break strikes, accept low wages, muss up everybody's honest efforts to keep America's living and wage standards high—and their one sole preoccupation is cash. For example, you hire Pietro. He comes up to you one day and says, 'I go now; I send my broth' Fortunio,' and he lights out for sunny Italy without waiting for your reply. And sure enough, broth' Fortunio turns up; he's been elected by his family to serve his term over here. Or maybe it's an Albanian, or a Hungarian, and he announces, 'I go now; I come back four-six mont'.' And in four-six months you find him back on the job, having in the interval bought his farm in the old country and paid his first deposit down.

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*Where Michigan Avenue Crosses to the North Side of the City Over a Jackknife Bridge*

"Well, that's the shiftage due to our vast foreign army who come over and work for hire. Then, lastly, riding on top of the stream like dirty foam on top of the tide, are the riffraff, the dead beats, the bums, the wobblies, the members of Hobohemia, lads who won't stand the gaff when it comes to giving an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, but prefer to gang together, send out their members to panhandle, blackjack or steal, and then fade out of the landscape when the cops get wise.

"For two years after the war, and during the business depression, we had a lot of that ganging, blackjacking and stealing on the part of loosely organized outfits of fellows who discovered they could live without work. In addition, there's the drifter with no vice in him, not criminal or degenerate, but just plumb n. g. when it comes to holding down a job. And, of course, it goes withoutsaying that you've got to count in all these n. g. boys when you get down to the brass tacks of a labor shortage. For example, one month this spring our statistics showed that for every hundred jobs we had one hundred and three men—which, on its face, looks like a narrow labor surplus. But the actual inside fact was that we had a shortage, because there were more than three out of a hundred who were industrial dead beats that couldn't fill any job."

"Did you try them out to see?"

He smiled.

"The labor scouts for the industrial concerns do that. They get a hurry-up call from their firm to round up, say, a hundred workers without delay, and they beat it down to the employment bureaus where the jobless men hang out. The man in the office says, 'Sorry, Charlie; I'm all cleaned out today.' And Charlie, who's obligated to ship out a bunch of a hundred on the midday train or lose his job, says, 'What about them roosters out there?' and nods to the line-up by the door. 'Take a gamble if you like,' says the other, 'but Dan Healy's combed them through once today.' So Charlie takes a gamble, culls off the likeliest ones and says a prayer as he ships them out. The company promptly chucks them and Charlie gets a call-down for wasting good transport money on bums. The last thing on earth those fellows want is a real job, and the percentage of these floaters is heavier than you'd think."

This huge river of mobile labor might be called Chicago's passing show. In addition, there are the permanent foreign colonies, not so congested as is the case with Pittsburgh, constricted by her hills; nor with Manhattan, bound down on her tight little isle like a giant on a narrow bed; but spread out generously over a broad area, dotted here and there all over the city, each colony, however, observing the same general law—namely, that where one nationality focuses other nationalities withdraw, with the result that each foreign quarter lies isolated, living to itself, maintaining inside its borders its own rigorous Old World social code within the New World shell—not Chicago, not America, but little backward isles of Poland, of Russia, of Hungary, of Italy, of Greece.

Thus, there are the Italian quarters on the north, south and west sides; the Polish districts to the northwest; the Jewish section centering around Taylor, Roosevelt Boulevard, and Post and Halsted Streets; the Bohemian settlement near West Eighteenth; the Stockyards neighborhood Back of the Yard—composed of Poles, Lithuanians and Czechoslovakians; as well as the great immigrant communities of South Chicago, Burnside and Pullman. These communities naturally crystallize around the industries which they severally serve—the Poles, Russians, and Southeast Europeans generally, brawny, muscular chaps, being found in the machine shops, steel mills and packing houses, while those of a lighter physical make trend toward the needlework and garment trades.

Visiting in these various foreign colonies from house to house, as I had previously visited in New York and Pittsburgh, I began to get hold of certain characteristics which dominated their life patterns, and to perceive deep resemblances common to all the groups; resemblances which revealed that their Old World development—or, to be exact, their Old World retardation—had followed certain big parallel lines.

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

*Fiery Plumes Above the Furnaces of the Great Steel Mills in South Chicago*

### *Peasants*

IN OTHER words, the time epoch of all was the same, and it was different from our own. All their reactions, their group organizations, their social and moral codes were regulated by their own time epoch—which was different from our own. I am now speaking specifically of the peasants who form these foreign colonies, and not of the skilled, educated or higher-class nationals who do not isolate themselves but are almost immediately absorbed in the great American life stream.

*(Continued on Page 102)*

# WHOSE PETARD WAS IT?

## By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

AUNT GEORGY HADLEY was rather unpopular with her own generation because she did not think the younger one so terrible. "I can't see," she insisted, "that they are so different from what we were." For an unmarried lady of forty to admit that she had ever had anything in common with the young people of the present day shocked her contemporaries.

Aunt Georgy was a pale, plain, brilliant-eyed woman, who liked to talk, to listen to other people talk, and to read. She simply hated to do anything else. As a girl she had always said that the dream of her life was to be bedridden; and so when, after she had ceased to be young, she had broken her hip so badly as to make walking difficult many people regarded it as a judgment from heaven. Georgy herself said it was a triumph of mind over matter; she was now freed from all active obligations, while it became the duty of her friends and relations to come and sit beside her sofa and tell her the news, of which, since she lived in a small town, there was always a great deal.

Her two sisters, married and mothers both, differed with her most violently about the younger generation. Her sister Fanny, who had produced three robust, handsome members of the gang under discussion, asked passionately, "Did we carry flasks to parties?"

"How silly it would have been if we had, when it was always there waiting for us," answered Georgy.

Her sister Evelyn, who had produced one perfect flower—little Evie—demanded, "Did we motor thirty miles at midnight to dance in disreputable road houses?"

"No," said Georgina, "because in our day we did not have motors; but we did pretty well with the environment at our disposal. I remember that Evelyn was once becalmed on the Sound all night in a catboat with a young man, and Fanny was caught just stepping off to a masked ball in the Garden, only ——"

"I was not," said Fanny, as one who slams the door in the face of an unwelcome guest.

"Imagine Georgy's mind being just a sink for all those old scandals!" said Evelyn pleasantly, but without taking up the question of the truth or falsity of the facts stated.

Although Georgy was the youngest of the three Hadley sisters she, being unmarried, had inherited the red-brick house in Maple Street. It had a small grass plot in front—at least, it would have been a grass plot if the roots of the two maple trees which stood in it had not long ago come through the soil. There was, however, a nice old-fashioned garden at the back of the house; and the sitting room looked out on this. Here Aunt Georgy's sofa stood, beside the fire in winter and beside the window in summer. The room was rather crowded with books and light blue satin furniture, and steel engravings of Raphael Madonnas and the Death of Saint Jerome; and over the mantelpiece hung a portrait by Sully of Aunt Georgy's grandmother, looking, everyone said, exactly as little Evie looked today.

It was to the circle round the blue satin sofa that people came, bearing news—from nieces and nephews fresh from some new atrocity, to the mayor of the town, worried over the gift of a too costly museum. Jefferson was the sort of town that bred news. In the first place, it was old—Washington had stopped there on his way to or from Philadelphia once—so it had magnificent old-fashioned ideals and traditions to be violated, as they constantly were. In the second place, it was near New York; most of the population commuted daily, thus keeping in close touch with all the more dangerous features of metropolitan life. And last, everyone had known everyone else since the cradle, and most of them were related to one another.

There was never any dearth of news, and everyone came to recount, not to consult. Aunt Georgy did not like to be consulted. One presented life to her as a narrative, not as a problem. There was no use in asking her for advice, because she simply would not give it.

"No," she would say, holding up a thin, rather bony hand, "I can't advise you. I lose all the wonderful surge and excitement of your story if I know I shall have to do something useful about it at the end. It's like reading a book for review—quite destroys my pleasure, my sense of drama."

That was exactly what she conveyed to those who talked to her—a sense of the drama, not of her life but of their own. The smallest incident—the sort that most of one's friends don't even hear when it is told to them—became so significant, so amusing when recounted to Aunt Georgy that you went on and on—and told her things.

Even her sisters, shocked as they constantly were by something they described as "Georgy's disloyalty to the way we were all brought up," told her everything. Step by step, the progress, or the decadence, by which the customs of one generation change into the customs of the next one was fought out by the three ladies, *née* Hadley, at the side of that blue satin sofa.

It began with cigarettes for girls and the new dances for both sexes. At that remote epoch none of the nieces and nephews were old enough either to smoke or dance; so, although the line of the battle had been the same—Fanny and Evelyn anti and Georgy pro—the battle itself had not been so bitter and personal as it afterward became.

The first time that Fanny's life was permanently blighted was when Norma, her eldest child, was called out and publicly rebuked in dancing school for shimmying. She wept—Funny of course, not Norma, who didn't mind at all—and said that she could never hold up her head again. But she must have lifted it, for it was bowed every few months for many years subsequently. Aunt Georgy at once sent for her niece and insisted on having a private performance of the offensive dance, over which she laughed heartily. It looked to her, she said, so much like the old horse trying to shake off a horsefly.

The next time that the social fabric in Jefferson tottered and Fanny's head was again bowed was at the discovery that the younger set was not wearing corsets. Fanny tiptoed over and shut the sitting-room door before she breathed this bad news into her sister's ear.

"None of them," she said.

"But you wouldn't want the boys to, would you?" answered Georgy.

Fanny explained that she meant the girls didn't.

"Mercy!" exclaimed her sister. "We were all scolded because we did. Elderly gentlemen used to write embarrassing articles about how we were sacrificing the health of the next generation to our vanity, and how the Venus de Milo was the ideal feminine figure; and now these girls are just as much scolded ——"

"The worst of it is," said Fanny, rolling her eyes and not listening, "that they take them off and leave them in the dressing room. They say that at the Brownes' the other evening there was a pile that high."

Still, in spite of her disapproval, Fanny's head was not so permanently bowed this time, because every mother in Jefferson was in the same situation. But craps struck Fanny a shrewder blow, because her child, Norma, was a conspicuous offender here, whereas little Evie, her sister's child, didn't care for craps. She said it wasn't amusing.

In order to decide the point Aunt Georgy asked Norma to teach her the game, and they were thus engaged when Mr. Gordon, the hollow-cheeked young clergyman, came to pay his first parochial visit. He said he wasn't at all shocked, and turned to Evie, who was sitting demurely behind the tea table eager to give him a cup of Aunt Georgy's excellent tea.

There was something a little mid-Victorian about Evie, and the only blot on Aunt Georgy's perfect liberalism was that in her heart she preferred her to the more modern nieces. Evie parted her thick light-brown hair in the middle, and had a little pointed chin, like a picture in an old annual or a flattered likeness of Queen Victoria as a girl. She was small and decidedly pretty, though not a beauty like her large, rollicking, black-haired cousin Norma.

Norma's love affairs—if they were love affairs, and whether they were or not was a topic often discussed about the blue satin sofa—were carried on with the utmost candor. Suddenly one day it would become evident that Norma was dancing, golfing, motoring with a new young man. Everybody would report to Aunt Georgy the number of hours a day that he and Norma spent together, and Aunt Georgy would say to Norma, "Are you in love with him, Norma?" and Norma would answer "Yes" or "No" or "I'm trying to find out."

"There's no mystery about this generation," Fanny would say.

"Why should there be?" Norma would say, and would stamp out again, and would be heard hailing the young man of the minute, "We're considered minus on romance, Bill"; and ten of them would get into a car intended for four and drive away, looking like a basketful of puppies.

But about little Evie's love affairs there was some mystery. Aunt Georgy did not know that Evie had ever spoken to the mayor—a middle-aged banker of great wealth—and yet one day when he came to tell Miss Hadley about the museum he told her instead about how Evie had refused to marry him, and how unhappy he was. The nice young clergyman, too, who preached so interestingly and pleased the parish in every detail, was thinking of getting himself transferred to a city in California because the sight of an attentive but unattainable Evie in the front pew every Sunday almost broke his heart.

Aunt Georgy exonerated Evie from blame as far as the mayor was concerned, but she wasn't so sure about the Reverend Mr. Gordon.

"Evie," she said, "did you try to enmesh that nice-looking man of God?"

Evie shook her head.

*Little Evie Was Standing There—Had Evidently Been Standing There for Some Time. She Looked More Than Usually Like a Fashion Plate of the '40's*

"I don't get anywhere if I try, Aunt Georgy," she answered. "It has to come of itself or not at all. If Norma sees a man she fancies she swims out after him like a Newfoundland dog. But I have to sit on the shore until the tide washes something up at my feet. I don't always like what it washes up either."

The simile amused Aunt Georgy, but the more she reflected the more she doubted its accuracy. Those tides that washed things up—Evie had some mysterious control of them, whether she knew it or not. Evie's method and Norma's differed enormously in technic, but wasn't the elemental aggression about the same?

Life in Jefferson was never more interesting to Aunt Georgy than when psychoanalysis swept over them. Of course, they had all known about it, and read Freud, or articles about Freud; but the whole subject was revived and made personal by the arrival of Lisburn. Lisburn was not a doctor of medicine but of philosophy. He was an assistant professor of psychology in a New York college. He had written his dissertation on The Unconscious as Portrayed in Poetic Images. With an astonishing erudition he brought all poetry from Homer to Edna St. Vincent Millay into line with the new psychology. Besides this, he was an exceedingly handsome young man—tall, dark, decided, and a trifle offhand and contemptuous in his manner. What girl could ask more? Norma did not ask a bit more. The moment she saw him she—in Evie's language—swam out after him. She met him at dinner one evening, and the next day her conversation was all about dreams and fixations and inhibitions. Mothers began to assemble rapidly about the blue satin sofa. Craps had been vulgar, the shimmy immoral, but this was the worst of all.

"Georgy," said Fanny solemnly, "they go and sit on that young man's piazza, and they talk about things—things which you and I did not know existed, and if we did know they existed we did not know words for them; and if we did know words for them we did not take the slightest interest in them."

"Then there can't be any harm in them," said Georgy, "because I'm sure when we were girls we took an interest in everything there was any harm in. But it sounds to me just like a new way of holding hands—like palmistry in our day. You remember when you took up palmistry, Evelyn. It made me so jealous to see you holding my young men's hands!"

"It's not at all the same thing," answered Evelyn. "There was nothing in palmistry that wasn't perfectly nice."

"Oh, yes, there was," said Georgy. "There was that line, you know, round the base of the two middle fingers. We all felt a little shocked if we had it and a little disappointed if we hadn't."

But her sisters were too much worried to be amused. Their children, they said, were talking about things that could not be named. Fanny did name them, however, and was grimly glad to see that even Georgy, the liberal, reeled under the blow.

She recovered enough to say, "Well, after all, is it so different? We called people Puritans instead of saying that they had inhibitions. We didn't say a boy had a fixation on the mother, but we called him mother's little carpet knight. And as for dreams, Fanny, when a young man told me he had a dream about me I did not need a doctor of philosophy to tell me what that meant."

Even Fanny was obliged to confess that her younger son Robert had been cured of his incipient stammer after a few interviews with Lisburn. And the young Carters, who, after three months of marriage, were confiding to everyone their longing for divorce, had been reconciled. There was a dream in this—about a large white gardenia—and there was an incident connected with it—a girl in a florist's shop ——

About this time the mayor, still worrying over the upkeep of the museum, wanted some sort of entertainment given in order to raise money. It was suggested that a lecture on psychoanalysis by Lisburn would be popular. Norma was delegated to go and ask him—make him, was the way the committee put it. Needless to say, she returned triumphant.

Aunt Georgy was among the first to arrive at the town hall on the evening the lecture took place. She had become curious about the young man and wanted a front seat. She limped up the aisle, leaning on her grandfather's heavy ivory-headed cane, with little Evie beside her. Norma was busy taking—one might almost say snatching—tickets at the door. It is a peculiar feature of modern life that so much time is spent first in getting lecturers to consent to lecture and then in drumming up an audience to hear them. But this time the audience was not difficult to get. They came in crowds.

The mayor opened the meeting. He was not a ready speaker, and the sight of Evie, sitting so attentive in the front row, embarrassed him hideously. He said a few panting words about the needs of the museum and turned the meeting over to the Reverend Mr. Gordon, who was going to introduce the speaker—who was going, in fact, to do a little bit more than that.

He advanced to the edge of the platform, looked down at Evie and smiled after all, he wasn't in the pulpit—folded his hands as if lawn frills ought to have been dripping from them, and began:

"It is my great pleasure and privilege to introduce the speaker of the evening, although I myself am not at all in sympathy with the subject about which—which—about which he ——"

Aunt Georgy had a second of agony. Could he avoid using the verb "to speak"? It seemed impossible; but she underrated his mental agility.

"—— about which he is to make his interesting and instructive address." Mr. Gordon pulled down his waistcoat with a slight gesture of triumph. "The church," he continued, "has never been in very cordial sympathy with what I may be permitted, perhaps, to call these lay miracle workers"

Here he threw a smile over his shoulder to Lisburn—a smile intended to be friendly and reassuring; but as it had in it something acid and scornful, it only served to make his words more hostile. "The church endures," he went on, "and watches in each generation the rise and fall of a new science, a new philosophy, a new panacea, a new popular fad like this one."

Having done what he could to discredit the lecture, he gave the lecturer himself a flattering sentence: "A professor in one of our great universities, a new resident in this community, and my very good friend, Mr. Kenneth Lisburn."

The Reverend Mr. Gordon had been standing between Aunt Georgy and the speaker, so that she did not really get a good look at him until he stood up.

Then she said "Mercy!" in a hissing whisper in Evie's ear.

"Mercy what?" asked little Evie, rather coldly.

"So good-looking!" murmured Aunt Georgy.

Evie moved her shoulders about.

"Roughhewn," she whispered back.

Perhaps his features were a trifle rugged; but Aunt Georgy admired his hair—black as a crow under the bright though sometimes intermittent ... of the Jefferson Light and Power Company. His eyes—black also—gleamed from deep sockets—"Like rat's in a cave," Evie said. Lecturing was evidently nothing of an adventure to him. It did not embarrass him as it had embarrassed the mayor; it did not stimulate him to an eloquence too suave and fluent as it did Mr. Gordon. It created not the least change in his personality. He stood on the platform as he swung in his chair in his college room, ready to say what he had to say as simply and as clearly as he could.

He wasn't so sure, he began, that his subject was popular. He found most people enjoyed the exploration of other people's unconscious, not of their own. In fact you could generally tell whether you were right in a diagnosis or not by the passion with which the victim contradicted you and the rapidity with which he invented explanations other than the true one. He was not, however, going

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*"You Overheard the Whole Thing, and Instead of Having It Out Then and There, You Wait and Give Him a Poisoned Dig in the Ribs When He's Trying to Be Nice to You"*

# The Handicap of a College Education to a Business Woman

## By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. GATTER

"The Business Girl Has Just as Much to Tell the Young College Woman as the Latter Has to Tell Her"

I WAS getting an idea of location in the department store that was to be the arena of considerable of my subsequent business activity. Miss Dixon, the employment manager, had suggested that I get my bearings and had intrusted me with a guide. I thought the girl, Miss Horsley, was one of her assistants, so I opened the conversation with a bromide.

"How long have you worked here, Miss Horsley?"

She smiled.

"I came last semester of last year, and I am coming until Christmas this year."

"You sound like college," I answered. "What do you mean?"

"I am at college—a fellow." And she mentioned my own alma mater. "And I do two days' work here a week in research."

"Oh, I am glad," I answered. "I know no one here, and your being from college is such a friendly connecting link."

We exchanged looks of sympathetic comprehension.

"Are you coming in like anyone else?" continued Miss Horsley.

"I suppose so," I answered. "Is there any other way to come in? I do not know anything at all about business, and I see no other way to learn."

"Then you will have to sell. I am sure of it." Miss Horsley nodded her head in emphasis.

"If I do, I am going to ask to sell in the book department. I would just love to be surrounded by books all the time."

Miss Horsley's face was painted with horror-stricken amazement.

"Don't!" she pleaded. "Don't under any circumstances make such a request. They might suspect that you were a college person."

"And so I am," I affirmed.

"I know it," she replied; "and Miss Dixon knows it. But do not talk about it to anyone else. The fact would cook your business goose in a minute."

### A Friendly Suggestion

"WHY—why ——" I was thinking how my mother's calm assumption of the necessity of a college education had sent two brothers, with war-interrupted college careers, back for their degrees. "Why ——"

"Take this suggestion for a friendly tip," she continued: "Do not mention college, do not think college, and if anyone suspects you are of college vintage, deny it."

I know how to receive advice and even how to follow it—a little. So I dropped a dark veil over my literate past.

But a large question was raised in my mind. Did business look askance at college women? If so, why?

I began some research of my own that had no connection with the degree of doctor of philosophy.

If I were going to study the college woman in business, my first task was to find out in what branches she was interested. I called at the office of a friend who handles a bureau of occupations for women. I limited myself to a few terse questions.

"Do you find many college women entering business?"

"About 25 per cent," answered Miss Lander.

"What lines do they follow?"

"They take positions that offer interest as well as financial return. They enter advertising, publishing, industrial relations, personnel work, banking—particularly the statistical end of it—insurance, bond selling, merchandising. They want a business that offers responsibility and commensurate salary. Oh, yes, that 25 per cent includes secretaries, too."

I made careful note of the business fields that attract the most college women before I resumed my cross-examination.

"Do those who enter business have pretty definite ideas in regard to their wants?"

"Some are vague. They do not want to teach; but are not prepared to state exactly what they do want. I cannot do a great deal for them. But I am able to assist those who are clearly determined on certain pursuits. Incidentally, for the well-trained college secretary the supply is much less than the demand."

"I shall remember that point," I promised. "But to come back to general business: Do you have repeat calls from firms to which you have sent your trained people?"

"I have not that information at hand. My impression is that the large businesses are more open to college people, while the smaller concerns are likely to view them with suspicion. From the college viewpoint, however, business has slumped a bit. The professions are paying so much better since the war that they are drawing large numbers of our trained people."

"I see."

"Yes, while your business is making up its mind about college folks, they are giving a critical once-over to business."

I agreed with her, but suggested that business would not be greatly concerned over the result of the trial. Business had managed to worry along without the aid of college women for some thousands of years, and doubtless had emergency measures ready in case it found itself deprived of them at this late date.

### Introspective and Self-Assured

MEANWHILE I followed the lead furnished by Miss Lander. I tracked the college woman to her lair in every imaginable business. I talked with personnel managers, general managers, employment managers. I visited concerns which numbered employment rolls of 10,000, of 7000, of 4000, of 1000, of 600. I gathered data from department stores, textile factories, trust companies, brokerage concerns, insurance companies, publishing houses, wholesale distributors, manufacturers, banking houses. I studied my college woman in competition with other women, in competition with college men, in general competition, and I drew a few conclusions. I shall discuss them later; but, briefly, the college woman has not measured up in business.

A small experience yesterday glimpsed for me my own present reaction. Miss Dixon called me on the telephone.

"I am sending you a girl for one of the returned-merchandise desks. Look her over and tell me what you think of her."

"What preparation has she?" I questioned.

"Two years of college and some office work. Talk to her and discover for yourself."

"College," I repeated without enthusiasm. "Oh, dear, another one!"

Miss Dixon's laugh brought me to quick attention.

"I know what you are thinking," I said; "and you are wrong. Send the girl to me and she will receive every attention."

But in spite of my words, my first reaction had been negative; I had grown into the business viewpoint. Where was the responsibility for this changed attitude?

I have on my desk a quotation from an advertising house. It says, "The mental attitude of the employe is the most neglected asset in industry." I need make no comment on it; I have it on my desk. But I think that the mental attitude of the college person is the first source of business complications. She is too introspective and too self-assured.

### Too Much Untrammeled Spirit

SOME weeks ago I was discussing this point with a publisher who has thousands of girls in his employ.

"I had a girl who came direct from college to learn the magazine business," he said. "She was so keen to be with us that she offered to do anything—office work, telephone answering, errands, anything."

"She sounds promising," I suggested.

"She sounded well to me too. I accepted her. She came to me in two weeks and said that she considered a time clock had an ill effect on her independent spirit, and she added that she would stop using it the next day."

"Did she?"

"Yes. I was willing to forgo that one point if it would give her any great satisfaction. But the trouble was that she began to inculcate the same untrammeled spirit into others. As she was employed on a special basis, I could let the time clock go as far as she was concerned. But with

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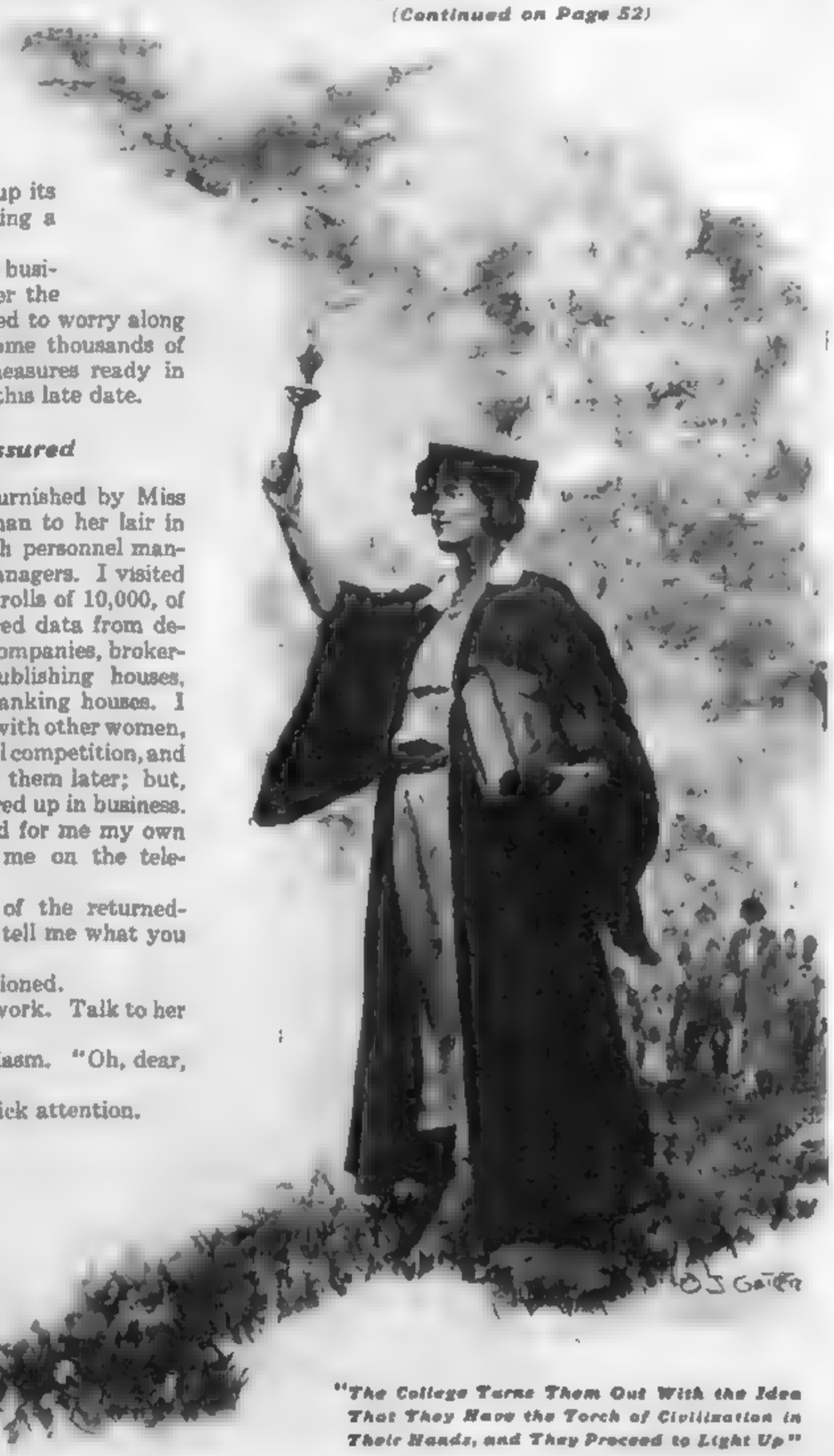

"The College Turns Them Out With the Idea That They Have the Torch of Civilization in Their Hands, and They Proceed to Light Up"

# OH, DOCTOR!

## By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XX

SEAVER, one week later, called a meeting of his three clients at the convenient office of Mr. Clinch, promising them the best of news. Now he faced them and met the promise in good measure.

"You wouldn't know the boy," he assured them. "I didn't myself, hardly. I had to be up north for five days. Left him flat on his back, entirely devoted to the looks of his tongue. If he got out of bed he thought he had to lean on a cane. Not an atom of pep showing in his whole yellow face. I come back and the bed's empty. He's raised a good color, he must have put on three or four pounds, dresses every day, has a spring in his step. He's bought a car, hired a chauffeur and spends most of the time being driven around in it. I'll bet he hasn't set eyes on his tongue in a week. He looks different. If I'd met him on the street, not expecting him, I don't believe he'd even have reminded me of anyone. Now then, didn't I say it was a case of pure hypochondria? Didn't I tell you? You've done the last worrying you need to about your little investment."

"Little!" objected Mr. Peck promptly, but he was unheard amid the pleased exclamations of Mr. Clinch and Mr. McIntosh.

"At-a-boy!" boomed Mr. Clinch. "We're already counting the stack!"

"Very, very gratifying," said Mr. McIntosh with a sincere relief that would have pleased his young friend. "All the same, I fear his doctrine is unsound."

"Health's a good enough doctrine for us," declared old Mr. Peck wittily, "eh, Clinch? Long's he's sound on that doctrine ——"

The kindly old gentleman rubbed his thin, blue-veined hands together vivaciously and smiled about at all present.

"And his pert miss had no hand in improving him?" said Mr. McIntosh.

*She Saw That Her Host Was Not Only Dancing Well But Was Handling Aunt Beulah, Who Might be Called Difficult, With an Expert Ease*

"Not a hand, not a finger!" declared Seaver. "Why, they're barely civil to each other! She wouldn't be more, naturally; her man's bound to be the other kind. But she hasn't stirred him up, either."

"Yet he keeps her on—the expense of her," suggested Mr. McIntosh.

"Yes; got into the habit, I suppose. Can't quite get the sick idea out of his head yet. It's natural. We needn't care about that. And the same with his medicines. He still takes them, still tells me when the bottles are empty. These fixed ideas—nurse, medicine—they're stubborn. The girl was warning me, though, that he's careless with the medicines. She's watched; apparently he'll go in and take all his doses for the day at once; two or three at a time, anyway. She was worried stiff. I had to tell her finally that he could drink the whole supply at a gulp without hurting him. You should have seen the funny look she gave me. I couldn't exactly make it out."

"That little arctic sunbeam!" This was Mr. Clinch; not venomous, but bland with secret knowledge.

"A warm-hearted lass," insisted Mr. McIntosh. "You should have seen the look I had from her."

"I had one," said Mr. Clinch, though not boastfully.

"Anyway," said Seaver, "she was glad to know her patient wasn't going to upset himself by being so informal with drugs. Another thing: She wouldn't come out and say it in plain words, but she didn't believe he was as well as he tries to make out. She'd got the idea, somehow, that he was trying to show off and would pay for it in the end."

"Who'd he show off to?" demanded Mr. Clinch.

"I don't know; his aunt, probably. Anyway, I thought I'd better put her right on that point too. You remember I told her that day in my office he was a hypo, but maybe she forgot it. So I told her there wasn't a thing on earth the matter with him—never had been—that wouldn't correct itself when he got his mind healthy; something in it to pep him up so he'd get out and move around a little and raise an appetite for human food. She looked at me funny again about that; wanted to know if you men knew it, too, that he was perfectly sound, and I told her you'd gladly bear me out if she didn't believe me."

"I'd be willing any time ——" began Mr. McIntosh, while Mr. Peck showed he was waiting to speak.

"But she said my word was good, and she was delighted to hear that you gentlemen were as confident as I am that the chap has a long life ahead of him. She said what good friends you were of his, and gave me another look that was funny."

"Afraid she'll lose a soft job," explained Mr. Clinch. "Let me tell you, that little girl's wheels run twenty-four hours out of every ——"

"Then we sit ca'm," said Mr. Peck. "Long, restful, sunny days in the open."

"He bought a Luxton," said Seaver.

"A Luxton! Would that be how our good money goes?" demanded Mr. McIntosh.

"Our money? Ours? Oh, come, Mac!" Mr. Clinch spoke in generous reproof. "Be a good fellow! Let him have a little something of his own out of his old man's leavings."

"I have always," insisted Mr. McIntosh severely, "regarded a car as a dispensable luxury; but if one became indispensable I should regard a far cheaper make as preferable."

"We know that, Mac; well do we know it!" piped Mr. Peck gayly. Then he sobered. "But think of the motor accidents in our town! The congestion of traffic, the reckless driving! I hope Billop's chauffeur is sober and reliable. Think what might ——"

Seaver was quick with reassurance.

"Trust Billop," he said. "He'd never enter a car with any other sort, and he'd take pains to find out, you can be mighty sure. He's told me how afraid he is of cars; in fact, he's been afraid of about everything all his life. He has this man drive him into the country, too, not downtown. And the girl tells me the car never goes over twenty-five an hour. So rest easy. For the Lord's sake, Peck, can't I ever tell you anything good without your handing it back because you've found a worm in it? Everything's right, I tell you."

"I'm glad he'll not pass out with his mind so unsettled ——" began Mr. McIntosh.

"I'm glad he'll not pass out with that estate unsettled," broke in Mr. Clinch.

Even Mr. Peck joined in the speaker's hearty laughter. The conference ended on a jocund note.

The Luxton purred into the garage at noon of the fourth day, breathing easily after a long run.

"Only six eighty-five," remarked her owner impatiently, after a glance at the mileage; "but she's coming on." He deliberated. "What day is this?"

"Tuesday," said Claude.

"Well, I think we'll lay up this afternoon, but I'll need you tonight. Could you be here at seven?"

"Good!" said Claude, working on a flyspeck that disfigured the wind shield.

The owner walked to the house with a springing step, the light of a secret resolution glinting from his eyes. Miss Hicks met him at the door.

"The man for your clothes to press is waiting," she announced.

"Send him in, please."

Upon the extended arms of an undersized foreigner he was presently laying the suits he had lately worn and one worn not at all lately.

"I must have this one back by five, sure," he said.

"Five? Sure, gentleman!" said the foreigner, and softly withdrew.

Aunt Beulah came to the door.

"Lunch, Rufus, and we've got some of the best ——"

He broke in on her encomium.

"Say, Aunt Beulah, suppose we breeze out tonight and have dinner some place"—he tried to recall Clinch's jaunty phrase—"do a little mixing where they mix good—leave here at seven and go to—how about that Sunrise Inn? Is it ——"

Aunt Beulah might have been hearing a proposal that they dine on a remote planet.

"Sunset, not Sunrise. But my goodness me, Rufus Billop! Dearie, dearie, come here quick!"

There was alarm in her voice, and Miss Hicks came with alarm on her face. She stood bewildered when, instead of a collapsed patient, she beheld one spiritually uplifted, elated with daring, swollen with confidence, but striving to hide it all under an inadequate garment of ennui.

"Will you listen to what this boy's saying?" demanded Aunt Beulah. "I think he's highly crazy. He says we're to have dinner at the Sunset tonight—leave here at seven—and he hasn't been out of bed after eight o'clock—not since this darned town was first staked out—and—well, look at him!"

Aunt Beulah waved an urgent hand, as if the briefest of looks would confirm her fears. Miss Hicks looked, but not with an open glance.

"Little dinner," urged the mental suspect, "little dancing. What's crazy about that? You didn't think Clinch was crazy, did you?"

"Well, of course not. Mr. Clinch is a well man."

"Too fat," declared her nephew. "He'll simply pop off some day right in the street—one of those faces that get purple."

"I hope he knows what he's doing," said Miss Hicks, not referring to the doomed Clinch.

"Leave here at seven. I might drive myself, but I'd better have Claude along to stay with the car."

"Drive yourself? Rufus Billop—and you so afraid of cars—you wouldn't even know how to start one!"

"All right—sorry you won't go. Just thought I'd ask."

He turned lightly back into his room, humming the thing that for three days he had moved to in the bare salon of the Ritz Dancing Academy. Before the mirror he began to brush his hair. In the mirror he observed an exchange of meaning glances between Aunt Beulah and Miss Hicks. Why couldn't women ever be quite open with men, even in a small matter like this? Aunt Beulah spoke in a changed tone.

"But I didn't say we wouldn't go, Rufus dear. I think perhaps we will go. I don't know but what we might, if "

"Quit your nonsense, Aunt Beulah!" He turned on her with a knowing, a hard smile. "You know you'll go."

He resumed his hair brushing. The glass showed him another exchange between the two women. Aunt Beulah was startled; he couldn't see Miss Hicks' face so well; but probably she was startled too. Aunt Beulah came back with a wheedling tone. "What a bear you've become, Rufus—snapping a body up that way! Of course we'll go. It was lovely of you to think of it."

"All right, then, if you've changed your mind. Be ready at seven."

The women regarded each other significantly again.

"You'll have to engage a table," said Aunt Beulah. "Want me to telephone?"

He did want her to. Never in his life had he engaged a table. He did not precisely fear telephones, but their mechanism and their preliminary rituals distressed him. He used one only when he could not avoid it and uttered as few painfully self-conscious words as would serve. In spite of abundant proofs to the contrary, he had never believed that people could really hear him. There was trickery in it. He thought rapidly now. He dreaded the ordeal of calling for a number, the doubt if he would be heard; dreaded the remote yet weirdly near sound of a strange voice; yet he must do the very things he had so long dreaded to do. He must refrain from nothing he feared. He must prove to himself that he had been fearing phantoms.

"Thank you, I'll do it," he answered carelessly.

The women left, and subdued but excited exchanges of talk came back to him. He went to the telephone, forced himself to the loathed business. That was what strong men did. Yet, an hour later, the women were taking the adventure with utter forgetfulness that his initiative in the thing had been of a spectacular character. They forgot him in their flurries of preparation, even as they had forgotten Clinch. Once more there was manicuring and chatter in the court. Once more it was covertly listened to. There was talk of the orchestra, of food, of people; but none of Rufus Billop. He might be demented, as Aunt Beulah had professed to believe—little they cared.

"I'll have to wear that old green thing again," confessed Miss Hicks.

He was glad of that. The suggestion instantly brought a moving scent of violets about him.

"I'll get out that gray georgette," said Aunt Beulah, holding before her blinking eyes a row of glittering nails.

Presently Miss Hicks reminisced, instigated by Aunt Beulah.

"My first case, you know, and the woman's husband had the room next to hers in the hospital so he'd be there if anything happened; but I thought he was there for treatment, and I'd never seen shoe trees; and when I saw his in his shoes I thought, of course, they were an extra pair of artificial feet and I was afraid he might be sensitive about them. So when he'd leave them on the floor I'd put them in a bureau drawer out of sight. You should have heard the other nurses kid me when they found it out—the doctors too. It went all over the hospital. Pretty green, wasn't I?"

Aunt Beulah could be heard to chuckle. She preferred to hear about actual cases; she especially relished scenes in the operating room; but Miss Hicks had not Miss Schultz's flair for surgery.

In all this no word of the astounding drama before them, in which Rufus Billop was the central if ignored figure. Aunt Beulah drifted into memories of Mr. Rush at his last and most interesting moments, and Miss Hicks was presently reminded of her second case because the patient also mourned a lost consort.

"She was such a nice old thing; and she'd talk to me by the hour about what a good man he was, and show me little keepsakes he'd left. She fairly worshiped them. She was moving to the country and I was helping pack up the things she'd take, and there was an air pillow she seemed to like, blown up, you know; so, thinking she'd want it along, I let the air out and put it on top of the trunk tray. Pretty soon her maid came in. She was a haggard old thing with kind of a teary face, anyway, and when she saw

*"Even as a Little Boy I Didn't Believe Many People Were Well; the First Time I Saw You, I Found Myself Wondering What You Had"*

the pillow all flat where I'd put it she gave a shriek and began to sob all over the room and wring her hands. I wondered what awful thing I'd done, and when this Hester could finally talk I found out—and it was awful. The pillow had been blown up by the woman's husband about a month before he went, and that was one of the keepsakes—this pillow full of his actual breath; and there I'd gone and let it out like common air! Wasn't that dreadful? And this Hester was still sobbing—she couldn't think of anything except to hide the pillow—so I took it and simply blew it up again as good as new for all the poor old lady would know. Hester looked at me kind of hopeful and said maybe it would do. 'Of course it won't ever be the same,' she says—still sniffling, mind you—'but perhaps missis will go into her own grave without ever knowing.' 'She certainly will,' I told her, 'if you can manage to keep it to yourself.' Wasn't she the limit? Of course it wasn't the husband's breath, but it wouldn't hurt her to keep on thinking it was."

Then when the last nail had been found perfect there came, indeed, a meager word of Rufus Billop.

"I do hope," confided Aunt Beulah, "there'll be someone to dance with tonight. Imagine sitting there with that music and no one ——"

"Doesn't he ever dance?" asked Miss Hicks.

"Him?" This was all Aunt Beulah said. The listener decided that an informing gesture, perhaps a shrug, had accompanied the word. A moment later she was saying, "I almost got a notion to telephone this Mr. Boden. He's a heavy sort, but light as a cat on his feet."

"Maybe that boy—the one with the nice hair, that friend of Mr. Clinch's—will happen to be there again." The tone of Miss Hicks was wistful.

"I only wish I had his address or telephone number or something," said the resourceful Aunt Beulah.

"I remember his name was Hornblower," suggested Miss Hicks.

"Hornblower? I should think you would remember it! There can't be so many of that name in the book. I almost got a notion—I know Mr. Boden's address, of course."

Exultantly the listener reflected that a certain admitted authority not far from there could make vital disclosures to these dance-mad creatures. However, they wouldn't be told. They would be shown—shown how unsafe it was to assume too little about Rufus Billop.

Between six and seven he discussed with himself the topic of women, reaching conclusions not unflattering to another sex. Women made such an affair of dressing; it excited and flustered them; and two dressing in adjoining rooms complicated the difficult performance with noises that must impair their efficiency. Was it necessary to run back and forth, to gabble, to try on things they had no intention of wearing, to abandon one style of hairdressing for another and then revert, with seeming despair, to the first? Why did they at the last moment remember forgotten details, perhaps, after troubled queries, to discover they had not been forgotten? A man, now, dressed without flurry, and he kept still about it; and he was through on time, whereas these women appeared ten minutes late. Then Aunt Beulah had to go back for something, and when she returned Miss Hicks was fortunately reminded that she had to go back for something.

He had, by the time they actually left, acquired the data upon which to be genially tolerant. Aunt Beulah was resplendent in the gray georgette.

"This does go so well with my hair," she said complacently.

Well, he thought, it was her hair, legally. Miss Hicks made no occasion of being inspected in the green frock. She seemed to believe that no one would care to see her twice in that. Her fragrance again came to him as on the night when he danced alone. She briefly surveyed her host in gentleman's informal evening wear; she surveyed him again, at greater length, when he no longer observed her.

Claude had now been waiting twenty minutes. His employer greeted him in a tone of apology, hoping that Claude knew what women were. The Luxton bore them off, and the pair in the back seat still ignored their host of the evening. He might not have been there. Not until they reached their dining place did he become existent. Then, at the very door, he realized that they were conscious of being under escort. They were timid women in a public place, but guarded by one to whom they charmingly looked up. Their wraps discarded, they stood meekly by while their protector conversed with a head waiter. Under competent guidance they reached a table. Queer things! From being nothing he had suddenly been tossed to a pinnacle. They publicly deferred to him, smiled at him, chatted brightly at him.

He understood. They told the world that, defenseless though they were of themselves, a man, surely of the most fastidious taste, had found them worth defending, worth selecting to defend. In the same manner, he reflected, they had doubtless elevated Mr. Clinch to a pinnacle—Mr. Clinch who, on a less public occasion, had become merely the biggest fish unpickled. So it was no good feeling flattered by the attention now shown him. It seemed you couldn't even take a couple of women out to dinner without learning more about the sex.

They were removing gloves, bestowing hand bags, glancing carelessly the while at menu cards before them. They were waiting to be asked what they preferred. The host looked up from his own card.

"I wonder," he said, "if they couldn't fix us some chicken in a casserole—fresh mushrooms and things in the sauce just a tiny bit of onion?"

"Why ——" began Miss Hicks brightly, and stopped.

"I think we might try that, Rufus dear, if you'd prefer it." Aunt Beulah seemed to say she would eat anything that might please him.

"Oh, anything," assented Miss Hicks, who appeared never to have related chicken with casseroles in her thought life.

He gave the order, conscious of delighted glances between the women while he spoke to the waiter. Then Miss Hicks relapsed into utter frankness.

"That was just what we wanted to eat," she said. "We'd planned to suggest it when you asked us."

So they could, under extreme provocation, be honest!

"Why, there's that Mr. Hornblower the other side of the room!" exclaimed Aunt Beulah in a tone of pleased surprise.

"So it is," said Miss Hicks without looking up.

Aunt Beulah was still inspecting the diners at far tables

"And I do believe no, it couldn't be yes, it certainly is—it's that Mr. Boden, the one I was telling you about, Rufus. How nice for him to be here tonight."

The orchestra blared; a powerful saxophone gurgled, a drum beat, trumpets and presumably shawms resounded. The eyes of the women brightened; they gleamed.

"Dance, Aunt Beulah?" lightly queried the host.

"Me? You—I mean? Why, Rufus Billop, you told me ——"

But he was standing; and Aunt Beulah, with a piteous glimmer of concern on her face, stood uncertainly beside him. She looked helplessly down at the equally startled Miss Hicks. She seemed to say, "What else can I do, dearie?" While she still mutely protested, Aunt Beulah was expertly grappled and swept into the maelstrom of an already thronged floor; swept beyond the ken of Miss Hicks, who feared to look upon the sight. Not until the first rest of the music did she venture to search the floor.

There from its far edge was a beaming, an excited Aunt Beulah, pantomiming an utterly rejoicing amazement. Miss Hicks stared unbelief. But she continued to look when the music came again. She saw that her host was not only dancing well but was handling Aunt Beulah, who might be called difficult, with an expert ease. She continued to stare at the spectacle with wide eyes, though a curtain of concealing shadow fell before them when the still excited Aunt Beulah was brought back to her chair.

"My goodness me! Dearie, this boy can dance! He's better than that Mr. Boden; and, Rufus Billop, you told me yourself ——"

"Shall we finish this?" suggested the courteous host to Miss Hicks.

"If you're sure you're not too ——."

He looked at her as Uncle George Billop had once looked at him when warned that he had better button his coat on a sunny day. Miss Hicks, feeling smaller, stood up and submitted to a master's light touch.

She forgot then that he was a strange, even a strangely annoying, young man whom she was supposed to be nursing. He was someone who could, indeed, as Aunt Beulah had said, dance.

"Oh, that lovely orchestra!" she said at the first rest.

But he knew she wasn't thinking of the orchestra. He knew she was thinking, humanly for the moment, of himself. He had at last caught a living look in her eyes—for him. He breathed violets and recalled Cleaver, the convinced pragmatist, who had gathered them with Aunt Sena.

One foot tapped nervously. He wanted the music again, more violets and, above all, more pragmatism or whatever had, in the spring woods, worked the white magic of making Orlando Cleaver seem wonderful to a woman.

The music came and he conventionally took Miss Hicks into his arms. She came with a confidence that made him feel himself, indeed, a strong man of the open. He forgot he was dancing. As he himself would have put it, his motions were a purely instinctive response to a stimulated perception. Quite wonderfully he and this girl seemed now to know each other; there were no veils for the eye, no concealing words, no fencing, none of the indirections that had always until this moment kept them aloof. Suddenly all guards were down. One of her firm hands pulsed in his. Banjo and piano picked at a tension of waiting that would have been intolerable but that they could dance to its urge.

"It's good to be alive!" he swiftly told her.

"Yes!" It was hardly more than a breath, but she meant it.

"It's good," he said later, while the drum beats rhythmed to his pulse.

"Yes," she breathed, and meant it all.

The music stopped, putting them back to a world where you didn't show all you thought and felt. They were only a moment, their eyes together, regaining the old safe adjustments. They politely, distantly, thanked each other for the dance and returned to their table, where Aunt Beulah had been entertaining the Mr. Boden of catlike agility.

"Isn't that boy perfectly wonderful?" she demanded of the flushed Miss Hicks.

Aunt Beulah was not, in a social sense, difficult; she employed but few tricks of reserve at moments like this. Miss Hicks met her halfway.

"Yes," she said almost primly, "Mr. Billop dances very well."

Aunt Beulah looked at her sharply.

"Well, let it go at that," she said. "Here's the food, and I'm ready for it. He's so good he must have been taking lessons."

"I took a lot of lessons at the age of eleven," retorted the host truthfully. "And I'm ready for food myself. That looks good!"

He thus rewarded the waiter, who confidently besought admiration for the casserole's exposed interior. He had often wondered what the emotional response of a waiter would be in this crisis—a waiter almost arrogantly certain of approval—if he should merely give signs of rage and disgust and order the thing taken away. But, of course, now was no time for the experiment.

The food was served; and Rufus Billop, lately confined to his bed by incurable afflictions, became an honestly hungry unit in a gay throng of well persons, who also ate and danced to music that knew the human feet. The evening carried him onward with resistless sweep. A dam had somewhere broken.

He would, it seemed to him, lose consciousness at intervals, wandering in a daze of sheer feeling; then his mind would come back to find familiar faces and the affair still strangely enduring.

Mr. Boden came to dance with Aunt Beulah, and the remembered Mr. Hornblower came to dance with Aunt Beulah and Miss Hicks. He returned later with a charming young woman who was delighted to dance with Mr. Billop and who did so twice. But the host's mental absences had, after all, eaten into the night; he knew it must be late, for even Aunt Beulah said it was time to go. They sat for the moment peacefully, looking about at the already thinned crowd trickling away from disordered tables.

Mr. Hornblower skipped across the floor to them.

"May I have the last dance, Miss Hicks?"

Miss Hicks acted instantly, unerringly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, and looked all of that; "but I'd promised this to Mr. Billop."

She had done nothing of the sort, but Mr. Hornblower gracefully withdrew. Miss Hicks looked up at her appraising host.

"I thought ——" she began. "That is ——"

The music came and her host stood up. The matter of the unmade—unasked—promise was not again discussed. Once more they knew each other, without pretense or indirections.

"It's good," he said; "it's good to be alive—alive."

"Yes," she breathed. "Oh, yes!"

That was all of the dance he could recall. Presently they were donning wraps, formally murmuring what a lovely evening it had been and hoping Rufus Billop hadn't made himself too tired.

"I haven't," he said as they entered the car. "I didn't get enough."

"At-a-boy!" said Aunt Beulah.

"And that friend of Hornblower's, that Miss—whatever it is wasn't she a beautiful dancer!"

"Was she?" said Miss Hicks. "I didn't notice."

The puzzled host remarked to himself, "That's queer; she was looking right at us at least a dozen times.

(Continued on Page 41)

*He Met an Indignant Youth Who Crawled From the Upper Surfaces of the Wrecked Car and Was Already Saying That They Had Slowed Down to Fifteen Miles an Hour*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 25, 1923


## Too Much Cultivation

NOTHING is more interesting to all kinds of people than a fight. But it too often happens that where the fight really concerns the welfare of the majority, the principles underlying it are either lost sight of or are camouflaged to the plainer view.

The fight between a college president and a board of trustees, for purposes of picturesqueness may have injected into it many sensational elements in order to make a pretty story for the newspapers. The whole affair, stripped of its highbrow varnish, may contain as many varieties of vulgarity as an ordinary street fight. But in order to give it dignity enough so that it can be complacently mulled over by the intelligentzia and the "cultured" generally, the terms "ideals," "inspiring example," "spiritual leadership," and similar expressions are sprinkled over the mass.

What we really need is fewer so-called spiritual leaders with "ideals" among our college presidents and more hard workers; fewer globe-trotters and more bench men; fewer hot-air specialists and more silent performers. And—with certain points to be noted—the same thing is true of our boys and girls among the well-to-do—to whom any sort of drudgery is anathema.

There is nothing inherently the matter with our boys and girls. It takes more than our present system of education to ruin them, however painstaking in its efforts to do so that system may be. To many of our "forward-looking" educators with "inspiring ideals" this is no doubt highly discouraging. In spite of everything they can do, the boys and girls survive and gradually develop a normal amount of common sense.

So far as pure learning goes, the four-year college course could easily be compressed into half the time. But the value of acquaintanceship and social position is stressed, because they are assumed to be better assets than the capacity for drudgery and self-discipline. We therefore see thousands of young men turned out of college who have never learned how to work, who would scorn to yield to the obligation to do any kind of manual labor other than golf or tennis. Certainly there is no objection to sport or wholesome exercise, but to make it a fetish at the expense of character will not get us anywhere as a nation.

The question may be raised as to whether, after all, the first step towards genuine culture is not the ability to support oneself, to make oneself useful. Recently it has been emphasized by more than one authority that the next war, if it comes, will be one in which practical industrial ability will count much more than mere military training. Doubtless that has always been true. If every American boy were compelled to serve two years at hard labor our aggregate taxes would be lowered, our labor problem largely solved, our national character solidified, and our defensive strength so increased that we might easily control the peace of the world. There is nothing more ennobling than useful drudgery. There is nothing so subtle in its weakening effect as the hypocritical pretenses of the intellect, masquerading under the guise of "ideals." The fact that a distinct fraction of our American college boys have yielded to the spell of decadent European literature and art shows which way the educational wind blows. True scholarship, never to be derided or despised, requires in many instances special gifts, and is never in itself to be attained without discipline and drudgery. That is probably why there is so little of it among us, why there are so few genuine scholars and so many good golfers.

In the long run the price of everything is fixed by Nature. And the whole deteriorating process surrounding the false claims of "intellect" has always been on exhibition. Lured by the sight of easy money, we are much too comfortable to want to dig and delve. We import labor for that purpose. We pay the price to get men to fill the coal mines—when they are filled—and we also pay the price to fill our Gargantuan college stadiums.

## The Space Writers

SHOULD the commissioner-general of some future world's fair desire us to assist him in capturing for exhibition purposes the champion space writer of the United States, we should know at once where to send him.

We should not direct his quest to the lounges of the metropolitan press clubs, but to the county courthouses and to the rooms of the bar associations. Newspaper men think they know all there is to know about space writing. Often have we heard them boast of their gifted colleague who turned two columns describing the pilgrimage of a fly across his office wall. This was, of course, a sterling performance, but it was so exceptional as to be almost unique; and it does not, therefore, materially strengthen their claims to superiority. Trade for trade, the lawyers have the newspaper space writers beaten hands down at their own game.

The contest is an unequal one. The newspaper scribe must cope with the discouraging brutalities of the desk man's blue pencil. The lawyer labors under no such handicap. What he writes his client must pay for, longer or shorter, for better or worse.

Another advantage that accrues to the lawyer is that he has been developing the art of verbosity for several centuries longer than has the news gatherer. The old law clerks were paid by the number of sheets of paper or parchment that they covered. At a period not much less remote than that of the Battle of Hastings they discovered that if they merely slipped in the word "hereinbeforementioned," or its Norman-French equivalent, often enough their extra diligence would pay for the children's shoes and stockings. The whereases, the to wits and the aforesaids helped mightily to wipe out the tavern score. What wonder that their descendants are still loath to part with these faithful little breadwinners or to forsake the inflated style of literary composition that has served them so well for seven or eight centuries!

And yet there are signs that these ancient methods are falling into disrepute. The lawyers' sense of humor seems to be getting the upper hand, and for the first time in history many of them are trying to write like other men of affairs. The age of pomposity has passed, and results rather than verbosities are what clients are most willing to pay for.

Today it is no uncommon thing for leaders of the bar to revise their briefs and documents with special attention to the excision of superfluous or high-sounding words and phrases. Many of them pride themselves upon their ability to cover an intricate situation in language as simple and unpretentious as that of an office memorandum. All this is a step in the right direction. Litigation is tedious enough in all conscience, without making it more so by unbridled exercise of the arts of the space writer.

## Russia a Peasant State

THE Russian Government has recently issued a survey of the year's experiences with the new economic system. From this we learn the urban industries are declining, agriculture improving. A similar report comes from independent sources. Apparently the Russians have not the talent, experience and initiative to restore their urban industries. With the loss of Poland, two of the large industrialized cities of the prewar Russia were removed. The remaining cities seem to be sinking into collections of civil servants. It is possible to conceive of Petrograd and Moscow as centers of government administration of the several public functions, without private industry.

Before the war, Russia was five-sixths agricultural. It is possible that she may become nine-tenths peasant. A large number of civil servants are required to govern a people, even a peasant people. Perhaps a tenth of the Russians could govern the rest of them. It is seriously necessary to contemplate the possibility that the Russia of the immediate future may become an agrarian state exclusively. This would mean one hundred and fifty million people on the land, raising food and feed for the rest of Europe and drawing manufactured articles from the factories of Europe.

Since Europe would take the agricultural products of Russia, most of the manufactured goods would be drawn from Europe, not from the United States. For some time it has been clear that European capital was available for Russia to use in rehabilitation of agriculture, but not for restoration of urban industries. It is to the selfish interest of Europe to keep Russia agrarian. The outcome of the experiment in communism has been so to destroy industry in Russia as to tend to make the country agrarian.

Russian communism has thus played unwittingly into the hands of the capitalists of the European cities. The Russian communists have apparently destroyed their own urban industries to the end of making themselves dependent on those of the western countries. Thus Russia becomes more agrarian, the western countries become more industrialized. This picture may be overdrawn, but this is the way things are certainly trending.

## Farmers' Mortgage Payments

THE world over, one problem of agriculture is to have the minimum payments on land purchases set at so low a figure that crop failure or price decline will not lead to default. This is the desideratum behind all farm-loan legislation, the aim of all sound schemes of land colonization. To make such adjustments fully effective, current investment rates should not be materially higher than farm-loan rates. Anything tending to bring these close together therefore is of especial importance to farmers.

The Canadian Pacific Railway received large tracts of land from the Government of Canada. Much of this land has been sold to farmers on mortgages. The farmers of the prairie provinces have had difficulties in meeting their payments. The railway has now announced that landowners in debt to the Canadian Pacific Railway can refund their loans, have them reamortized over a period of thirty-four years, so that the combined payment of interest and taxes shall not exceed 7 per cent of the purchase price. This scheme applies at once to thousands of farmers. It is to apply in the future to new immigrants who take up railway lands. There is supposed to be ten million acres of vacant wheat land within ten miles of a railroad in the three prairie provinces. So long as the rush for land does not exceed the rush for buyers, the payment terms of the railway will set the precedent and form the standard for all newcomers. In effect, therefore, we witness a farsighted private corporation establishing a reform in farm loans in advance of legislative enactments in the same country. Gradually we may learn that enlightened self-interest is wiser than political legislation.

# AMERICANS ON GUARD

## By William T. Ellis

WHAT I am about to tell may seem like revealing the names of the patriots concerned in the Boston Tea Party; except that their deed will have been done before this article can be printed, and they are quite willing to bear the consequences, for their country's sake. Everybody in Constantinople, friend and foe alike, knows the identity of the conspirators. The scheme itself is so American in its character, and so striking a revelation of the deep solicitude of patriots for the welfare of the United States, that it may stir up some lethargic citizens, in and out of Congress, to a realization of the present peril that besets our gates.

This scheme was hatched in Constantinople by American citizens—business men, relief workers, naval officers and other government officials—who simply could no longer endure sitting idly by watching streams of undesirable immigrants pouring into the United States from this center of Asiatic unrest. In particular, they observed thousands of Russians, many of them unquestionably Bolsheviks and criminals, being brought down from Odessa, maintained here in Constantinople until sailing day arrived, tutored and assisted through passport formalities, and then started for New York City. At the moment of writing there are between five and six thousand of these expectant emigrants awaiting ships for America in Constantinople, expecting to arrive in the States under the new Russian quota of July. They hope to get in under the flag ahead of all others.

### Unfortunate Russians

LIKE Kipling's American, who "turns a keen, untroubled face home to the instant need of things," these Constantinople Yankees decided to do something about it. All of them know from personal contact the two types of Russians. They classify one group as a sure liability to America. America to them means simply safety and easy money.

On the other hand, the good class of Russians in Constantinople are mostly men and women of conviction. They are here because they fought the Bolsheviks. For the sake of principle they have sacrificed country, home, titles, estates and all their worldly goods. In the bitter school of adversity and exile they have learned life's realities. The most distinguished of them have been taught to earn their own bread in lowliest ways. As one member of the old nobility remarked to an American friend, "These terrible times have revealed to us the real values of life. We could never again return to the Czaristic order. We know now what is worth while. Life's depths have been plumbed by us, and courage, courtesy, self-reliance and helpfulness, with all the simple virtues, have been seen in their true light. We are ready now, since we cannot return to our own unhappy land, to become true American citizens."

At present there are fifteen thousand Russian refugees left in Constantinople, of whom about seven thousand are to be evacuated; the other half have made for themselves self-supporting places in the normal life of the city, where they may possibly cherish the old Russian dreams concerning this ancient Byzantine city. Some of the seven thousand must get away quickly, as it is known that the Bolsheviks have them on their list, to be dealt with when the European powers have gone from Turkey and the Angora allies of Moscow have come into complete control.

When various elements in the American community of Constantinople began to get their heads together on the question they had to face various practical difficulties. There is no huge fund available for the protection of America against undesirable immigrants; whereas the assorted groups that desire to nullify or evade or overcome the immigration laws have organization and money and experience. So a battle of wealth as well as of wits was on.

Since practically all the Americans in the city are determined to keep out at least a thousand or fifteen hundred unfit immigrants, and to substitute, under the immigration quota allotted to Russia, an equal number of tested Russians, suggestions came from every quarter.

It was found that the American Relief Administration, which has practically wound up its work in Constantinople, has an unexpended balance of twenty thousand dollars which could properly be utilized to assist Russians out of the country. The American Red Cross had an equal sum available. The League of Nations had allocated the same amount to help political refugees reach safety. So here was a lump sum of sixty thousand dollars that would transfer at least a thousand Russians across the Atlantic in a chartered ship.

### Arranging for Shipping

LIKE good Americans, the backers of the plan wanted a United States Shipping Board vessel, although Greek boats offered better terms. At the moment, efforts are being made to put these picked emigrants under the American flag in the port of Constantinople and trust to American seamanship to win the race for first entrance into the port of New York on July first. There is a deal of fine patriotic fervor about the whole business; would that dormant Americans at home could witness the zeal of these their countrymen abroad for the well-being of the homeland! But "they little know of America who only America know."

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SITTING PRETTY

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

## Comment of a Country Editor

IN WASHINGTON a time ago it was decided to raise the price of wheat. Farmers were complaining, very likely with good reason, that the price received for their commodity fell below the cost of production. And so a measure making trading in grain futures an offense was introduced in Congress. The measure had all the aspects of a grand vote getter. Because of the belief that the grain speculator fixes and controls the price of farm products, he has always been anathema to the farmer. And aside from that, the law carries a moral sedative for that great segment of the electorate which believes any form of speculation sinful. On its face, and for the purpose for which it was intended, it was the almost perfect measure. But, unfortunately, wheat now is lower in price than it has been at any time since the prewar period. The prescription is under suspicion.

But the law has value as a medicament in that one of its ingredients is a revealing note. Any prescription which attempts to confer prosperity by law is colored water. The lawmaker who writes it rests under the suspicion of being a quack.

Considering the fact that they had nothing left but a switch key and a couple of miles of siding when the Government turned the property back to them, the railroads are doing pretty well. But glaring errors in their management are becoming apparent. Some of them have begun to pay dividends to their stockholders. If the dividends are continued the condition will call for drastic regulation, and it will get it. Already more than one powerful voice has been directed against the outrage.

Most of the public weeping now current in this country is being done upon the bowed shoulders of the farmer. Formerly most of the public weeping was for labor; but labor has treated its slaves so badly that the weeping for it now is done in executive session. A close-up of almost any farmer will reveal the fact that his hickory shirt is sticky with the glycerin tears of his public servants. The farmer has a tolerably hard time; so has everybody else. But complaint that the tearfall is not equitably distributed is becoming so insistent that a suggestion concerning it is made herewith.

Ours is a country town, the seat of an agricultural community. It has no industries and no institutions. In the twenty-five or thirty years last past four or five town men have made what, according to our standards, are accounted fortunes. During the same period, in the territory contiguous to the town, twelve or fifteen farmers have become well-to-do. Others in town and country have accumulated the visible evidences of prosperity more slowly. Many have accumulated nothing at all. But in all that time in our town no grocer has achieved a competence. A number of grocers have failed. No druggist, barber, dry-goods merchant, butcher, baker, real-estate agent, doctor, attorney, milliner or garage proprietor has been able to retire from business to live on the proceeds of his industry.

The suggestion in the connection is obvious. The representative or senator who would make it a point to weep copiously in public over the economic wrongs of the grocer, the butcher, the baker, the barber, the dry-goods merchant, the real-estate agent, the doctor, the lawyer, the milliner and the garage proprietor would appeal to a very large and important clientele. It is sufficiently influential to turn close elections. And he would have the satisfaction of having cried over a group of very worthy citizens for whom no tears have hitherto been shed.

The women, now that they have gained the ballot, have a very earnest and admirable desire to influence the world for good. It is a pleasure to tell them how they may serve it. Two of its crying needs are more gravy and more homemade apple butter.

After the earnest women have taught the worthless, inefficient, slatternly women how to cook, how to keep house, how to make home and themselves attractive, and have compelled them to do it, it will be all right to start in reforming man and his institutions.

Willie Giraffe: "Mamma, Lucy's 'Necking' Again!"

As a candidate for President, Mr. Ford fits a tremendous human need. He is to the sucker voter precisely what the peddler of promotion oil stock is to the sucker investor. He is, in an indefinite and intangible sort of way, something for nothing. Mr. Ford has amassed great wealth. What the credulous and unthinking voter feels is that in some mysterious way Mr. Ford will be able to transmute his faculty for accretion to his fellow citizens. More or less, what we all want is wealth and ease. The smart, level-headed citizen knows he must work for both. The credulous and unthinking citizen believes they may be conferred by some process of government. He wants free money, and he believes Mr. Ford can get it for him.

When it is generally known that Mr. Ford believes everybody should work for what he gets he will lose much of his potential strength.

A Democratic spokesman said, the other day, that the tariff would be one of the commanding issues of 1924. As often as once every four years in the past forty the country has grown red-faced, sputtering and highly indignant over the outrage embodied and expressed in some tariff measure. Sometimes the tariff schedules have been lowered, sometimes raised, but the temperature engendered by a tariff schedule is always high. But at the end of forty years nothing has happened. All that is definitely known about tariff measures is that one is needed. Isn't it about time to stop growing indignant about the tariff?

—*Jay E. House.*

## Walking

WALKING is a primitive method of getting over ground by putting one foot in front of the other. This is not quite the same as putting the best foot forward, a form of exercise that continues to be widely popular. As for walking, no one now walks but physical overweights, financial underweights, soldiers and philosophers, all of whom except the last mentioned walk unwillingly, accompanied by resentment.

Walking is said to rest the mind and revive the soul. But as it has not for years been good form to have a soul, and as whoever rests his mind for even a moment takes the risk of being either robbed or run over, walking is now advocated only by the manufacturers of rubber heels, and those who seek solitude, such as escaped convicts and married men.

Another disadvantage of walking is that it encourages thinking things over. This habit of mental meandering is definitely harmful to any man's chances in a world that wants to Do It Now, including a salary lien to buy a new motor car and an exchange of wives in order to get one of this year's model.

But the greatest objection to walking is that it looks so unfinancial—here comes nobody, lugging his empty pockets. And if it be in the country, in mercy's name slow down your car and take charge of this unfortunate who flounders along on foot. What? He says thanks, he'd rather walk, he likes walking? Something wrong here. On your way, waste no time, full speed to the nearest phone and warn the farmers of the countryside: "Watch out for a wild man; he's lurching along with a big stick in his hand. Yes, crazy; says he likes to walk. Get your gun and dogs and try to corner him as he comes past. Phone me here if you catch him. I'm calling all the asylums to find where he belongs." —*Stone.*

## Told at the Nineteenth Hole

*OF ALL the golfers playing at*
*the Fairgreen Country Club,*
*Lysander James Adolphus Brown*
*was quite the rankest dub.*
*His stance was queer, his driving*
*wild, his mashie shots were*
*jokes.*
*The best hole that he ever made took*
*twenty-seven strokes.*
*At times he'd swing for half an hour*
*and never touch the ball.*
*It really was a wonder that he tried*
*to play at all.*

*Now one day when Lysander had been rather off his game,*
*Into the locker room a handsome, well-dressed stranger came.*
*His clubs were swung across his back, and as he entered*
*there*
*A pungent sulphur odor seemed to permeate the air.*
*He sat down by Lysander, and with just the slightest sneer*
*He said, "I've watched you play around. You certainly*
*shoot queer."*
*Lysander had a biting wit, as all his club mates knew,*
*And so he answered like a flash, "Well, what is that to you?"*
*The stranger smiled and said, "I heard you say you'd sell*
*your soul*
*If you could make a decent score, or even win a hole.*
*I'm just the man you're looking for. I've got a set of clubs;*
*Their owner can make Sarazen and Hagen look like dubs.*
*They're guaranteed, and good as new. I've used them only*
*twice."*
*Lysander James Adolphus Brown said hoarsely, "What's*
*your price?"*
*The stranger's face grew stern, and from his coat he drew a*
*scroll.*
*"Just sign this and the clubs are yours. The price I ask—*
*your soul."*
*"There's no mistake," Lysander cried, "and they'll improve*
*my game?"*
*"They're guaranteed," the stranger said. Lysander signed*
*his name.*
*A smell of brimstone filled the room; then came a thunder*
*clap,*
*And there Lysander sat, alone. The clubs lay in his lap.*

*'Twas on the morning of the match, and brightly shone the*
*sun,*
*And as Lysander reached the tee the crowd said, "Watch*
*the fun."*
*"You laugh too soon," Lysander said. "I'll show you*
*duffers up,*
*For by tonight my name will be engraven on the cup."*
*He placed a shiny, brand-new ball upon a mound of sand,*
*And from his bag he calmly seized his driver in his hand.*

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SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Do you know why they fairly fly
To cross the line the winners?
The boy and girl who finish first
Get Campbell's for their dinners!

# Every child's birthright!

"Give your child good health and you have done your chief duty as a parent." Do you realize how important good soup, eaten regularly every day, is in building up a sound body? It tones and strengthens digestion, keeps the appetite vigorous and eager, and makes all the food yield greater nourishment.

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

is eaten every day by millions of people simply because they relish its delicious flavor. But this puree of rich tomato juices blended with fine butter is also a splendidly wholesome stimulant to digestion. Tempting for any meal, don't overlook it for the youngsters' supper, with crackers in it. Serve it often as a Cream of Tomato.

**How to prepare the best Cream of Tomato**

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

**21 kinds** **12 cents a can**

# Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

# CAT'S-PAW

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

*Through Drifting, Stinging Smoke I Saw Him Bending Over the Figure of Ben Murchison on the Floor*

VIII

NATURALLY I did not save my breath. At the consulate I pushed that high-collared assistant out of the way and walked into the consul's office.

"Well!" said the consul. "You might at least take off your hat, young man."

"Ben Murchison has been arrested."

"I'm not surprised."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing."

I suppose I glared. He took off his glasses and wagged them at me.

"Ben Murchison's too old a bird not to know what he's doing. Personally, I like the old reprobate; but officially, my hat's off to the administration for grabbing him before he got started. When he goes on the warpath he's the most dangerous man unhung."

But I remembered that lonely old fellow talking wistfully of the United States, a strange country where reporters followed him about and nobody else paid any attention to him at all.

"There's a revolution cooking," said the consul, "and I'd bet my last dollar he's right in the middle of the kitchen. No doubt you know all about it; you've been with him pretty constantly since you came."

I was in a peculiar position, not knowing how much I had a right to say. Those fellows had trusted me. I said nothing; the consul didn't seem to notice my hesitation.

"Mind you, I'm not asking," he went on. "I keep strictly out of local politics and I advise you to do the same. Personally, I hoped Ben Murchison was settling down in his old age. Not six months ago he made a trip to Washington to get his American citizenship straightened out; made all sorts of promises to be good, and on that condition the department confirmed it."

"Very kind of the department," I said bitterly, "only it doesn't mean anything!"

"No," said the consul. "He'd be about as happy in the States as a fish up a tree. After thirty years he suddenly takes a notion to find out whether he's still an American. Funny, eh?"

"'Funny,'" I said furiously, "is exactly the word! If it was a German that was in jail his consul would have him out of there in jig time, or there'd be a German gunboat bulging in to find out why not; but an American is a joke—in these countries, anyway!"

"Personally," said the consul, "I admit it."

He didn't lose his temper, I'll say that for him.

"If we were at Washington we'd do things differently, wouldn't we? You and I, living here, know that the Latins don't get our point of view at all. Bully or be bullied, dog eat dog, that's their notion. They respect nothing but a show of strength. That's why they're mostly pro-German; the loud voice and the swift kick are something they can understand.

"It's a fine ideal," he said gravely, "to treat all peoples alike. The trouble is that all peoples are positively not alike."

"And the weaker they are the cockier they get when they think it's safe!"

"Oh, I admit it," said the consul, "personally. Many a time I've yearned to throw a scare into them for their souls' good; but I have my instructions, and if I don't follow them somebody else will." He sighed. "The Colossus of the North they call us, but I'm afraid they're getting the idea that the Colossus is stuffed with straw. They make faces at him and nothing happens. They see Germany and England, too, for that matter—kick his shins whenever they feel like it, and nothing happens."

This consul was human. I decided to be frank myself.

"Look here! You understand I haven't got a thing to do with it—personally," I said, borrowing his word; "but I do happen to know there's a revolution cooking. And I also happen to know that Ben Murchison's trying to keep his word and stay out of it."

"Well," said the consul, "he's out! The Old Man will see to that. No credit to Ben; to my certain knowledge he's been dickering with the Palomar crowd for two months. I even took it on myself to warn him; but, of course, if he wants to get himself shot he has a perfect right to do it."

"He thinks there's some shenanigan about it," I argued, "and he's trying to find out what it is."

"He's kidding you," snorted the consul, "or himself. I know Ben. Trouble is what he lives on. When this Palomar agitation started up again he hinted that we ought to put our foot down because Palomar was anti-American; plain case of sour grapes, that's all; he couldn't stand to see a fuss and not be in it. Hell!" said the consul. "If we knocked off all the anti-American presidents, these countries wouldn't have any."

"To show you how little I know about it," I said thoughtfully, "I didn't know Palomar was their man for

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V-TYPE, EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINE

# CADILLAC

It is perhaps true that the average purchaser of a Cadillac is not concerned, primarily, with its economy.

And for just that reason, as he drives the car year after year, he finds added cause for pleasure in his investment.

He discovers,—what veteran owners of the Cadillac have long realized—that its longevity, its constant, enduring performance, is the truest form of economy.

Because of Cadillac materials, Cadillac engineering and Cadillac craftsmanship, Type 61 lasts as long as an automobile can last, and with reasonable care outlives two ordinary cars.

It is practicable to drive it throughout this long range of life, if one wishes, because even after years of service the Cadillac remains consistently fine and fashionable.

Moreover, daily operating costs are moderate, and Cadillac dependability is such that thrifty performance is a rule and even minor adjustments are a rarity.

Thus, four factors—freedom from repairs, high mileage at low cost, slow depreciation and unmatched resale value—are so well combined in the Cadillac that many consider it the most economical car.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

*Standard of the World*

(Continued from Page 26)

president. Thought he was a Mexican, just free-lancing down here."

"It's the other way about. He ran against the Old Man in the election here three years ago, and skipped out when he got licked. Made quite a name for himself in Mexico, I understand.'

I knew that name: The Butcher. Still it didn't make much impression on me, thinking of the soft-eyed, gentlemanly Palomar who had played chess with me and argued politely about the United States.

"Seems to be coming back strong," added the consul. "I doubt if the Old Man can even depend on the army now. The administration's only chance is to grab 'em off before they get going. Between me and you, I wouldn't be surprised to see Mexican troops in it."

I could see now how the thing might have roots in Mexico; I didn't dream how much farther. Nobody could have guessed it then. How could little Guatemala be formidable?

Stubbornly I came back to the point.

"You're judging Ben Murchison on his reputation. Give him the benefit of the doubt," I pleaded. "If his own country lies down on him now he's done for. I've got a carriage outside; won't you come with me to see him personally?"

"To ease your pain," said the consul, "I will. But you're an optimist. I know Ben."

The capital sits on a plateau at an elevation of several thousand feet. Northward the mountains tower tier on tier, volcanic cone and ridge of vast upheaval, a wilderness from which great storms slip down. On this day, I remember, chilly winds lurked in the shadowed cross streets, whisking out, picking up twisting pillars of dust from the cobbled pavement, dancing high with them and letting them dissolve; coloring the thin clear sunshine with a threat of storm.

Though the consul rode with me, I felt singularly alone, depressed and grim.

At the police station they denied any knowledge of Ben Murchison. I spoke of the soldiers taking him, and they looked at one another with solemn significance.

"He's at the military prison then," said the consul. "Why didn't you say so before? The Old Man means business if he sent soldiers after him. Ben may be standing up against a wall by now."

The military prison was grim, forbidding in that eerie light. Thick walls, the outer edges studded with broken glass, where sentries paced; an archway with ponderous iron-studded doors; bare, hard-packed earth; shadows and inner walls with small high windows, iron-barred. The wind made fitful noises about that gloomy place; I remembered weird tales of torture, and I believed them now.

An officer came and looked at us with cold black eyes. We stated our names and our errand. The consul's name did not impress him; he looked at me as if he meant to know me when he saw me again.

"'Oward Pr-ressley?"

I bowed. He did not return the courtesy, but asked me to spell my name. Then he spoke to a sergeant who wore a pen over his ear.

"I have here for you. Entrance denied!"

What he had was a long official envelope, heavily sealed. I heard the consul grunt as I broke the seal. There was a printed form, my name, the date, even the hour written in flowing script. The signature was illegible, but the line under it was plain:

"Presidente de la Republica de Guatemala."

I read: "Howard Pressley, American citizen—undesirable foreigner—report within thirty-six hours to the comandante of Puerto Barrios."

Deported!

"What'll I do?" I said, stunned.

"Of course," said the consul, "if you want to get yourself shot, it's your privilege. Personally I'm sorry; but officially I wish you'd fall down a nice deep hole and pull it in after you—all you fellows who think you can raise hell and then squeal for protection when you get pinched. If I were you I'd go, and call myself lucky. I thought you were too devilishly concerned about this thing!"

He was deeply disgusted. Wouldn't even ride back to the city with me.

The sky had thickened, not with clouds; the sun glowed redly through a leaden sheet, the air was hard to breathe. I thought of Ben Murchison—shabby, thirsty old Ben Murchison—friendless behind thick walls. I spoke aloud, so that the driver turned and looked at me.

"Storm," I said, "if you're coming, come now!"

"*Mande, señor?*"

"Stop!" I said, and gave him what silver I could quickly get my hands on.

A big man in countryman's clothes had turned just here into a side street. I leaped after him, calling his name. He did not turn his head, only lengthened his stride and ducked into a poor doorway of unplastered adobe. It was the huge and silent Gabriel Zalas.

## IX

"GABRIEL!"

"Señor?"

He was troubled, this huge, humble fellow. He wanted to shut the door in my face, but did not dare. Respect for the *gente fina*, fine people who wore white collars and shoes every day, was too deeply ingrained in him.

"Where is the master, Gabriel?"

He understood me right enough, and his broad face took on the stupid innocence those fellows wear when they are lying.

"I do not know, señor."

"Take me to him!"

He loomed tremendous in that little room with its bare dirt floor and unplastered mud walls, holding his wide hat respectfully in his two hands. I am tall myself, but my head barely topped his great shoulders. It gave me a queer feeling to have to gaze up at him

He shuffled, fidgeted and dropped his eyes.

"Enter, señor."

But Palomar was not in that place of poverty. Through a tiny smoke-blackened kitchen we came out on a waste area in the middle of the block, completely inclosed, giving on the back doors of many houses. To one of these Gabriel fitted a clumsy key and we entered the back rooms of a mansion. It felt empty. My heels echoed on bare tiles: the windows were thickly curtained and shrouded furniture made weird shapes in the gloom.

(Continued on Page 64)

"Well!" Said the Consul. "You Might at Least Take Off Your Hat, Young Man." "Ben Murchison Has Been Arrested"

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# MAXWELL

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That is the sum and substance of the good Maxwell's great success—the most striking success recorded by the automobile industry in the last decade.

The Club Coupe is one of the most popular of the good Maxwell body types, especially with business houses, by reason of its generous seating space, its reliability and economy, and its splendid performance. Disc steel wheels and non-skid cord tires included. Price F. O. B. Detroit; revenue tax to be added.

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# The Lighthouse Down to Date

## An Automaton Takes the Job the Old Keeper No Longer Wants

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

WHAT does the word "lighthouse" bring up in your mind? Perhaps a Kipling picture of the night spent with St. Cecilia-under-the-Cliff, and Fenwick the keeper's story about Dowse, who went crazy at the lonely Flores light in Java Straits, setting up false beacons to divert the ships because they made streaks in the water that got into his head. Or some peaceful whitewashed light passed at sea that made you want to be a light keeper. Or maybe some melodramatic idea from a play or movie—dirty weather and dirty work at the old lighthouse, with the tarpaulined keeper foiling the villain's plot to stop the light and wreck the ship. Or even book memories of Grace Darling, the heroic light keeper's daughter, rescuing people from a wreck.

Fairly good ideas about lighthouses, and all correct until some twenty-odd years ago, when the inventors began changing them.

Dowse is no longer worried by ships streaking up the water, because they no longer need him in Java Straits; an automatic light does the work there with one visit a year. The "Brothers of the Trinity," who have had English marine lighting in their keeping since Henry VIII, no longer need Fenwick to run the compressed-air engine and turn the light by hand if it breaks down, for Fenwick has a better job on land, and the light is automatic, with marked economies in investment and upkeep, apart from the increasing difficulty in getting men to take lonely light keepers' jobs.

When Kipling wrote The Disturber of Traffic there wasn't a single light along our Alaskan waterways—only a couple of dozen iron buoys. The discovery of gold and other wealth drew shipping to that neglected quarter of the world. Today between seven and eight hundred marine lights mark Alaska's rugged coasts. Where would that many keepers be found in these days, when men prefer a city job near the movies? Who would pay them all? Lights must often be placed where it is difficult to land, much less live, ten months in the year. The automatic light is the only answer, and in many a little-traveled section of the world where shipping would otherwise be without night protection, it is on the job at wages below the cost of filling, trimming, lighting and extinguishing one of the old-fashioned lights still used along our rivers.

### The Passing of the Light Keeper

What happened in the lighting of the world's streets has also happened on its seaways. Once, streets were dimly lit with a few hand-tended oil lamps of small candle power. Today they are automatically flooded with cheap electric light. Yesterday Fenwick filled and tended a marine light burning whale or mineral oil, and it was a marvel in its way. For until little more than a century ago, lighthouses were simple beacons, burning fagots or coal. Lamps with reflectors and lenses that threw the light several miles, and revolving shutters that made the light identify itself by flashes and colors—these were wonderful improvements, because Fenwick, in his single person, then replaced dozens of toiling slaves or prisoners of war who fed the ancient beacons. When weight motors, compressed air and other forms of power displaced hand turning, the light seemed to have reached the limits of development, Fenwick simply sitting up with it to see that nothing went wrong.

But today everything that Fenwick did, and certain things he could not do, are performed by mechanism easily packed into an apple barrel, and for smaller lights even into a tomato can. Once place the mechanical Fenwick where you want him, and set him going, and he will stick on the job a year without attention—two years if necessary. When the sun sets he will turn on the light, and turn it off when the sun rises. Should storm or fog bring darkness in the middle of the day, he lights up. Any system of flashes, as colors needed for the identification of lights, can be used. Instead of oil the mechanical Fenwick burns compressed acetylene gas against an incandescent gas mantle. These mantles are somewhat fragile, and may break. Should that happen, the automatic Fenwick throws out the old mantle and puts in a new one, and can do it a hundred times in lonely places if necessary. On a recent inspection of five hundred unattended lights along the coasts of Alaska, only one was found out of operation, and that due to outside damage.

In the optician's window you've seen the little instrument known as a radiometer, a glass bulb containing four tiny paddles turning on an axis. Sidewalk arguments about what makes the paddles whirl are common, and the weight of sidewalk opinion attributes it to heat. But this is really a radiation engine. One side of each paddle is covered with tinfoil and the other blackened. The black side absorbs more heat from light than the bright side, making the paddles spin by light pressure. The mechanical Fenwick works on the same principle, but, instead of utilizing sunlight to turn a little engine, makes its expansion and contraction turn the gas on or off by a valve—Dalén's sun valve.

### A Farm Boy's Inventions

Forty years ago, in Sweden, a farm boy had to get up and milk the cows every morning. Like more than one born inventor, he contrived an apparatus that saved labor in getting out of bed. Fifteen minutes before getting-up time this apparatus lit the fire under a coffeepot and, when the coffee was ready, lit a lamp in his bedroom and rang a loud alarm. While milking the cows he invented a butterfat gauge that led his countryman, De Laval, another inventor, to advise an engineering career. After a technical education and some work on hot-air turbines and air compressors, he began a series of inventions that have revolutionized marine lighting. Every little while scientific societies bestow honors upon Nils Gustaf Dalén, a spare, shy man whose eyes are covered with black glasses, for after lighting the world's waterways for seagoing folks, Dalén is himself blind, having lost his sight through an accident while engaged in experiments. Among other honors he has received the Nobel prize in physics.

Sweden is a better place for a lighthouse inventive genius than one might think, for it has been a maritime nation since viking days, has great stretches of dangerous coast, and is not a rich country, so ways of maintaining beacons at reasonable cost have long been a pressing problem to the Swedes.

The chief expense of a tended lighthouse is that of paying wages to one or more keepers and providing dwelling places, boats and tender service.

In 1896 two Frenchmen, Georges Claude and Albert Hess, found a way of compressing acetylene gas in cylinders safely. It was quickly applied to marine illumination. It promised small unattended lights that would be practical and foolproof; electricity, self-generating carbide devices and other kinds of gas had proved undependable and sometimes dangerous. Sweden adopted the Frenchmen's device, but found it costly, and Dalén turned his attention to that handicap. This compressed acetylene gas had to be burned in a continuous flame, twenty-four hours a day, unless somebody turned it on or off night and morning. Dalén invented a flash apparatus that cut down the consumption of gas to about one-tenth. Using the pressure of the gas itself to operate a valve, he burned it by means of a pilot light in brilliant flashes lasting only one-tenth of a second. Thus the light was constantly visible, yet really dark fifty-four minutes in the hour. Besides being more conspicuous as a signal than one burning continuously, numbers could be flashed to let the mariner know what particular light he saw, and his location.

But that wasn't thrifty enough, so Dalén improved the gas cylinder in an ingenious way. It had been discovered that acetone, a liquid, has the power to absorb acetylene, a gas, up to twenty-five times its own volume for each atmosphere of pressure. With a pressure of ten atmospheres it would take up two hundred and fifty times its own volume of acetylene. But the mixture was highly explosive above two atmospheres. To render it harmless, a new type of cylinder, filled with a porous cementlike mass, was devised. This mass acts somewhat like a rigid sponge distributing the acetone-acetylene mixture through the cylinder so evenly, and in such small particles, that enough of it cannot accumulate to cause an explosion; it is explosive only when enough of it gets together in one receptacle or pocket.

But even that wasn't thrifty enough! The flasher light burned on all day unless somebody turned it off, and in Swedish latitudes, where the summer days were almost twenty-four hours long, it seemed particularly wasteful. So Dalén worked out his famous sun valve. It consists of four metal rods inclosed in a strong plate-glass cylinder. Three of them are burnished and absorb little light. The fourth, larger in diameter, and coated with lamp-black, absorbs so much that it expands in daylight and closes a valve, shutting off the flasher's gas supply, leaving only a tiny pilot light burning. The purpose in having the burnished rods with the black one is to make the device heat-proof; a hot fire may be lit near this sun valve day or night without affecting its operation, because heat causes all four rods to expand in the same degree, and does not affect the valve mechanism. Other devices for turning the light on and off by clockwork had proved unsatisfactory. They were complex, easily damaged by sea climate and motions, and difficult to adjust to the seasonal shortening or lengthening of the day. With Dalén's combination, one and a half liters of gas an hour under pressure opened and shut the flash valve twelve hundred times, and furnished the illumination after it had given up its pressure in mechanical work. And a gas reservoir which formerly had to be renewed about every third week lasted a year.

The first acetylene lights were open flame. For economy and intensity, of course, mantle lights were better in every way. So Dalén's mantle exchanger followed. Gas mantles are fragile things to set out in channel currents and the open sea, so, for lights handy enough to be visited every month or two, a device with four mantles is used, one burning and three spares. Let the smallest hole appear in the burning mantle, and the flame, coming through, attacks and burns away a wooden peg, releasing mechanism that shifts a new mantle into its place. For lights set in places visited only once a year, there may be any number of spare mantles—a hundred or more if they are needed.

### The Wandering Buoy

Besides many minor inventions and refinements necessary before you can tow the automatic Fenwick out to sea, anchor him on his job and leave him alone a year, unattended marine lighting apparatus must be made in fine dimensions. It is precision mechanism comparable with chronometer work, and is designed and built to give service with as little human attention or intervention as possible.

Sea yarns testify that dependability has been carried past human ability. About a year ago an unattended light buoy broke from its moorings off the coast of Florida and disappeared. Some weeks later it turned up on the coast of Spain. Its light was still flashing. A curious student of navigation, comparing dates, found that it had crossed the Atlantic in just about as many days as Columbus took going home from his first voyage, and had probably been propelled by the same currents. Ships' officers far at sea sometimes get the thrill that comes when a flashing harbor light suddenly looms up dead ahead and unexpected. They find that a wandering Fenwick has drifted from its moorings somewhere. Such lights are reported and picked up.

Besides the battering of wave and wind, the unattended light must often take collision chances. A light-and-whistle buoy run down in New York Harbor by a steamer some time ago never missed a flash. Another tangled with the anchor chain of a vessel off the coast of Denmark, was pulled under water, extinguished and turned into a mass of ice, but when the ice was chopped away and the pilot light lit again, the flash mechanism went on as though nothing had happened. A river light in Australia struck by a passenger boat was driven into the mud, where it lay forty-eight hours. Raised, cleaned and the pilot flame lit, it went right on with its job, needing only a little repair work on its sun valve.

Small flashlights are used extensively as railway signals in Europe, and there is a record of one which has been working in Sweden without interruption for more than ten years, sixty flashes a minute, something like three hundred and twenty million flashes since it was first set going; a watch ticks only four or five times a second and would hardly run that long without overhauling. How marine lights must stand up to service, even barring accidents, is shown in the fact that many a seasoned sailor is made seasick by their swaying when he first takes up tender work; to change gas tanks, replace mantles and clean lenses, the moored light must be boarded.

### Practical Fancywork

"Why do you make all your beacon and sun-valve housing with that fancy pointed top?" asked an American engineer who thought the Swedes too fussy in their design. "Why go to all that trouble when a plain top would do just as well?"

But it wouldn't do as well, the patient Swedes explained. Where unattended lights are placed, there are usually sea birds. They delight to roost on flat-top lights, and their droppings, putting such lights out of business, suggested the unroostable housing. So with lanterns surrounding the lights. Gas needs air for combustion, and therefore they cannot be airtight. But while admitting sufficient air they must be wind-proof, bug-proof and wave-proof to the extent that any water getting inside will not reach the light, nor any gust blow it out. Virtually, the lantern for the housing of such lights is a complicated labyrinth of glass and metal.

The mechanical Fenwick has also grown in size and scope until there is practically no job given up by the human Fenwick that it cannot take over—even replacing the lightship.

Your idea of marine lights probably comes from some old hymn—you think they are stuck up in dangerous places to warn mariners away. But the modern marine light is really a come-on proposition. A lighthouse chart of our coasts will show circles and half circles running out from the land and intersecting one another, as though a small boy with a half dollar, a quarter and a dime had made rings on the map. Each ring is a marine lighting sphere. At its outer rim there will be a big land beacon or a lightship, flashing code signals that tell the navigator ten or fifteen miles out what part of the coast he has sighted. Picking up Fire Island Light outside New York Harbor he sets his course to the Ambrose Channel Light, farther in, and there picks up smaller lights that guide him through the Narrows and into the harbor. Sometimes these small lights are flashing buoys on either side of the channel. Again, they may be dolphin lights, fixed on piles to withstand corrosion. In still other cases range lights in line are used, the pilot brings a light in the channel and one several miles farther on shore in line so that he sees one above the other, and as long as he keeps them in that position he is in the channel. Another pair of range lights marks the course where it shifts.

(Continued on Page 32)

# How Mrs. Lehman makes delicious candy without cooking

## —*the Mrs. Lehman whose candy won first prize at the Kentucky State Fair last fall*

TRY this easy way to make candy at home, candy as rich and creamy as any you've ever tasted, wholesome—and costing less than twenty cents a pound.

You can do it in ten minutes—even the children can make fine candy this way—for the recipe is *so* simple. Just powdered sugar and Libby's Milk and flavoring—that's the basis for all kinds of treats as shown at the right.

Libby's Milk is "perfect" for this recipe, says Mrs. W. C. Lehman, home cook of Midway, Kentucky, who loves to delight her friends with good things to eat.

But it's equally fine for cooked candies, for soups and sauces, cakes, breads and desserts. Good cooks everywhere have learned this—so many of them in fact that Libby's Milk is now generally known as "the milk that good cooks use."

### *7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every can*

Unlike ordinary milk, Libby's Milk comes only from selected herds in the finest dairy sections of the country—from cows that are prized and carefully tended because they give exceptionally rich milk.

And not only that. At our condenseries located in these favored dairy sections, we remove more than half the moisture from this fine milk, making it *double rich*. So rich that there are 7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can!

Sealed in air-tight cans and sterilized, it comes to you *pure* wherever you live.

### *Have richer dishes* TONIGHT

Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer now. Try it in some favorite recipe for supper. Make a batch of this delicious candy tonight. Once you have used this richer milk you will want it *regularly* for cooking, coffee, baking.

Upon request we'll gladly send you copies of some folders containing excellent recipes sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby**
**508-A Welfare Bldg., Chicago**

*Cream Fondant*

3 tablespoons Libby's Milk
Flavoring
2 cups (or a little more) confectioners' sugar

Mix the milk thoroughly into sugar, add flavoring and shape into balls

*Uncooked Fudge*

Mix 1 square melted chocolate into fondant, shape into balls and decorate with nuts

*Bon Bons*

Mould the fondant into various shapes, using various flavoring extracts and vegetable coloring. Decorate with cherries, nuts, or make:

*Coconut Rolls*

Work nuts into fondant. Shape into rolls about one inch in length. Roll the outside in cocoanut

*Stuffed Dates*

Work chopped nuts and raisins into fondant and stuff dates with mixture

Libby's MILK for Cooking Coffee Baking

The milk that good cooks use

# Handle Trash Once

You keep the Cyclone Catch-All Basket anywhere—kitchen, hall, closet or cellar. Empty waste baskets into it. Once a week you burn trash. Handle rubbish only once. No need to heat up your house in summer, creating smoke and offensive odors by burning rags and paper.

The Catch-All Basket saves time, trouble and discomfort. No danger, even when the wind blows. Endorsed by fire authorities. Made of heavy crimped wire, finished in baked green enamel. Light and easily carried. 29 inches high, 20 inches in diameter at top. Sold by hardware and department stores everywhere.

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CYCLONE
CATCH-ALL
BASKET

(Continued from Page 30)

The light farthest out at sea in an important sphere may be needed where there is no foundation for a lighthouse, in twenty to fifty fathoms of water. So a lightship is used. It has certain advantages over a lighthouse; ships can pass it close to, where reefs and shoals may make it necessary to keep several miles from a lighthouse. A lightship may be moved to meet changes in traffic conditions, where a lighthouse is fixed. But a lightship generally costs more than a lighthouse to build and keep in repair, has not so long a life, and requires a crew of eight to fifteen men. Roughly, it represents an investment of fifty to two hundred thousand dollars, and a yearly expense of fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars, and must have the service of tender vessels costing twice as much. It costs three to four times as much to build and maintain as a lighthouse with equal range, and is exposed to the risk of wrecking or sinking. Against that, a large automatic buoy can now be moored in the same place at a cost of ten thousand dollars, with three to five hundred dollars a year upkeep. It will do everything done by a lightship—show any combination of flashes or colors at a range of from ten to fifteen miles, let vessels pass close in, and can be moved whenever traffic conditions require.

### An Automatic Foghorn

Also, it can give fog signals when thick weather shuts down. This is something distinctly new, for yesterday the unattended fog signal had shortcomings. At lighthouses and on lightships foghorns, whistles and sirens of various types are set going by the tenders when needed, generally operated by steam or compressed air. An unattended siren could have been installed on the automatic buoy, but without someone to turn it off and on, according to the weather, must have operated twenty-four hours a day. That was objectionable from the standpoint of expense, and also annoyance to people living within hearing.

But now comes the fog valve, which regulates the fog signal as the sun valve regulates the light. It was devised by Gustaf Dalén's engineers in this country, working with the United States Lighthouse Service, and particular credit is given Assistant Superintendent F. C. Hingsburg, of the Baltimore district.

As the sun valve turns on the light when night comes down, so the fog valve turns on an automatic siren when the weather grows thick, day or night. Properly, it is a hygroscopic valve, operated by moisture instead of light. And instead of the darkened metal rod that expands by radiation, its sensitive medium is human hair; one hundred long human hairs laid side by side like the hair in a violin bow. Stretched between sensitive springs, they lengthen when fog moistens them, and relax tension, opening a valve that admits gas to the fog signal. And the gas used for this purpose is the carbon dioxide that you drink in ice-cream-soda water, for besides compressing a lot of energy in a small space, it has the advantage of being obtainable in more places than any other kind of canned gas.

"What kind of human hair is used—blond or brunet?" asked a facetious visitor.

"For steady signals, brunet," said the engineer who was showing him these marvels. "The blond for rapid signaling, and if —— But no!" he added, seeing that the visitor was taking his own joke seriously. "Really, we use the same hair that is in milady's hair net—Chinese hair, of which the world got such an abundant supply when John Chinaman cut off his queue, and which is round, strong, black and more constant for this purpose than any other kind with which we have experimented."

Two automatic beacons were lately built on Molasses and Pacific Reefs, Florida. Uncle Sam already had attended lights on Alligator Reef, Carysfort Reef and Fowey Rocks along that dangerous coral coast, but there were unlighted stretches in between the three old beacons. Built when things were far cheaper than they are now, these old lighthouses cost from one hundred and five to one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars each. The unattended beacons were put into operation for thirty-six thousand five hundred dollars each. During the erection workmen were frequently driven off by storms and heavy seas, and more than once driven up into the steel superstructure by sharks.

In 1915, during the World War, the big Lågskar Lighthouse, in the Aland Islands, Finland, was blown up by the Russians to prevent it from being used by the Germans. Not one stone was left upon another, literally, and even the keeper's house was burned. During the course of the war, a German transport loaded with soldiers stranded on Lågskär Reef and in two days built an emergency lighthouse, a wooden scaffold holding up two ship lanterns. When the war ended a modern automatic beacon was erected. It has a lens weighing nearly a ton, but this is turned and the light fed by only one and a quarter cubic feet of gas hourly. Two short flashes, each a seventy-fifth of a second, of seven hundred thousand candle power, are followed by a long flash of nineteen seconds at forty-nine hundred candle power. In clear weather navigators pick up the light thirty-eight miles off by the short flashes, and on coming closer are guided by the long flashes at nineteen miles.

When plans were made for marking the Panama Canal channel for steersmen, the engineers might have used electricity from the Canal Zone's central station. Most of these lights, being on shore, could have been connected without submarine cable. When all the factors were taken into account, however, they chose unattended gas lights operated by sun valves. One reason was that, without complex mechanism, each light could have its own series of flashes, making it distinct from other channel lights, and from fixed lights on shore. Another reason was that each light was a self-contained unit, so that if one happened to be put out of operation the others would stick on the job, where electric lights on a single circuit would all be extinguished. Besides, acetylene is intensely brilliant, with a character of its own, and seamen are familiar with such lighting. Finally, it proved most economical in installation and upkeep; an investment of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars installed eighteen range lights, fifty-seven light buoys and a number of small beacons.

### Finding Customers

"The unattended light saves ships and lives, but it isn't easy to show results in figures," said a lighthouse engineer. "As pins save the lives of people who don't swallow them, so lights save the ships that pass safely in the night and have nothing to report. Ships and lives that aren't lost don't get into the news. But shipping has increased enormously in the past twenty-five years with no corresponding increase in wrecks. Marine lighting prevents only one kind of wreck—that caused by running ashore. Some of the greatest marine disasters of this generation have been due to collisions like that of the Titanic with an iceberg, and to explosions, fire, capsizing or foundering at sea in storms, and so on.

"But wrecks do get into the news, and one of our interesting activities is following wreck reports from every part of the world. We get them as clippings, insurance bulletins and in other forms. When reports show that wrecks are becoming numerous in any given country, we endeavor to save ships and lives by persuading the government of that country to improve its marine lights. A salesman would call this our way of finding prospective customers.

"A nation's interest in marine lights is closely bound up with its interests in shipping. The great maritime countries of the world have always been most active in maintaining lighthouses. Spain led before her maritime supremacy was wrested away by England, and today England easily leads other countries in lights as well as merchant shipping. Trinity House is the corporation that has charge of lighting and pilotage in the United Kingdom, and lately it has been replacing attended lights with unattended beacons of the most advanced types, partly because capital investment goes so much further in unattended lights, and partly because it is more difficult every day to find men for lonely lighthouse posts. The British colonies are also active in marking their great stretches of coast. The United States has been somewhat backward, maintaining old attended lights in many places where unattended beacons would be better and cheaper. Trinity House works closely with us as engineers, but Uncle Sam is inclined to treat us as fellows who have something to sell him, and holds us off at arm's length. But this viewpoint is changing with his growing interest in merchant shipping.

"Some of the smaller countries are particularly progressive in marine lighting. Take Chile as an example. She probably has more coast to her area than any other nation in the world—averaging one hundred and ten miles wide, with more than twenty-six hundred miles of coast, stretching over thirty-eight degrees of latitude. Chile has been progressive not only in lighting her coasts for her own ships but the lonely Straits of Magellan, once so dreaded by mariners of all nations, for world traffic. One of our most interesting installations was the lighting of a wrecked Chilean battleship, the Blanco Encalada, which sank in shallow water with her masts above the surface, a dangerous obstruction to navigation. We put an automatic beacon on one of the masts.

"Colombia is another country decidedly progressive, her interest in shipping leading to the installation of modern beacons. Brazil has also been enterprising since the Germans established shipping lines to her ports before the war. Cuba has a bad showing of wrecks just now, the result of ten years' neglect in lighthouse appropriations, which has made her one of the worst-lighted countries in the world. Haiti is installing good lights under the stimulus of the United States Navy, and though neighboring Santo Domingo is poorly lighted, a great automatic beacon is to be erected in Santo Domingo City as a memorial to Columbus, a project of the kind that often arouses popular interest in marine lighting."

### On Shore Duty

Lately the mechanical Fenwick has been finding new jobs ashore, and in a few years the uses of automatic lighthouse apparatus on land may outrun those at sea. For example, there are twenty million railroad switchlights in the United States and Canada, and since railroads began they have used oil lanterns, tended by men who fill, light and extinguish them every day. Naturally this runs into money, and railroad men have long known that an automatic lighting system would bring great economies. Thomas Edison offered the first practical solution by inventing a primary battery to replace oil, but this light had either to be turned on and off by men, making it just about as expensive, or left burning twenty-four hours a day, when it was more expensive. Now Dalén's sun valve has solved the problem. The type used at sea is far too costly to be stuck on a railroad switchlight because it is built to operate without attention for months at a time. But a smaller, cheaper type answers for switchlight purposes because it can be inspected frequently.

Lighthouse apparatus is solving the problem of marking aërial navigation routes. In some ways aërial navigation is like that at sea. Big beacons are needed to guide the pilot approaching a coast, but for marking routes on land small beacons set a few miles apart are more economical. As with harbor lighting, the aviator picks up a big beacon and then follows small lights corresponding to buoys. But where the marine light throws a ray concentrated in a horizontal plane from sea level to perhaps one hundred feet above it, the beacon and dolphin lights for the aviator must throw a mushroom of light with pretty near a half-circle radius. For routes so little used, automatic devices for turning these lights on and off, as well as enabling the aviator to locate himself by their flashes, are necessary to keep expense within bounds.

Still another growing use for the mechanical Fenwick has been found in highway lighting, automatic flashing apparatus being set up to mark curves, railroad crossings, intersecting highways and other danger points for the motorist.

But the latest and most original use for the high-power automatic sea beacon is illustrated in the project to put a great revolving light on Pike's Peak. The plans provide for a light which will be visible twelve miles off and allow for a difference in altitude of nearly nine thousand feet. A mountain lighthouse of that kind could be plainly seen in Denver and Colorado Springs, and for an equal area all around the surrounding country. Besides being an air beacon for aviators and a land beacon for motorists, it is expected that such a light will draw hundreds of motorists up to the Peak, giving an additional motive for making the ascent. A smaller lighthouse erected on a Swedish mountain has proved such an attraction to motorists and tourists, and the time may come when prominent mountain peaks all over the country will be illuminated in the same way.

# *A cheerful rug works wonders!*

Just a corner of the kitchen in an old remodelled farm house. But how inviting and "homey" it is with the new Congoleum Rug on the floor. And how supremely neat.

*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs will brighten up any room in the house—from kitchen to living room. They are as artistic and colorful as woven rugs that cost many times Congoleum's modest price. Their durability makes them a real economy. And they are so much easier to keep clean—a few strokes of a damp mop and their smooth waterproof surface is spotless. *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are impervious to water, grease or spilled things—and they lie flat without fastening.

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| 9 | x 9 | feet | 13.50 | 3 | x 4½ | feet | 1.95 |
| 9 | x 10½ | feet | 15.75 | 3 | x 6 | feet | 2.50 |
| 9 | x 12 | feet | 18.00 | | | | |

The pattern illustrated is made in the five large sizes only. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.

*Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.*

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

## *Look for this Gold Seal*

You will find it on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It is visible evidence that you are getting genuine Congoleum quality and is your guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

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# Watch This Column

## A Great Open-Air Studio

Have you ever heard of Universal City, Cal.? It's a town of 1,700 inhabitants all of whom are engaged in making high-class moving-pictures. That's the home and the private town of UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION. It is an immense manufacturing plant, covering 600 acres, which employs some of the world's most skilful players and craftsmen.

That's where *"Merry Go Round"* was made in its entirety—where the Coney Island of Vienna and the Royal Palace of Austria were reproduced to form appropriate background for this enchanting love-story, which, by the way, is causing a sensation wherever it is being shown, and is winning golden opinions for MARY PHILBIN, NORMAN KERRY and other well-known players who lead the cast.

• • •

That's where *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"* was made—where Victor Hugo's wonderful characters came to life—where the immense cathedral of Notre Dame and its quaint surrounding buildings and cobblestone streets were reproduced in faithful detail. That this will prove the cinematic triumph of the year, I have been told by many competent critics who witnessed the invitational run.

• • •

Universal City is maintained to create high-class entertainment for you. Go out there any day and you will see these players at work: LON CHANEY, VIRGINIA VALLI, PRISCILLA DEAN, REGINALD DENNY, GLADYS WALTON, NORMAN KERRY, MARY PHILBIN, HERBERT RAWLINSON, HOOT GIBSON, ROY STEWART, JACK HOXIE, WILLIAM DESMOND, PATSY RUTH MILLER, EILEEN SEDGWICK, BABY PEGGY, BUDDY MESSINGER, WILLIAM DUNCAN, FRED THOMSON, NEELEY EDWARDS, BERT ROACH, EDITH JOHNSON and scores of other players whom you know and admire.

• • •

Write to me and ask any questions you please about UNIVERSAL CITY or any of our players, and I will answer gladly. And don't forget that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS.

*Carl Laemmle*

*President*

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**

*"The pleasure is all yours"*

**1600 Broadway, New York City**


# THE AMBUSH OF ITALY

(Continued from Page 7)

employes were lumped in a new scheme of wages, which included still other privileges for the pampered workers. Until this time the workers had been allowed to compete for certain secondary and auxiliary benefits, among them being bonuses for saving fuel, gratuities to deserving employes, bonuses for the regular running of trains and profit-sharing bonuses. The railway management, with the usual keenness and foresight displayed by all governments in their business dealings since the beginning of time, merged these bonuses in the general wage scheme, thus making absolutely certain that the personnel of the railroads should have no interest whatever in the efficient and economical operation of the lines.

All this had an astounding financial result. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the total payments to railway employes amounted to 79.1 per cent, or practically four-fifths, of the total railway receipts from all sources.

It had an equally evil social result; for the railway unions, intoxicated by their successes and spurred on to wilder and wilder demand by the hundreds of communist propagandists who were carried on passes through all parts of Italy by the government railways, had no hesitation in threatening the life of the nation if their impossible demands were not satisfied.

Just before the end of the war 546 communist agents, or *propagandisti*, from the city of Milan alone had railway passes and were busily engaged in spreading the doctrines of communism through the entire country. Being obliged to work only about half as hard as ordinary workmen, the railway employes gladly and energetically soaked up the idea that they had all sorts of rights, and practically no duties whatever; that the state owed everything to them and that they owed nothing to the state. And that, generally speaking, was the situation in the government-owned Italian railways before the advent of the Fascisti.

A somewhat similar state of affairs existed in the large numbers of municipally owned tram lines throughout Italy. In Naples, for example, there are four tram lines, three privately owned and operated, and the fourth owned and operated by the city of Naples. The latter line was originally owned and operated by a Belgian company. It was operated efficiently and well, and paid magnificent dividends. Its stock was dealt in on the Brussels stock exchange, where it was considered a choice holding to lay away in any widow's or orphan's safe-deposit box.

### Car Lines Wrecked by Politicians

In 1918, however, the mayor and the municipal authorities of Naples decided that the city ought to get in on the large dividends; so they seized the tram line and began to operate it in the old familiar political way, handing out the jobs to worthy voters and using the same amount of energy, foresight and business ability that an Eskimo might be expected to display in operating a large rubber concession in British Guiana. As a result, the magnificent dividends tottered for a moment on the brink, and then, with a low moaning sound, plunged headlong into the abyss, never again to be beheld by human eye. The taxpayer, as usual, footed the bill.

The city of Milan, prosperous and happy under normal conditions, fell into the power of the socialists and communists; and one of the first things that the socialist city government did was to take over the tramways and operate them as a municipal proposition. Immediately the tram lines became a resting place for communists, where they could incubate their rotten theories and be supported by the government. Discipline became a thing of the past, and the workers did about as they pleased.

When private capital had operated the Milan tramways, they paid excellent dividends to their stockholders, and also paid the city more than 2,000,000 lire a year as a percentage of their profits. Under municipal operation the deficit was more than 20,000,000 lire a year, in addition to which the government handed out a yearly subsidy of 6,000,000 lire, which also vanished away where the woodbine twineth. Cars, rails and all other equipment fell steadily into worse and worse disrepair, so that the repair bill for putting them in proper shape today would be in the neighborhood of 50,000,000 lire.

These two instances are typical of the tramway situation all over Italy. It became fashionable to seize tram lines in order to cut in on the big profits; and as soon as they were seized they wasted money right and left and became communistic political bodies of sufficient strength to obtain all sorts of crazy concessions from timid politicians.

The mails, telegraphs and telephones in Italy are also government-owned, though there are a number of privately owned and operated telephone lines. These government-owned public utilities contributed nobly to the general mess.

The Italian bookkeeping system shows that in the year ending June 30, 1914, the mails, telegraphs and telephones made 28,000,000 lire. Government bookkeeping, however, is a very dangerous thing in which to put any faith, especially when the government figures purport to show a small balance in favor of the government. When they show a loss, they are usually more accurate in that they are on the right side of the ledger.

### Huge Government Deficits

After the war, the Italian bookkeeping system shows that the mails, telegraphs and telephones lost money with all the vivacity of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer in a Montmartre cabaret.

In 1919 they lost 79,000,000 lire. In 1920 they lost 279,000,000 lire. In 1921 they lost 471,000,000 lire; and in 1922 they lost 522,000,000 lire. It was the same old story of political jobs, of political pressure being brought to bear on politicians by greedy employes who in their ignorance had absorbed communistic doctrines, of laziness and shirking and half-done work on the part of the workers, of lack of discipline, and of frequent yielding to demands by a timorous and vote-hungry government.

The immense and absurd amounts of money paid out to clamorous and highly organized employes by frightened Italian governments may be gauged from the fact that in 1922 the total receipts of the mails, telegraphs and telephones were 630,000,000 lire; whereas in the same year the amount paid out in compensation to employes, both regular and rural, was 741,300,000 lire. The salary list alone would have resulted in a deficit in 1922, even though there had been no other expenses whatever.

The telephone system in Italy is sufficiently bad to turn a normal phlegmatic American into a raving maniac in half an hour, if he is particularly anxious to talk with someone on an Italian telephone. It is probably no worse than the French telephone system, which is also government-owned; but that isn't saying much, as the agony connected with telephoning in France is hair-raising in the extreme. In all Italy there are only about one-tenth as many telephones as there are in New York City; and the difficulties attendant on getting a new telephone are about as great as would be the difficulty in getting a concession to put a merry-go-round on the front lawn of the White House. After one gets his name on the waiting list for an Italian telephone, he waits for ten years before he is allowed to have an instrument. If he goes down to see the officials in the Ministry of Posts, Telegraphs and Telephones every few days, and waits for eight or ten hours at a time before being admitted to see the third assistant secretary of the Under-Undersecretary of Posts—as is customary when one has made an appointment at any Italian ministry—and if he uses all the influence at his command, he may be able to get it in nine or even eight years. Eight years, however, is about the snappiest length of time in which the deed can be done. The telephone tariffs are very high, and the employes are lazy and badly disciplined, and frequently give the impression of being almost entirely defunct above the ears.

A comparison between state owned and privately owned telephones in similar-sized localities invariably results in a large black eye for the state-owned system. In Brescia for example, there is a private telephone company with 1130 subscribers. Thirty-five operators are employed by the private company to attend to the needs of 1130 people, and they do it to perfection. In Como there are 1135 subscribers to the state-owned telephone system and the state uses sixty operators to look after them—and, incidentally, they don't do it too well.

The town of Vigevano has 147 subscribers to a private telephone company and six operators are used on the switchboard. In the town of Benevento there are 143 subscribers to the state telephones, and it takes nineteen operators to attend to them. In Catania there are 1405 subscribers to the state telephone and ninety-five operators. In Bergamo there are 1401 subscribers to a private telephone company, and only seventy-three operators are required to handle them.

Some people claim that there isn't enough demand for telephones in Italy to make it possible for private telephone companies to pay. This is disproved by the experience of the four private telephone companies named—Imprese Elettriche & Telefonische Ing. T. Bormida, Società Umbra-Pirrena, Società Telefonica Cisalpina and Unione Telefonica Italiana, which in 1921 paid dividends, respectively, of 6, 7, 8 and 20 per cent.

The telegraph service in Italy was correspondingly bad. Telegrams took anywhere from six hours to three days to reach their destination. Italian telegraph operators handled an average of seventy-three messages a day, though it is possible to send 100 messages on the Morse apparatus or 250 on the special speed transmitters.

It should not be forgotten that Italy has one government-owned business that shows a large profit. That is the tobacco monopoly. All cigars and cigarettes sold in Italy are made in government factories by government employes. No competition of any sort is allowed. There is more anguish in an Italian customhouse over the attempted smuggling into Italy of a package of cigarettes or a box of matches than there would be over an attempt to sneak a carload of pearl necklaces into the country. The government makes money on its cigarettes; but the cigarettes, owing to the absence of all competition and the consequent lack of stimulus that goes with it, are vaguely reminiscent of a fire in a pile of old rags. They are not so bad as the French cigarettes, which are also a profitable government monopoly, and which give off an odor similar to that which emanates from burning rubber.

### Government-Aided Coöperatives

The French, incidentally, are complete failures at three things—the making of cigarettes, cocktails and coffee; and the Italians are almost as complete.

The very crown and apex of government-assisted ventures that were uniting to kick Italy so blithely in the face prior to the advent of the Fascisti movement was the government-assisted coöperative society. There are, of course, coöperative societies and coöperative societies. No person in his right mind would attempt to argue that all coöperative societies are bad. Some of them—the simple coöperatives for the marketing of farm products, for example—are very good. The intricate ones, however, can have as bad an effect on the participants or on a community as a combination of a dose of strychnine and a bad case of the plague would have on an individual. As for government-assisted coöperatives, they may be depended on to be complete failures, just as an egg may be depended on to spoil. An egg, by various tricky treatments, can be kept in a nearly pure state for months; but eventually it grows musty and slightly sinister, and it ends by becoming plain rotten.

Exactly the same thing is true of government-assisted coöperative societies. Sooner or later they become rotten; and when opened up and exposed to the world, they make everybody ill.

A number of United States legislators are determined that the United States Government shall put an end to all the ills that afflict the farmer by putting up government money to start coöperatives for the farmers' benefit.

It is possible to find books published in Italy that will prove in general and obscure language, and in some fairly reasonable-looking columns of figures, that Italian cooperatives were pretty good things for the

(Continued on Page 36)

# Peerless

*Peerless owners continue to write us in almost extravagant terms of enthusiasm. The following paragraphs are taken verbatim from owner-letters*

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect automobile—for the New Peerless is all that an experienced owner can expect from a high grade car. —*Los Angeles, Calif*

The motor seems to have no limit to its power and speed; yet it is surprisingly economical of fuel. —*Cleveland, Ohio*

I never realized the joys of motoring until I secured this car. —*Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Most eight cylinder engines seem to make considerable carbon, and the fact that Peerless does not easily carbonize is an important point. —*Buffalo, N. Y.*

The Peerless is always ready to go anywhere without break-downs or petty annoyances—which is a decided advantage—and its sturdiness gives one a feeling of perfect safety. —*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

The long springs give riding qualities so unusual that even over the rough places there is no perceptible jar. —*Washington, D. C*

A wonderful car, which has clearly proven itself more than anything claimed for it, for never did a car give as much pleasure and as much comfort and satisfaction. —*Chicago, Ill*

Stacomb
—Prevents
"Flying" Hair
Now
Unruly Hair
Stays Combed
STACOMB makes the hair stay combed. Comb it any way you like, and it stays.
Dry, brittle hair; soft, fluffy hair; stiff, wiry hair—all kinds of unruly hair are controlled by STACOMB
After washing the hair, STACOMB makes it look better and comb easier than before. Leaves hair soft, lustrous and pliable.
Summer days mean many hours spent out-of-doors. On the links, for motoring, boating, tennis—Stacomb defies the breeze. Use it before the swim. See how easy to comb your hair afterwards.
Women, too, know the value of STACOMB. It adds luster. They use it to keep the curl in, to prolong the permanent wave and to make the loose ends and short locks stay tidily in place.
A great help in training children's hair. Far more effective than brilliantines and bandolines and more pleasant to use, too.
At all drug Counters.
STACOMB
Tubes—35c
Jars —75c
Send coupon for 7-day trial tube—free
Standard Laboratories, Inc.
750 Stanford Avenue Dept. A-19
Los Angeles, California
Please send me 7-day free trial tube.
NAME
STREET
CITY

(Continued from Page 34)

country and the people. If any United States senator should happen to read those books, he might easily return to America and have them inserted in the Congressional Record as proof that America ought to go into the coöperative business. But if the same United States senator had been unwilling to believe everything he read in the books, and had happened to check up on the position and value of coöperative associations in Italy with any sane and well-informed Italian, he would have learned to the accompaniment of many a wild Italian gesture and many a passionate Italian oath that any country that has anything to do with government-assisted coöperatives after Italy's experiences with them deserves the grand prize for gullibility, stupidity and general asininity.

Italy's experiences with coöperatives, as explained by several citizens of standing, among whom were political economists, financial experts, a banker, a steamship owner, several merchants and university professors, were as follows:

In the beginning, Italian cooperatives were simple consumers' coöperatives which got along without state help, and got along very nicely. Employes banded together, for example, to coöperate on their meals. By doing this they were able to get their meals more cheaply. There is less of an element of risk in this sort of coöperative than in any other, because if a certain amount of fish is purchased on a certain day by the coöperators, it is consumed on the same day. There is no element of speculation in the transaction, and the operation of such a coöperative is simple and easy. Consequently the coöperatives formed in large Italian centers for the purpose of providing lunches and dinners for workmen have been almost universally successful.

### Problems to be Considered

The success of the early and simple consumers' coöperatives led to the formation of more intricate producers' coöperatives. Producers' coöperatives, however, are something else again. Every industrial coöperative is up against a number of problems at the very beginning that never confront the consumers' coöperative. It must decide what it is going to produce; and if it makes the wrong selection it soon finds that the market won't take up its product at a sufficient price to cover its cost. It must decide where its factory is to go. If it selects the wrong place, the entire business may fail. Shall the plant be put where its raw material is landed from overseas, or shall it be put close to its greatest consumption point, or shall it be placed in a locality where there are other connected industries, so that factory breakdowns can be repaired at short notice? What about possible by-products? How will they affect the location of the factory? When are the accounts to be closed?

Now there is no surplus of economic knowledge in the mind of the average workingman, and the Italian coöperatives were always formed by average workingmen. All the problems that must be solved by the business man must also be solved by the workmen who band themselves into producers' coöperatives; and in Italy—just as in most other places—the workmen never had the requisite knowledge, experience and wisdom to solve them. The workmen could never understand that a business had to set aside two sorts of reserves—one for depreciation and the other to offset new inventions and machinery which might suddenly spring into existence and render their plant useless. The workman thinks that all the money earned each year is clear profit and can be carried away by the owners. That is one of the principal reasons why the workman is a workman instead of a manufacturer or a plutocrat or a capitalist or a profiteer. At any rate, all the producers' coöperatives in Italy that were not extremely simple went to smash, and all the coöperative societies that attempted to compete with trained business men were failures.

There were coöperative societies for every conceivable purpose in Italy—coöperatives of canal diggers, of chimney builders, of fishermen; coöperatives for supplying electrical power, for printing, for building houses, for making cheese, for working the land.

Now some industries change rapidly and move from one improvement to another, while others are stationary and have been stationary for years. House building in Italy, for example, is practically a standardized matter. Architects are seldom needed or used, so that a workman builds a house as rapidly as a child builds a toy house out of blocks. This is a simple affair, and house-building cooperatives were successful. So were fishermen's cooperatives and chimney-building coöperatives and canal-digging coöperatives. These trades were special family trades, standardized and passed down from father to son. A canal-digging coöperative could take contracts for digging canals in all parts of Italy, perform the work to the queen's taste and make a good thing out of it for everybody concerned.

But in electrical work there is a constant revolution. Different machinery and equipment are needed from year to year, and cooperators who engaged in changing and progressive businesses found themselves standing on their ears and wondering what had hit them.

Coöperatives for working the land, too, were failures, just as they have been failures in England and in Russia. Coöperatives for working the land might succeed, in spite of the serious problems that confront the agriculturist, if the coöperators could work the land until it is exhausted, and then move on to virgin fertile land that needs no fertilizing. When, however, the land has to be fertilized, and a whole series of years has to be taken into consideration in figuring the cost of a crop and the profit of it, land-working coöperatives stub their toes and fall down with a crash something like that made by a collapsing high-school building.

In Italy, as in every other country in the world, the same thing holds true of agricultural coöperatives. When the agricultural activities in which they indulged were extremely primitive and simple, they succeeded. As soon as they became at all complicated they went on the rocks.

The demagogue and the cheap politician fattened on this state of affairs. As the complicated coöperatives sprang into being all over Italy, the air was rent by the screams of the coöperators as they burned their fingers.

This was the opportunity for the socialist, the communist and the wild-eyed citizen who didn't care how he got control so long as he got control.

Running his fingers through his flowing locks, he mounted a soap box, or the Italian equivalent for a soap box, and proclaimed in passionate accents that what the workman needed was government assistance. If a workman's coöperative was losing 500,000 lire every year, and the government gave it 500,000 lire a year, it would at once cease to lose money. Nothing could be plainer and simpler than that.

### Vote-Catching Tactics

This argument appealed strongly to the workmen as being about the snappiest thing in arguments that they had encountered since the year of the Big Fog, and they reacted to it as the ordinary person reacts to the offer of something for nothing. They were for it tooth and nail; hair, hoof and hide. They went around with their eyes flashing and their arms waving madly around their heads, shrieking at the top of their lungs for state help, and adoring the blithering idiots who were promising it to them.

As a result, large numbers of socialist deputies were returned to the Chamber of Deputies from the industrial centers of the north of Italy. Seeing the great success of these promising bees, the Catholic Party adopted a similar program of promising in the agricultural districts, and assured the agriculturists that state help would be fed to them in large and juicy lumps if the farmers would only vote for them. Naturally, the farmer voted for them.

This situation gave rise to the so-called Red Cooperatives, which were the workmen's cooperatives assisted by the socialist deputies, and infected by socialists and communist propagandists and principles; and to the White Cooperatives, which were the agricultural cooperatives backed and helped by the deputies of the Catholic Party.

The two strongest groups in the Italian Chamber of Deputies were the Socialists and the Popular Party, the former with 130 seats and the latter with 120 seats out of a total of 535.

Both of these parties existed by pandering to the worst instincts of the masses. It was the bloc system, such as that which has appeared in the Congress of the United States through the introduction of the agricultural bloc, carried to its logical conclusion.

The blocs in the Italian chamber clamored for socialistic legislation of the worst type, and particularly for state aid to the coöperatives.

The Coalition cabinets which held office in Italy from 1919 to 1922 only lived and held their power by hedging, trimming, compromising and submitting to the blackmailing of the legislative blocs. As a result of all this, only the worst sort of legislation, on which the strongest legislative blocs were agreed, could get through the chamber. Any sane or moderate measure was given a series of brutal communistic jeers and turned out of doors to run itself to death or die of pernicious anæmia.

Senator Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa, is an ardent champion of government-assisted coöperatives in America. He traveled widely in Europe during the summer of 1923 to study, as the saying goes, the operations of his favorite activity. According to a Paris paper of June second, he had found the coöperative movement "sprouting like an Iowa sunflower" in Northern Europe.

"Every land I have visited," said Senator Brookhart, who was then on his way to Russia to view the noble efforts of the gentle soviet government—"every land I have visited has its farm bloc like ours in America, and these farm blocs demand recognition."

### Insurgent Coöperatives

The senator is quite right; and if he goes farther south and east in Europe, notably to Italy and Bulgaria, he will find that the farm blocs not only demand recognition but that they get it.

The only fly in that particular ointment is that after they get it the country has to put on a revolution to get it away from them again. Bulgaria was run by an agrarian government until the revolution of last June; while the terrific mess in Italy that brought about the Fascist revolution was due as much to the demands of the Italian farm bloc as to anything else.

The Italian turmoil was not limited to bad laws. As the coöperatives made greater and greater demands on their representatives in the chamber, and as the government trembled more and more in its shoes for fear of the disastrous results of opposing the wishes of the blocs, the members of the coöperative societies in all parts of Italy became bolder and bolder. The government, fearing to lose their votes, dared not order the law to be strictly enforced against them, and so the leaders of the coöperatives began to take by force in addition to taking by law. If they wished to burn an opponent's home, they burned it. If they wished to steal, they stole. If they wished to kill—and they often wished to kill—they did so; and in every case they knew that the government stood so greatly in awe of them that it would take no action against them.

Coöperatives, through their conscienceless representatives in the chamber, could get money out of the government for anything at all. The socialists got the government to start coöperative banks with government money, and then filled the banks with political appointees and made the banking business into a political proposition. Coöperation in Italy became little more than the subsidizing of unsound concerns.

One coöperative society was organized, for example, to operate a lignite mine in Tuscany, and after the smoke had cleared away so that the ruins of the venture could be discerned in all their wild and rugged grandeur, it developed that the coöperators had contributed a total of 500 lire in cash to their coöperative, but that they had been able to squeeze something like 500,000 lire out of a government-assisted coöperative bank.

This form of coöperation wasn't so bad on the coöperators while it lasted, since it gave them something to do and kept their minds off the weather; but it was tough on the government, the bank and the taxpayer—especially on the taxpayer, who paid the bill without participating in the jollity.

From the end of the war until the middle of 1922, therefore, Italy was pushed deeper and deeper into trouble by the millions of employes of the government-owned railways, telephones, telegraphs, tramways, electric-light lines and coöperatives of all

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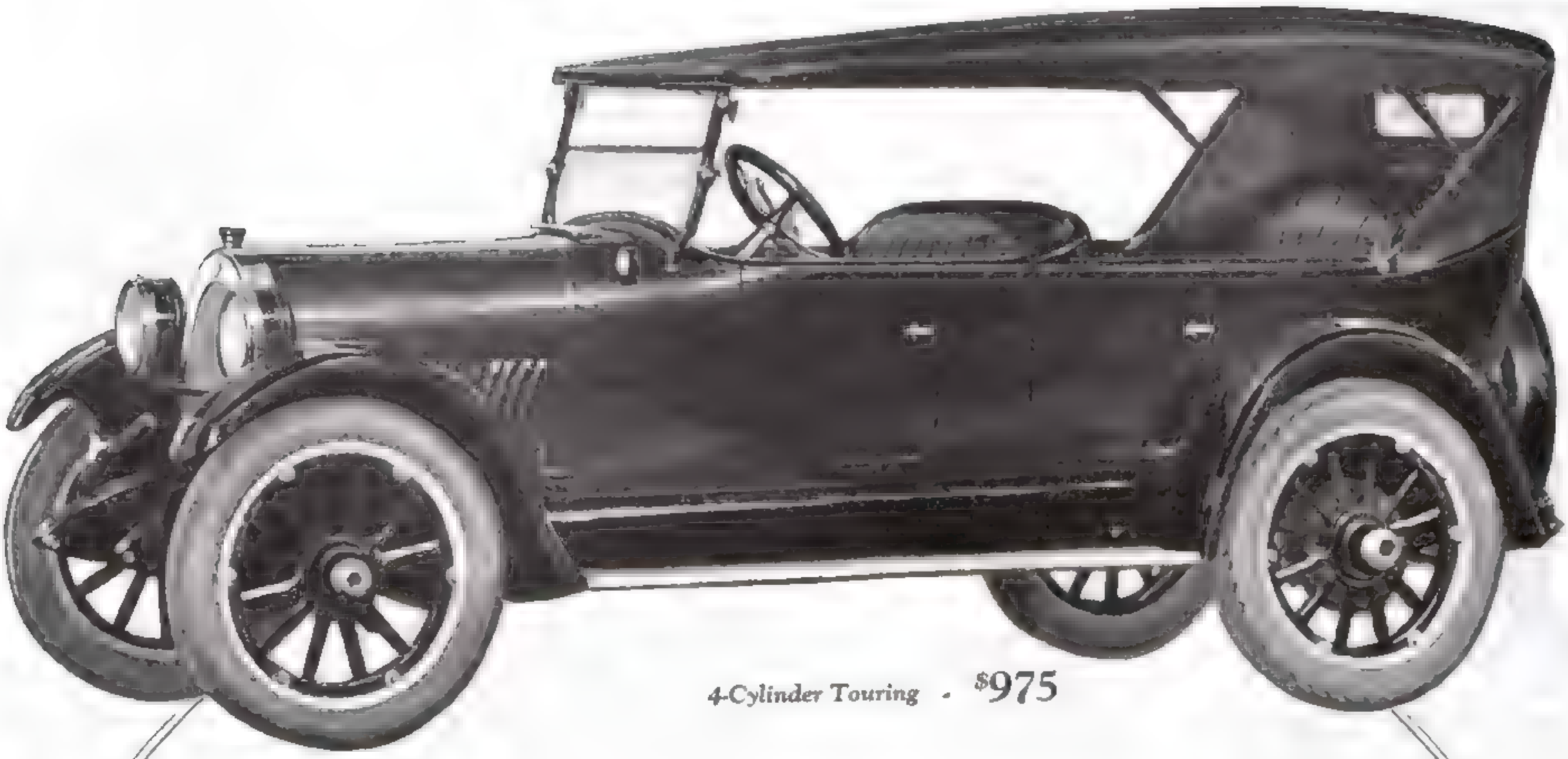
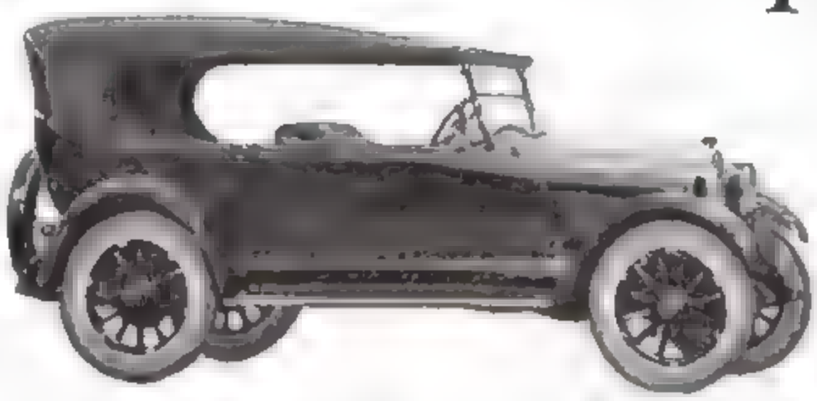
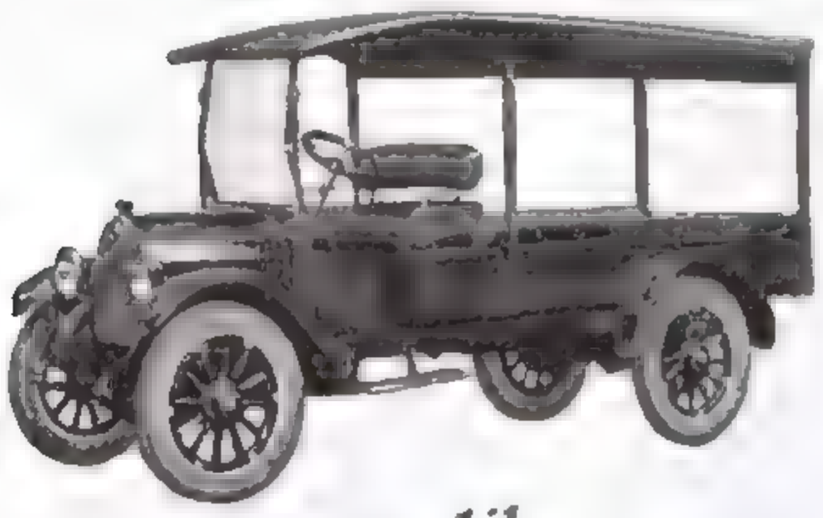


4-Cylinder Touring - $975



Oldsmobile "8" Touring - - - $1375

Noted for elegance of finish and appointments. Its V type 8 H P engine has the greatest power of any engine of its size in America. A car of distinction and refinement at the lowest priced eight in the market. Seven basic types.



Oldsmobile Truck

Chassis - - $1095

Full one ton capacity. Standard equipment in over 250 lines of work. 40 H P four-cylinder engine. Internal gear drive rear axle. Pneumatic cord tires. With cab, $1175, with express body, $1245. All prices f. o. b. Lansing.

# This Oldsmobile Has Climbed 300 Test Hills to Fame

There is deep significance for every motorist in Oldsmobile Four's accomplishment in climbing three hundred of the country's hardest test hills.

All the way from Corey Hill at Boston to Seminary Hill at Centralia, Washington; from East Second Street Hill at Faribault, Minnesota, to Fairfield Hill at Shreveport, Louisiana, old hill climbing records have been shattered and new ones established in their places by Oldsmobile drivers.

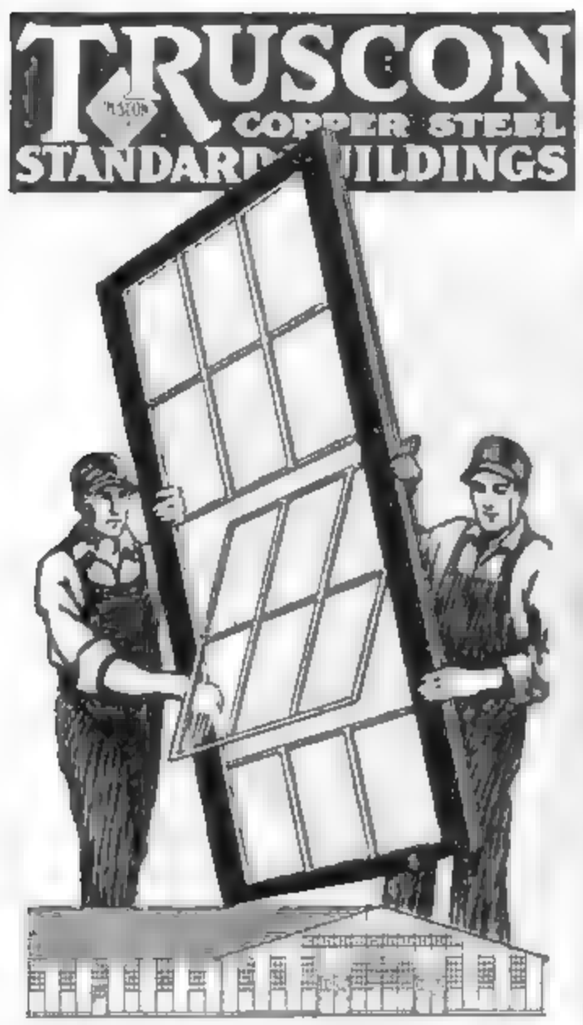
These tests prove the amazing power of the Oldsmobile Four engine—but a powerful engine such as this can function only in a chassis built proportionately strong. Every vital chassis feature of the Oldsmobile Four is over-size for strength. The frame is 7 inches deep instead of the usual 5½ inches; the rear springs are 54 inches in length, while the average for cars of this type is 50 inches. The axles, cross members and shackle bolts are larger than usual for cars of this type and price.

Drivers of the Oldsmobile Four buy not only great power and hill climbing ability, but a staunchness of construction and superiority of materials which insure long life and satisfying performance.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*
EIGHTS FOURS TRUCKS

# OLDSMOBILE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS




## Large Units Cut Labor Cost

Contrast this large, single wall panel made in the Truscon factory with the innumerable small parts which ordinarily must be assembled at the building site.

This large, single unit is quickly erected by a few men, in contrast with quantities of brick, cement, sand, sash, frames, etc., requiring many workmen of different trades. Hence an 80% saving of labor and greatly increased speed of erection. Your occupancy is assured in half the time of ordinary construction.

Truscon Standard Buildings are of fireproof construction throughout; made of copper steel which resists corrosion, they are permanent and durable. They can be taken down and re-erected with 100% salvage value.

## Building Costs on Unit Basis

The following data taken from a table prepared by the Dept. of Safety Engineering of the City of Detroit shows building costs on a basis of cents per cu. ft.

| Classification of Factories and Warehouses: | Aug. 1 1920 | Aug. 1 1921 | Dec. 1 1922 | Feb. 1 1923 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fireproof (under 300,000 cu. ft.) | .21½ | .18 | .21 | .21 |
| Fireproof (over 300,000 cu. ft.) | .20 | .17 | .19½ | .20 |
| Mill Construction | .22½ | .22 | .14 | .14½ |
| Ordinary | .21 | .12 | .13½ | .13½ |
| Frame | .17 | .10 | .11½ | .11½ |
| *Garages:* | | | | |
| Fireproof | .30 | .18 | .21 | .21 |
| Mill Construction | .20 | .12 | .14 | .14 |
| Ordinary | 17 | .11 | .13 | .13 |
| Frame | 14 | .09 | .10½ | .10½ |
| *Truscon Steel Buildings:* | | | | |
| Under 20 000 cu. ft. | .25 | .17 | .19½ | .18 |
| 20 000 to 100 000 cu. ft. | 18 | .12 | .14 | .14 |
| Over 100,000 cu. ft. | .14 | .10 | .11½ | .10 |

**This survey proves that Truscon Standard Buildings cost less than any other type of non-combustible construction and usually less than ordinary frame buildings.**

**$5084** will erect this Truscon Copper Steel Building exclusive of floor and foundations in average locations east of the Mississippi. This is a Type 2 building. Width, 50 ft., length, 100 ft. height to eaves 10 ft. 9 in. This low cost is typical of all kinds of Truscon Standard Buildings.

This building includes:—steel framing, 18 gauge copper steel roofing and siding, 33 ventilating Truscon steel windows, three lights wide and five lights high, 14' x 16' glass size (glazed complete) three rotary head ventilators in roof, two 8 x8' steel sliding doors, two leaves each with tubular rails, stiles, steel panels and glazed sash with necessary hardware. Price includes one shop coat of paint, glazing and erection. Heating, lighting and other equipment not included.

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Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for_____

Type Length Width Height_____

Name_____

Address_____ (SP8-25)


(Continued from Page 36)

sorts, by their reckless demands for favors, by their increasing boldness in forcing these demands on the timid government and the unorganized and therefore helpless body of the Italian people, and by the financial troubles which were a necessary accompaniment of it all.

Italy's prewar debt was 13,000,000,000 lire. In 1918 that had become 63,000,000,000. In 1919 it was 83,000,000,000; in 1920 it was 98,000,000,000; in 1921 it was 110,000,000,000, and in 1922 it was 113,000,000,000.

The country's expenditures yearly exceeded its receipts, the value of its money went down and down, and the prices of necessities grew constantly greater.

The soviet government had agents throughout Italy preaching the brotherhood of man and the glories of communism, and pouring the sour doctrines of Marx and Lenine into the receptive ears of the workmen. As is always the case with workmen who want more money, they received the doctrines with glad acclaim for the simple reason that they carried the promise of more money.

The favorite weapon of the workmen was the strike. Strikes became so prevalent in all parts of Italy that nobody dreamed of making any definite plans without the qualification that they depended on strikes. First, the strikers indulged in ordinary strikes. Then they toyed for a time with sympathy strikes, in which, for example, all the railway employes, hotel porters and taxicab drivers would strike work for a day or two days or three days out of sympathy for the dock workers of Genoa, who might have been striking because they heard that the dock workers of Brindisi were striking for something unknown. From that they passed on to the general strike, during which no workman did anything at all.

It was this intolerable condition out of which grew the simple, direct and commonsense activity that was organized, enlarged and disciplined by Benito Mussolini—the Fascisti movement. And it might be added that for rapid action, drama, excitement, romance, comedy and the final overthrow of vice by virtue, with a deep-dyed villain getting it in the neck every fifteen minutes, and the handsome hero pulling off a hair-raising stunt with equal frequency, the Fascisti movement has all the twelve-reel moving-picture thrillers in the world backed out of the projecting room.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Roberts on the Fascisti movement. The second will appear in an early number.

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

*A laugh rose from the gallery, but it changed into a shout*
*When, with a graceful, easy swing, he hit the ball a clout.*
*It shot right down the fairway like a bullet from a gun.*
*"It's in the cup!" the gallery cried. "He's made the first in one!*
*Well, even duffers have their lucky shots," they said, perplexed.*
*Lysander merely smiled and said, "Just watch me on the next."*
*The second hole was very long—six hundred yards or more,*
*And thirty-five or forty was Lysander's average score.*
*Once more he drove with all his might. The ball sped toward the goal.*
*It landed square upon the green and trickled in the hole.*
*Then Brown said to his caddy as his ball again he teed,*
*"Just take that bag back to the club. My driver's all I need."*
*The crowd no longer ridiculed Lysander's awkward stance,*
*They followed him around the course like people in a trance;*
*Until a mighty cheer went up upon the final green.*
*Lysander nonchalantly said, "That gives me an eighteen."*

*Then once again the pungent smell of sulphur filled the air,*
*And turning round Lysander saw the stranger standing there.*
*A sudden hush spread o'er the crowd, a stillness filled the place.*
*A smile of rare contentment gleamed upon Lysander's face.*
*And the gallery heard him mutter as he took the stranger's hand,*
*"Well, anyway, I guess I made a record that will stand."* —*Newman Levy.*

### It Worked Both Ways

*"ARE you not working?"*
*The boss inquired.*
*"No," said the poet;*
*"I'm inspired."*
*"So am I," the boss replied;*
*"You're fired."*

### Mr. Smithers Is Efficient

CLAD in one of those bathrobes of gorgeous hues that are characteristic of men addicted to conservative clothes for street wear, Mr. Smithers sat on the top of his trunk looking rather scornfully at his wife.

"Of course," he said, "you have only known for two weeks that we were leaving this hotel. So I suppose it's too much to expect that you'd have your trunk ready on time. The porter will be here in five minutes."

Mrs. Smithers gazed distractedly around the room, scarcely hearing what her husband said.

"There," she sighed. "I think that is all." On her fingers she mentally checked off the things which she should have included. "Yes, that is all. You can lock it up for me now, Frederick," she remarked, turning to him.

"Is this final?" he queried sarcastically. "This is the fourth time I've strapped it up for you. That's the trouble with you women," he grumbled as he struggled at his task. "No system! No system at all. When you pack you act as if the room were a grab bag, and put in whatever you come across first.

"You'd save yourself a great deal of time and worry," he continued in a kindlier tone, "if you would only do as I do. Mark everything off as you put it in. No guesswork—no uncertainty. When you're finished you're sure that everything you want is packed."

He was rather pleased with the clearness with which their imminent departure from the winter resort had demonstrated his masculine superiority. So much so that he gave an unusually generous tip to the porter who had called, just as he had finished, to take away the trunks.

"Now," he said with satisfaction after the man had been gone a few minutes, "I guess I'll smoke a cigarette and then get dressed."

He blew rings contentedly as he watched his wife arrange her hair.

Suddenly a look of dismay came into his face.

He leaped to his feet and dashed towards the closet.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked his wife sweetly. "Did you leave something out?"

"Holy smokes, no!" shouted Frederick "That's just the trouble. Call the office and see if they can catch the porter. I didn't leave anything out to wear away except this bathrobe."

—*Tracy Hammond Lewis.*

### Recipe

*INTO cellars, stables, attics,*
*Herd the shirkers and fanatics;*
*Add a score of batik makers,*
*Poseurs, charlatans and fakers,*
*Lots of parlor socialists,*
*Pseudo psychoanalysts,*
*Half-baked followers of Freud*
*Links 'twixt man and anthropoid,*
*Cheesecloth dancers, so-called males,*
*Wobblies freed from county jails.*
*Ancient maidens hipped on sex,*
*Scrawny vegetarian wrecks,*
*Painters of the modern kind*
*Talentless and color-blind,*
*Poetaster undergrads,*
*Silly females chasing fads,*
*Bolshevist philosophers,*
*Long-haired art photographers,*
*Loud-mouthed labor agitators,*
*Cheap interior decorators,*
*Art-struck flappers dodging school,*
*Several other kinds of fool;*
*Teacups full of almost-beer,*
*Unconventional atmosphere,*
*Talky-talky arty patter,*
*Vapid, inane, highbrow chatter;*
*Add a flavor of anæmia,*
*Tout ensemble—Hobohemia.*

—*Arthur Moss.*

### Crossed-Wire Stuff

HELLO, who ziz?
Who ya callingg?
Lissin, iziss here Niun Fie Sem Owe, Poddy Dubbayer?
Yeahr. Who ya wanna speak ta?
Lissin. Leeme speak ta Sollie, willya?
Sollie ain' in jus' now. Who'm I speakingg to, please?
Well, lissin, is Shoiley in, his sista?
Yeahr, dissa Shoiley speakingg. Whoziss?
Oh, zshoo, Shoiley? I wouldn' recanize ya verse. Lissin, Shoiley, dissiz Elinor Gol'farb speakingg. Lissin, did Sollie say anythingg ta you?
No, Sollie didn't nevah say nothingg ta me. About what would 'e of said somethingg?
Well, him an' I was out las' night, an' I jus' wondered if 'e would of said anythingg ta you.
No, he nevah said nothingg. I wouldn' even know who with he was out of you wouldn' of tol' me jus' now. Why? What heppen?
Lissin, Shoiley, I'm sorry of I would disapperntcha, but me an' Sollie is a Mason, an' a Mason wouldn' tell nothingg. I jus' called up ta see of he woulda tol' ya anythingg. I wouldn' stan' fa no kibitzingg, of he woulda tol' ya anythingg. All I would say is—lissin, they's some dumbell in on 'iss wiah.
Aw, leave da poor bimbo gitta ea'full. Maybe he's writna booka sumpen. What was ya gunna say, Elinaw?
All I would say is a goil would haffta watch their step when day would go out witchyure brudda Sollie, but it's awright of he wouldn' say nothingg. Ya sure he nevah said nothingg, huh?
Yeahr, I'm telling ya he nevah said nothingg.
Lissin, Shoiley, I wahn chewta tell'm whenee comes in I said of he would tell ya anythingg I wouldn' nevah speak to um no more. Tell um 'at, Shoiley.
Yeahr, awri', ahl tellum. G'bye, Elinaw, ahl see ya tamorra.
Yeahr, awri'. Be sure ya tell Sollie what I tol' ya, now, he shouldn' say nothingg. I hope 'at bonnicle wuz lissningg in awn 'is wiah gotizz ea's boint.

—*Austin T. Rogers.*

### Gypsying à la Mode

*GERALDINE goes gypsying*
*Up and down the land.*
*Never have been jaunts afield*
*So completely planned.*
*Never was a vagabond*
*So immaculate,*
*Nor a tithe so lovable*
*As my nomad mate.*
*Birds and blossoms are her kin,*
*And I'm happy—very!*
*These be memorable days,*
*Gypsying with Gerry!*

*Geraldine knows every glen*
*Where sweet water flows;*
*In a dozen counties she*
*Every orchard knows.*
*Every mile of road that runs*
*Through ambrosial shade,*
*Every grassy dingle where*
*Luncheon may be laid.*
*Where the tallest ferns are found,*
*Where the blackest berry,*
*These she knows—and oh, it's bliss,*
*Gypsying with Gerry!*

*Geraldine goes gypsying*
*Up and down the state,*
*In a fulgent touring car*
*Strictly up to date.*
*Smooth and straight the paths she takes*
*Through Elysian vales,*
*Not for her the heat and dust*
*Of the twisting trails.*
*We are always home by dark,*
*But life's bright and merry—*
*Cupid's at the wheel, you know!*
*Gypsying with Gerry!*

—*Edward W. Barnard.*

# America's finest cars ever rolling along on

# HYATT
## Quiet
## *Roller Bearings*

On busy street and crowded boulevard, they roll along in never ending procession—these fine motor vehicles, the product and pride of American genius and craftsmanship. And Hyatt roller bearings play an important part in the operation of all of them.

Manufacturers know that the quiet, trouble-free operation of these bearings remains entirely unaffected by continuous driving, the strain of constant stops and starts, and the jolts and jars of hardest going.

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Dodge
Dorris
Dort
Driggs
Duesenberg

Earl
Essex

Ferris
Ford
Franklin

Gardner
Gray-Dort

Handley-Knight
Hayes-Taxicab
Haynes
Hudson
Hupmobile

Jewett
Jordan

King
Kissel
Kline-Kar

La Fayette
Leon Rubay

Lexington
Lincoln
Locomobile

Marmon
Maxwell
McLaughlin
Meteor
Mitchell

National

Oakland
Ogren
Oldsmobile

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Packard-Eight
Paige
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Premier

Reo
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Stutz

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### *Commercial Vehicles*

Acason
Ace
Acme
Ahrens Fox
American
American Motor Bus
Armleder
Atlas
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Autocar
Available

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Bethlehem
Biederman
B & R
Bridgeport
Brockway
Buffalo

Chevrolet
Chicago Truck
Clydesdale
Columbia
Comet
Commerce
Cook
Corbitt

Day-Elder

Defiance
Denby
Diamond-T
Doane
Dodge
D-Olt
Dorris
Duplex

Eagle
Erie

Fageol
Fargo
Federal
Fifth Avenue Coach
Ford
Four Wheel Drive
Freeman
Front Drive
Fulton

Garford
Gary
General Motors Truck
Gersix
Gramm-Bernstein
G. W. W.

Hahn
Hawkeye

Hendrickson
Howe-Fire Apparatus
Huron

Independent-Iowa
Independent-Ohio
Indiana
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Jumbo

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Kimball
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Kleiber
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Lange
Larabee
L.M.C.
Lombard

Maccar
Mack
Master
Maxwell
McDonald
Menominee

Miami Trailer
Moreland
Mutual

Nash
Napoleon
Netco
Niles
Noble
Northway

Old Reliable
Olympic
Oneida
Oshkosh

Paige
Parker
Patriot
Pierce-Arrow
Pittsburgher

Reliance
Reo
Republic
Robinson
Rowe
Ruggles

Sanford
Sayers-Hearse
Schacht
Seagrave
Selden
Seneca-Hearse
Service
Signal
Southern
Standard
Sterling
Stewart
Stoughton
Sullivan
Super

Thomart
Tiffin
Titan
Tower
Traffic
Transport
Triangle
Truxton
Twin City

Union
United
U. S.

Veteran
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Ward-LaFrance
White
Wichita
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Winther
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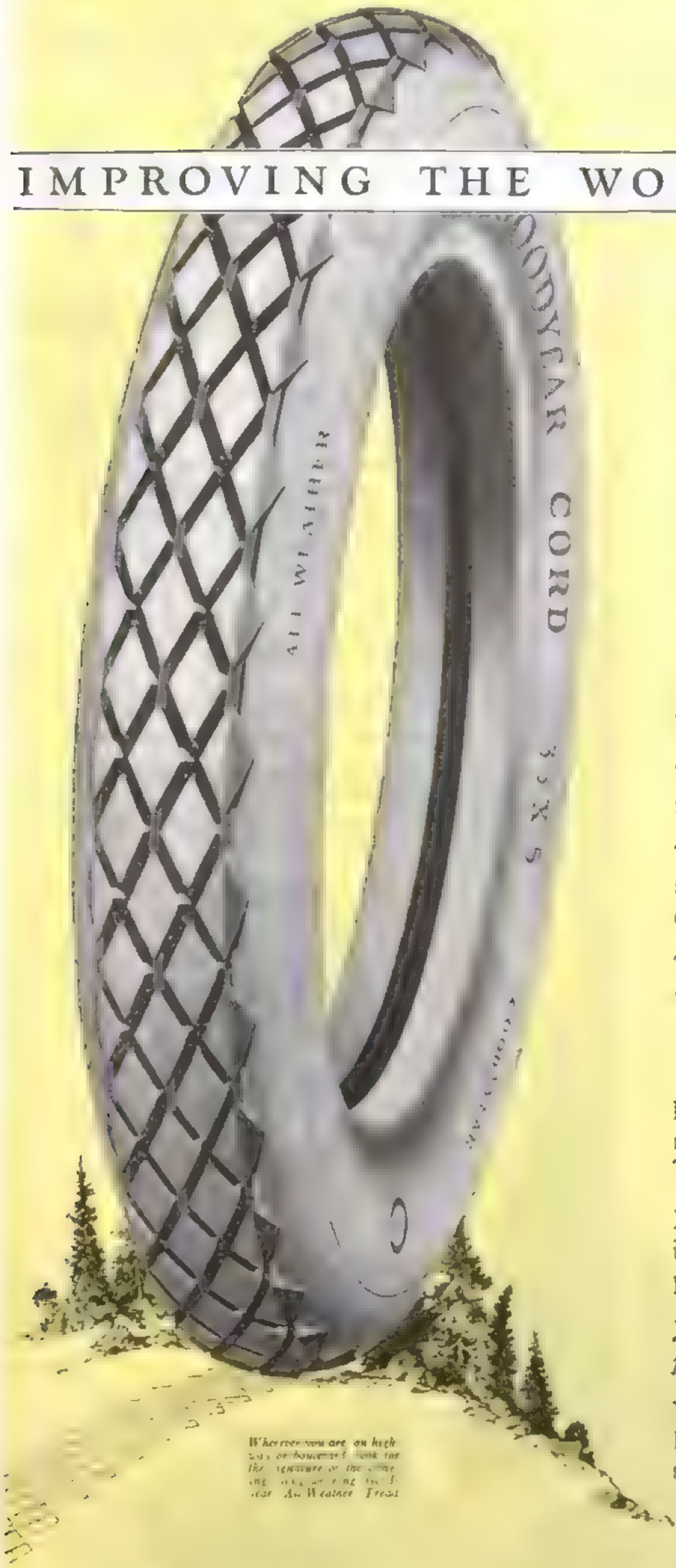
*In the rare cases where replacements are necessary, Hyatt roller bearings can be readily obtained from the Branches and Authorized Bearings Distributors of United Motors Service or from the service stations of the car or truck manufacturers*

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For many years, to millions of people, this famous tread has been the mark of a tire of superior quality and worth.

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Its design is more than simply a design—it is a scientifically calculated means of maximum traction, reliability and wear.

° ° °

In the *new* Goodyear Cord Tire the celebrated All-Weather Tread has been importantly developed and improved.

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The blocks which line the tread on either side are beveled at the outer edge, reducing vibration and strain as wear proceeds.

° ° °

Heavier sidewalls, stouter ply unions, and other improvements, make the new Goodyear Cord with the beveled All-Weather Tread the best tire Goodyear ever made.

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***Goodyear Means Good Wear***

**GOODYEAR**

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# OH, DOCTOR!

(Continued from Page 21)

"Probably women don't notice other women dancing," he said aloud.

"Don't they!" said Aunt Beulah. But it wasn't a question.

XXI

RUFUS BILLOP had gone to his bed in great uneasiness of mind, disturbed by symptoms both alarming and unprecedented. Down to the last moment he had felt his new influx of life—from that mysterious reservoir of energy he had somehow tapped. It was undiminished at the moment when Miss Hicks, in bidding him good night, said gayly, but still very pointedly, "What am I here for—a trained nurse? Pooh!"

Then he was alone and the new symptoms had suddenly swept over him a baneful flood. He felt let down. That current of vitality from a hidden source was ominously cut off. But this was not the most terrifying indication. Strange pains shot through him, shifting aches beset his legs. Again he felt languid, weak, incapable of resolution. He looked at his tongue, held the thermometer between trembling lips and counted the beats in his wrist. None of these measures was informing, and the aches continued. He debated calling Seaver; but it was two o'clock, and Seaver would probably be content with giving him some new medicine. He would lie down instead, toss on a bed of pain until morning, for surely insomnia would follow these dreadful manifestations.

His head sank on the pillow, a weak hand pulled covers in at the back of his neck. He prepared to suffer. His eyes wearily closed on the bitter reflection that Miss Hicks had been sound in her warnings. He had overdone. He was a fool. The pains ran through his legs and feet that had forgotten themselves in an animal frenzy of rhythm. His cloud-piercing towers of dream had fallen like any dream palace. How could he, the careful, the fearing, the always apprehensive, have caught this fever of rashness? Now he was breaking up—that was it.

But what had he said of the trapped moth? There was that memorable moment of the dance —— "It's good, it's good!" And that yielding girl so close, the girl he could for the moment commune with on some plane beyond all earth currents. She had whispered "Yes!" her breath, like new milk, warming his cheek. He knew the memory would live with him through any mere pain—pay for it over and over. Let the break-up come—but he wouldn't die easy!

Rufus Billop, for the first time in his guarded life, lay suffering the pangs of physical tiredness. Never before had any least muscle of his ached from exertion. How was he to know that fatigue pains from unaccustomed dancing do not commonly presage dissolution? How know that the human frame often survives them? He dropped weary lids upon the wakefulness he knew would torture him, and presently they folded back, no longer weary, to reveal a sun-bright room. Outside, the bird song shrilled in rising rapture at a new-lit earth. It took the man in bed a moment to recall that he was in a bad way. He must have slept—the sun proved that; but what of those pains?

Cautiously he stretched a leg beneath the covers. Unaccountably there was no pain. He waited an anxious moment, then stretched the other leg. No pain! He disbelieved the sense of well-being that coursed through those legs. Something tricky here! Then, in strained expectancy of the worst, he stretched his arms, flexed back his shoulders and breathed to the full. It was all pleasurable, no slightest prick of pain. With amazed courage he flexed his whole body and life boomed through him, a little, he thought, the way Clinch's voice boomed through a room. He summoned new courage and reached his feet, still suspicious. Before the open door he breathed full and again tightened his muscles. Nothing happened, except that the booming of life became louder, more Clinchlike. Undoubtedly the symptoms had gone as mysteriously as they came. Motion had wrought unconsciously with him while he slept. He was glad he hadn't sent for Seaver in his first alarm. Now he would merely tell him of the strange pains and ask an antidote; they would probably recur. Anyway, he was living, and it was good to be alive. He wished to dance again.

The night before he had insisted that Miss Hicks should sleep late. She had demurred; but this morning, plainly, she no longer demurred. He ate a lone breakfast—bacon and eggs, with no one to be impressed—and when the motorcycle of Claude Titus shattered the morning calm he was out improvising melodies on the keyboard of the Luxton. Claude found her humming; the owner had even backed her out of the garage a little way; not far, because progress to the rear seemed contrary to her nature; he distrusted that reverse gear.

"Good morning, Buzz."

Thus the owner greeted Claude. He had found Buzz, for some reason, preferable.

"Morning, Doc."

Thus Claude greeted his employer. Neither knew when he had first adopted these titles; perhaps during the intimacies of some demonstration when both had been deeply absorbed. Buzz had never asked himself why he addressed his employer this way, nor had his employer thought about it. He accepted the title as unconsciously as Buzz conferred it. If someone else had asked Buzz why he used it, Buzz would have been puzzled. He would have said that his employer was kind of a funny guy, but all right at that. He could not have gone beyond this crude bit of analysis.

That day they eased the Luxton into a lot more mileage. There was no return for luncheon, the meal being procured at a distant wayside inn for two reasons: First, the owner wished to be as briefly as possible away from his driving practice. She was a docile creature, the Luxton, once you had learned to be firm with her—turning and even backing quite dependably as long as you felt your own mastery of her. Second, he wished to avoid Miss Hicks, because the night before he had read easily in her eye the conviction that a trained nurse was now the least of his needs. He wasn't going to give her many chances to speak of this. He would stay out a good deal and if she really forced the issue he could manage a relapse—something alarming. If people had a craze for seeing him sick he would pander to it; and perhaps those last symptoms weren't through with him; they would convince anyone.

He was even late for dinner that night. He did almost all the talking, being nervous about pauses that might allow Miss Hicks to ask what she was there for. Immediately after dinner he became so genuinely sleepy that no nurse, however hectoring, would have had the heart to worry him with talk. He fell asleep almost before he could reflect that a Luxton must be one of the best cars on the market for insomnia. And he was out early the next morning, hoping to be away before Miss Hicks could make any talk of a troubling character. He almost avoided her; she had no time for silly remarks in the brief space before he was in that enviable front seat beside Buzz Titus. He could read her sinister intentions, but foiled them by his hurried activities. As a final inspiration he brusquely sent her to fetch a pair of gloves which he described as particularly as if he owned such a pair. The Luxton backed out while she still searched a drawer where he had said they would be—if any place.

Again they went far, and again ate a distant meal. The owner this day almost continuously occupied the driver's side. Passing cars no longer terrified him; he began to feel almost a contemptuous mastery of a car that pretended to such tremendous power and yet scrupulously obeyed every least turn of an insignificant steering wheel. Driving was easy, yet it intoxicated almost as dancing did. This day the thousand slow miles were completed. She could, and did, have her crank case drained under the tenderly regarding eyes of her owner.

"Now we can make her go—now!" he announced to Buzz Titus.

"Sure!" said Buzz, a light leaping in his own eyes.

"Well, good-by," said the sponsor of Claude Titus, who had supervised the garage operation. "Nothing happened yet," he added dully; but they did not listen.

Buzz was carefully guiding the Luxton to an open road where she could be made to go. Reaching this, the light again leaped in his eyes. She went. The charmed owner kept an eye on the informing disk in front of him. Thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five ——

The owner gazed at the speeding flatland barred with long rows of thriving vegetables. The nature of these food plants could not be distinguished, but the owner was dissatisfied. It felt much slower than sixty-five—couldn't be more than a scant thirty. He glanced at the slightly shifting band of numerals with deep suspicion. Probably the Luxton people skimped on their speedometers. This one couldn't be telling the truth.

"Let her out a bit," he urged the driver.

The eyes of Buzz were riveted to the road, but he seemed to hear. He let her out; the owner was slightly appeased by the appearance of new digits on the wavering band. This was actually better than dancing—at least better than dancing with some people. They were in a remote waste land when Buzz slowed her. Ahead the road climbed to a mountain pass; back of them lay the unpopulated level they had sped through for miles upon miles. At the roadside a sign sternly warned them, Los Angeles City Limits, Slow Down. But beyond the city limits was a grade up which even a Luxton with a freshly drained crank case would have to labor. Buzz turned her around.

"Now let me!" said the thrilled owner.

He took the wheel and wondered why the feats of racing drivers were made so much of. It was as easy to drive a car, at least a Luxton, at sixty miles an hour as at thirty. He was proving this. His hands were light yet firm on the wheel. Sixty-five! This car was a toy for children! They were again passing between that blur of vegetables—sixty-eight!

"Slow!" called Buzz, his eyes far ahead.

The owner was irritated; he saw no reason for slowing, but he obeyed. Maybe Buzz had heard a wrong note in the orchestra. The Luxton slowed to thirty, to twenty-five.

"Twenty," insisted Buzz.

The Luxton slowed to twenty. Ahead of them, almost hidden by a roadside cypress, lounged a goggled and leathered man beside a motorcycle.

"Speed cop," said Buzz. "Laying to pinch us."

The driver managed a sidelong glance of loathing for the creature. Could human beings sink this low? Lying in wait for people who were trying out a new car on a vacant stretch of road! He wondered if this social derelict could have friends who liked, even respected him. He might conceivably have a family from whom he would probably hide his wretched means of subsistence. The car went decorously past the human refuse, doing an innocent twenty miles.

"Know most of their hide-outs," said Buzz. A moment later he contributed, "That cuss is a mean one."

The owner had no difficulty in believing this. The cuss had looked mean.

"I'll tell you, Buzz"—if he couldn't make her go fast again, he could make her go skillfully—"suppose I try to take her right through those streets and home. I'm sure I can, now. All I have to do is forget all those cars that aren't near me at all; just watch the ones that are close, and obey traffic signals. I know I can do it and never give her a scratch."

"Sure!" replied Buzz. "Go to it!"

They reached the street of traffic and the driver became absorbed. He felt no trepidation. If his chauffeur felt any, it showed only in a slight increase of tempo with his gum. The Luxton moved through crowded ways like any well-mannered car. Stops were neatly made, starts were gentle, corners turned smoothly, irrelevant traffic ignored, 'escapes from pockets negotiated placidly.

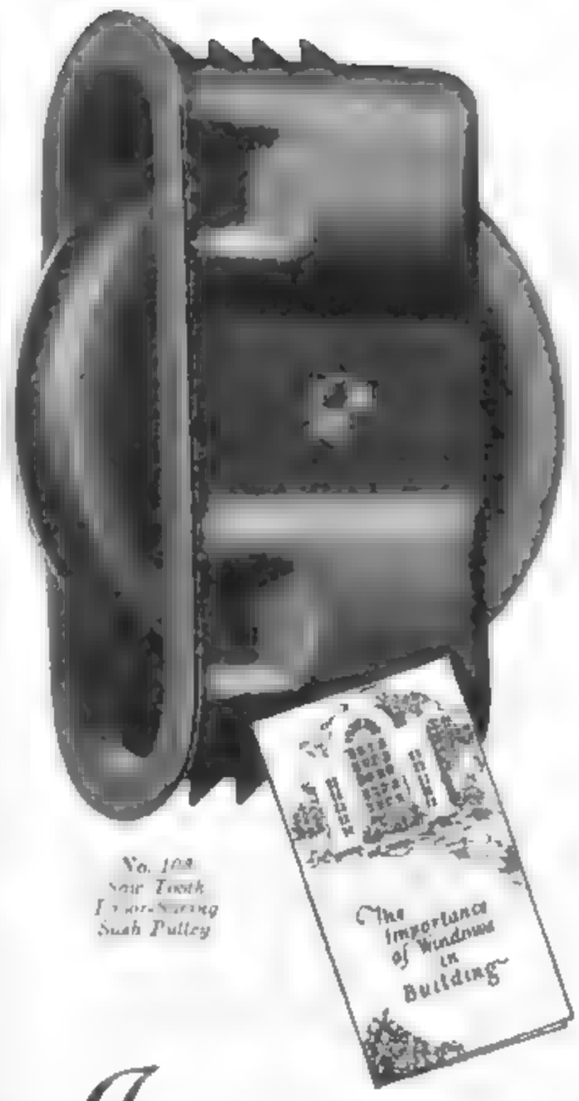
"Good!" said Buzz once, but the entranced owner was deaf.

Not until the Luxton turned into the driveway and purred its easy course to the exactly right stop in the garage was his hearing restored. He breathed deep of the sweet air of success and dismounted under the frankly admiring gaze of Miss Hicks.

"You drove it yourself?" she asked.

"What did you say? Drove it myself? Why, of course! It's really my car, you know." He was lightly humorous. The impressed Miss Hicks stood by while Buzz Titus raised a side of the hood. "Had a nice little spin," said the owner.

"There's her crank case," said Miss Hicks, proud of her knowledge, pointing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under the hood. "When do you drain the water out?"

The owner regarded her with a swift gleam of amusement.

"Crank case? Water out of it?" He laughed. He came as near to jeering at a woman as a gentleman ever should. "Crank case," he said to Claude Titus. "Miss Hicks thinks the motor is a crank case and that crank cases have water in them."

Claude Titus remained blank of face.

"Oil," he said.

"Oil, Miss Hicks. And the crank case is underneath at the back. And we drained it this afternoon and put in fresh oil. Now she can go," he added, apparently willing to overlook Miss Hicks' funny notion about the structure before them. But Miss Hicks didn't want it overlooked.

"Well, I'm perfectly sure you told me yourself that first day we went out; that thing was raised and you pointed inside and said 'That's the crank case,' and you said the water must be drained out."

He was patient with her.

"But, my dear child, you must have misunderstood. How could I have called the motor of an automobile the crank case? Here! See, under there? That's the crank case—nowhere near the motor. And, of course, there's no water except in the radiator. See that place up on the hood? That's where the water goes."

"Well, of course, you know all about motor cars and I don't know a thing, and probably I did misunderstand; but I'm quite sure you said—you stood right on that spot and I was standing here—and you said, as plain as anything ——"

She was stopped by a new look in his face; the gaze of whimsical tolerance for the vagaries of a child had given place to a look of alarm. From the first he had been conscious of something unaccustomed in his nurse's appearance, but in the flush of his late triumph he had not identified this. Now it came; she was not in uniform. She was in the cunningly fitted blue serge, and her sheath of black hair was capless. His feeling of alarm gave way to one of irritation. She was a trained nurse; why didn't she keep in uniform? But under this he knew that Miss Hicks had left off the garb of her calling with plain intention. She held him with a long look, a look of no reserves; a kindly, open, intelligent look; too intelligent, he thought. Both had forgotten the misunderstanding about a crank case.

"Come in here with me," she said at last. She turned almost sternly and went toward the house. Drooping, he followed like an offending child. She went on into his room and stood waiting. "Sit down," she said. He dropped dejectedly, sitting on the edge of his bed.

"I must have a serious talk with you," she began, standing before him, gazing down at his suddenly drawn face.

"Do you have to?" he asked, looking up at her with a smile that hurt him. Her eyes deepened on him when his own fell, but this was only for a moment.

"Of course I do!" She waited again, then went on with renewed vigor of speech: "It's simply nonsense, my staying here. I feel foolish. You don't want me to feel foolish. The idea of my puttering about these rooms in a nurse uniform, with you—my invalid—going out to dance parties all night, driving a car all day—and—and acting like someone perfectly healthy. What do you mean by it?" Her voice had an irritated note.

He still drooped, his face averted, motionless under her tirade. Swiftly he dramatized a relapse for the next day.

"I might go down again any minute ——" he started to say, but she interrupted.

"Look at me!" she demanded crisply. "Straight in the eye! No, not off to one side—and don't try to say anything funny, either."

"I don't feel at all like that," he insisted.

"Perhaps not, but look up at me." He looked up at her. "There, I knew it! You were thinking tomorrow you would pretend to be sick again—stay here in bed till ten o'clock, maybe—trying to fool me weren't you?" He looked down again. "Answer me! Weren't you?"

He looked up again.

"It's good to be alive—alive ——"

The eyes of his nurse wavered briefly, but again she sharply demanded, "Weren't you?"

"Yes," he said at last; then in a tone still lower, "Yes!" The utter abjectness of the confession had a curious effect of seeming to embarrass Miss Hicks. Her color rose and her eyes fell before his. "Yes," he said again, lingering oddly over the word.

Miss Hicks drew herself up and became a woman who had merely exposed a senseless fraud.

"That was just like ——" she began, but broke off in some confusion. She again drew herself up.

"Listen," she said, "it won't do at all. You can see yourself it's foolish. Can't I tell when you're pretending—can't I? Answer me!"

"Yes," he said again.

Miss Hicks ignored the reply she had insisted on.

"And can't a doctor tell?—and your taking all those medicines at a time, the way you've been doing." He felt the color mount in his face. "Yes, I don't wonder you blush. And suppose they'd been real medicines, what do you think you'd have done to yourself?"

He looked up now with lively astonishment.

"Real medicines? They are real. But you're mistaken; I did fool you. I've been pouring them out; I wanted to be well—so hard I wanted to be well—and I remembered that well people don't take medicine, so I thought I'd quit, and I did quit—oh, ten days ago. And I was right; I've been so well; you don't know how strong I've felt."

She was regarding him with expressions that failed to blend. Laughter fought at her lips, and pity—some vast, mothering pity—welled in her eyes. He thought the menace of laughter spoke of unbelief. He persisted:

"Really I did quit—ten days ago, and I felt strong. I'd never felt strong in my whole life, never believed I could be strong. Then somehow I got to thinking all the time about you—you were so strong—and very soon you were making me strong. I can't explain it. You made me feel ——"

In his lack of words he suddenly reached out and caught one of her hands in both his own, clinging to it as if entreating it for the words that would help him. It had been an unconscious movement, a mere reflex of his helplessness. The girl, with as little intention, seemingly, tightened her hand in his grasp.

"You understand; maybe you've seen people like me before; perhaps a man coming to life the way you've made me come. I can see it was you—you all the time—that made me wonder and puzzle. And you do believe I didn't take those medicines for a long time, don't you?"

She slowly withdrew the hand, let it go up for a moment to a little soothing pat of his forehead, even to a casual brushing into order of a stubborn strand of the straight reddish hair. Then she stepped back in sudden surrender to the laughter that had trembled on her lips.

"Oh, it's lovely!" she cried, and laughed again. "That poor doctor making up doll's medicines for you!"

"Doll's medicines?"

"Sugar and water; burnt sugar and white; pills of bread, I suppose; giving those to you because you insisted on medicines and he knew you didn't need them—then your dumping them out behind his back. He fooling you and you fooling him—even fooling me for a little while! Wasn't it lovely?"

He was staring at her aghast.

"Do you mean to say," he began sternly, "that Seaver has been putting up any such game ——"

She sobered.

"Ever since you've had him. He knew—just as well as you know—that you don't need medicines. Let me tell you something else." She flashed a meaning look at him, a look of amused triumph. "You're only something—you, yourself. Do you know what? Well, you're only a hypochondriac. That's the way Doctor Seaver says it. He says all your life you've only been that—someone thinking about things he didn't have the matter with him; thinking and worrying and brooding and getting fussy and complaining and finding symptoms that didn't mean anything at all; you've been one of those old onlies yourself." She stood looking down at him again with unblending expressions of pity and something like exasperation.

"Symptoms! Anyone can find symptoms! Symptoms are silly!"

He was still a long time. He might have forgotten she was there but that one of his hands twice went out to her in a detaining gesture. At last he looked up.

"That's interesting," he said. "But no one else could have made me believe it, not as you have. I do believe you. I believe you know. You're queer. I believe you know things no one else does. But even you don't know how I came to be all that—that you've told me. I was always so; it was nursed into me before I knew anything at all. I was weak and life was dangerous. I was made to believe it a thousand ways I couldn't tell you. When I got older I accepted it; a sort of religion I lived up to." His face tightened with a little wry grin as he sought her eyes on this. "And I was firm in the faith until I'm confused here, I can't tell how you did it; but you set me to doubting. You made an unbeliever out of me in no time; something—I'm not sure what—your eyes, perhaps, the looks you'd give me that held so many things back. And remember, all my life I'd been thinking the other thing. Even as a little boy I didn't believe many people were well; everybody seemed to have something. Do you know, the first time I saw you, I found myself wondering what you had."

She turned away and stood at the door looking out into the court.

"I used to wonder," he went on, "why you couldn't talk to me, why I couldn't talk to you—well, the way we both talk to Aunt Beulah; friendly, you know; open, not saying half of things only. I wonder why."

"Well"—she spoke, still with her back to him—"I knew you were thinking about me. And so I couldn't talk to you; that was why."

"Because I thought a lot about you? I don't see ——"

"Oh, something, some sort of thing I couldn't help. Because you were so different; different from—from anything."

"Well, I'm glad you talked now a little, and let me talk. It's come so suddenly I'm all in a whirl; I haven't told you a tenth of all the things I've thought; only it's good to be alive."

She turned back to him with a little shrug of impatience.

"Alive? Of course you're alive! Why, you couldn't die! You couldn't die any more than I could." She had the manner of one who knowingly exaggerates for the sake of impressing a point, as if she had said, "You can't die any more than life can."

"I believe you," he said; then, with the wry grin again: "So that's all of that."

"That's all of that," she answered; "except that you don't need a trained nurse any more than I do."

She looked at him sharply as if to meet contradiction; but he only said, "Yes, I know; my wanting to keep you was silly. You were the last medicine I needed, and it's unwise to take stimulants you don't need. If you'd stayed I should have had to be careful—what was it you said?—careful about taking something in habit-forming quantities."

"Now, now, let's not get that way!" Her tone was of earnest rebuke.

"That way?" He was puzzled, but she did not explain.

"So from now on you're going to be strong without any help."

"From now on?" He was alarmed. "You don't mean precisely from now on—not from tonight? You—you wouldn't leave me tonight, this very minute?" His anxious eyes hung upon her, and she laughed.

"Oh, not tonight. I'd have to pack things. Tomorrow, perhaps. Soon, anyway. I'm not impatient to leave you, don't think that; but you can see yourself ——"

"Oh, I know." Suddenly he stood up and went close to her in the gathering dusk. "I'll tell you," he said brightly; "stay the week out. I just thought of that."

She debated, staring at one of his shoulders.

"Well, maybe; that might be all right. Yes, I'll stay the week out."

"And I'll tell you, don't pretend you're a nurse any more; don't wear uniforms; just wear clothes and be someone around the house, will you? Like a person."

"Yes—yes, I will."

"And before you go we'll dance again, shall we? Wasn't it good?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember when we were dancing, and I said how good it was to live—something like that—and you said yes?"

"I remember."

"It's still good, isn't it?" She was silent. "Isn't it?" he insisted.

"Yes; oh, yes," she said very softly. But then she stood away from him and went to

(Continued on Page 44)

# PACKARD

It is fine to be able to feel that one has reached the very peak of fine manufacture as does the owner of the Packard Single-Six.

It is finer still to feel sure that there is no other Six of its calibre, and that no car remotely approaching it compares with the Single-Six in low cost of maintenance and operation.

Among the thousands of Single-Six owners, the satisfaction of owning a Packard is enhanced by the fact that experience frequently shows 18 to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline and 20,000 miles from a set of tires.

*Shown above is the Single-Six Seven-Passenger Touring Car*
*Furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed*
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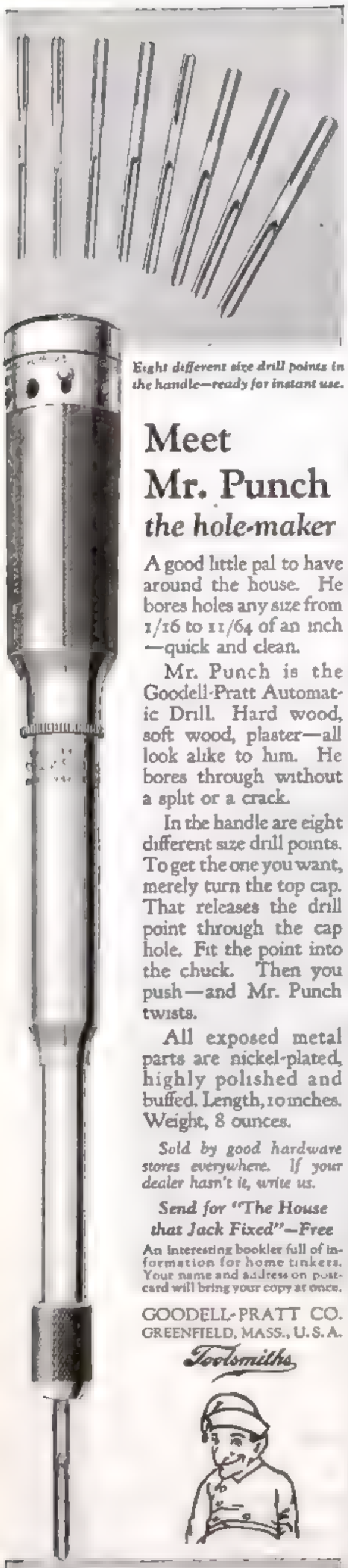
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



*Eight different size drill points in the handle—ready for instant use.*

# Meet Mr. Punch *the hole-maker*

A good little pal to have around the house. He bores holes any size from 1/16 to 11/64 of an inch —quick and clean.

Mr. Punch is the Goodell-Pratt Automatic Drill. Hard wood, soft wood, plaster—all look alike to him. He bores through without a split or a crack.

In the handle are eight different size drill points. To get the one you want, merely turn the top cap. That releases the drill point through the cap hole. Fit the point into the chuck. Then you push—and Mr. Punch twists.

All exposed metal parts are nickel-plated, highly polished and buffed. Length, 10 inches. Weight, 8 ounces.

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*Toolsmiths*



**GOODELL-PRATT**
**1500 GOOD TOOLS**

*Mr. Punch bores eight different size holes*


*(Continued from Page 42)*

the door. "I'm glad I could talk to you," she said from there. "I knew I ought to. Doctor Seaver and those other men, they—somehow they don't come out in the open with you. You needed someone to tell you the whole truth."

"You," he said. "I needed you."

"Then I'm glad I talked."

"I'm glad we both talked."

"And that's that," said Miss Hicks. "And now you can get some of the good things you've always been cheated out of."

"You've given me a lot already. Do you like the color of that car?"

"I do; yes."

"I picked it because it was the color of that gown of yours."

"That old thing!" said Miss Hicks. She considered. "Still, it isn't so bad."

"No, not so bad."

"He's calling dinner. And you understand now—the rest of the week?"

"I'm not likely to forget that," he said. "It won't let me."

### XXII

AT NINE the next morning Buzz Titus backed the car out, though his employer's own hands itched for the wheel. A man who could drive through traffic would find it child's play to back a gentle car down a concrete way. They went the shortest route to a country road where a new car could be tried out in a fair manner. By noon both Buzz and the owner were fairly convinced that she could be made to go if wanted to. Their recorded mileage since morning would have borne that out. They lunched at a place fifty miles from their starting point and discussed the Luxton's fine points.

The owner was at a disadvantage in the talk, being unable to make comparisons discrediting to other cars. He could talk Luxton points glibly by now; but Buzz Titus knew all the cars that one would care to meet, and Buzz said quite frankly that the Luxton had 'em all beat every way from the jack. He might like different things in other cars, one thing in this, another in that; but the Luxton had more things that he liked than any other single car.

"A triumph of mechanical ingenuity; motion and matter coördinating with the least possible friction," said the owner.

"Sure!" confirmed Buzz, removing tinfoil from his favorite gum.

"Let's go," said the owner.

"Good!" said Buzz.

He drove until they found a filling station, and the owner stood proudly by while oil and gasoline were fed his latest butterfly.

"Now," said the owner, "we'll loaf around a bit and get back about 3:30 to take the ladies for a little spin."

At two, the owner at the wheel, they loafed up a road that ran straight until it diminished to a mere point in the far distance; a vacant road that especially invited new cars between lines of pepper trees, their plumes gently stirred in the afternoon breeze. The owner managed a glance at his suspected recorder. They were loafing then at fifty-five, it appeared. In reflecting that Miss Hicks would soon be gone he had almost forgotten to make the Luxton go. With the gentle pressure of a foot he rectified this oversight. The Luxton went again.

Ahead of them, shielded by a hedge of rarely beautiful cypress trees, a motor truck loaded with sacks of cement lumbered along a crossroad toward the highway. Its care-free driver brought it to the intersection and began a wide turn that found it well on the right-hand side of the road at the moment it was approached by a green car. The truck driver later affirmed that the green car came on at a speed of sixty miles an hour. The chauffeur of the green car, sitting beside the owner, who drove, asserted that it had slowed down to fifteen miles an hour. This was after the green car, expertly driven, it was agreed by both witnesses, took the only possible free way to the left, went off the paved road, raked its new fenders against a telegraph pole, crossed the highway obliquely on two wheels, turned on its side, skating there for some distance, and came to rest under a green bank starred with golden poppies.

The driver of the motor truck guided his machine to safety, applied his brakes and came back. He met an indignant youth who crawled from the upper surface of the wrecked car and was already saying that they had slowed down to fifteen miles an hour. The truck driver was being scornful about this with his "Sixty, you mean!" when another car, a dignified, orderly limousine, stopped by the roadside. The chauffeur of the new arrival came forward; from the glassed door of the interior peeped the shocked thin face of an elderly gentleman in a soft black hat. Presently, he too, issued from the limousine and came to regard the wreck.

From beneath this was presently extracted what looked rather like Rufus Billop. Though the resemblance was by no means striking, it poignantly sufficed the old gentleman who had come to look on.

"My God, but it's Billop!" he cried. He seemed indignant, as if they had tried to mislead him.

"Yes, sir," said the burdened chauffeur of the green car. This caused him to be regarded by the old gentleman, who at once swelled from indignation to rage.

"Aha! So it's you, you young devil! Up to your tricks again, and you've killed him!"

"No, sir, Mr. Peck, Mr. Billop was driving himself. Anybody can see that. Just look where we took him from!"

"Don't stand there yammering," commanded Mr. Peck. "Get him into my car quick. Maybe there's a chance."

"Yes, sir," said Claude Titus. "And this guy was on the wrong side of the road and we'd slowed down to fifteen miles an hour—more like ten."

"More like sixty-five, you mean," said the truck driver. "I guess I know speeds."

Mr. McIntosh was sitting in the luxuriously appointed office of Mr. Clinch, talking over with that gentleman their plan of converting an extensive area of flat and somewhat remote land into a region of choice bungalow-villas.

"Nothing to it, Mac," Mr. Clinch was saying. "Take the figures from the gas company alone about the families coming in every day. And they don't get the half of it. Growth's bound to be out that way; we got another Wilmot proposition, sure as shooting. She'll be easy to drain and terrace too; had my engineer out there last week. The old man thinks like I do about it. He was going out again this afternoon to give her the final once-over. Maybe he'll be drifting along before you go."

"If she promises anything like the results from Wilmot Terrace," said Mr. McIntosh, "I may say you and Peck can count me in. But, of course, I'll be taking a look for myself before ——"

The ring of the desk telephone interrupted. Mr. Clinch took up the receiver, leaned his broad face sidewise upon the cushion of his elbow-propped hand and assumed an attentive expression.

"Hello!" he called.

Mr. McIntosh, for want of spicier entertainment, studied the face of the listening Clinch. He saw its rotundities work to an expression of amused perplexity.

"Yes, yes, Clinch speaking; but who's this? Who—is—this? Spell it. What? P-e-c-k Peck! Why didn't you say so, Paramus?"

Mr. Clinch cast an amused glance at the slightly entertained Mr. McIntosh and moved his lips from before the transmitter.

"The old boy's makin' a noise like a young chicken caught in a wire fence."

"Peck's seldom excited," observed Mr. McIntosh.

"What? What? Can't make out a word, Paramus. Don't sputter and squeal so. All right, I got that. Go ahead." Mr. Clinch glanced again at his associate. "Someone's hurt, near's I can make out, and he's been upset by it. He says to hold the wire while he gets himself another glass of spirits. Old boy's worked up about something; mebbe it's his niece."

"Why'd he be afflicting you with the disaster?" asked Mr. McIntosh. "And as I was saying, if it looks much like another Wilmot Terrace ——"

Mr. Clinch raised a hand for silence and again listened. Mr. McIntosh looked at Mr. Clinch, who almost at once became highly entertaining for his facial display. His extensive features had drooped in boredom; now they lifted to harrowing alarm; his pale eyes seemed protruding; sparkling globules appeared upon his rounded brow, grew in circumference and rolled down his broad face. At intervals he said "Yes—yes—yes" in a low, tense voice. Mr. McIntosh was now most agreeably entertained. Old Peck having to take a glass of spirits—two it was, he recalled—and Clinch sitting there, growing steadily purple. He looked rather like a ripe eggplant by now, and sweating as far up on his bald head as the eye could reach—it was grand. Of course, he hoped nothing really calamitous had happened to one of Peck's family ——

Clinch turned upon him a look that queerly froze all light surmises. Mr. McIntosh felt something coming.

"Billop!" said Clinch. "Done for!"

"How done for?" demanded Mr. McIntosh in irritation. "How could he be done for when he's come back all healthy?"

"Auto accident. All right, Paramus, all right. I got you!" He hung up the receiver. "That's all; just a trifling little accident in that new Luxton of his at seventy-five an hour or something—that's all! And picked up for dead, but Paramus happens along and gets him to a doctor; now he's home and got a chance, it seems; but they can't tell this soon. Seaver's on the way there. And Peck finds out that this sober, reliable chauffeur of Billop's is the same lad ran him into that collision last spring and cost him twenty-six hundred dollars because the old fool don't believe in paying out money to insurance sharks. Peck says that bird gets fired from every job for speeding. And that's the demon Billop was going out with while we set here pretty, waiting to cash in on him. Seaver's a wise guy, all right, saying of course Billop would have a safe man!"

"And this murderer run the poor boy into his fate!"

Mr. Clinch was pulled up.

"No, he didn't. It wasn't him that was driving. It was Billop—Billop himself. He's stopped his own clock, or darned near it."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. McIntosh.

"Mac"—Clinch became impressive—"right here and now I'll sell you my share in that bet for just what it cost me. There it is; take it or leave it."

Mr. McIntosh had listened with dull eyes. He was in no mood for taking any part of any bet.

"The profligate young wastrel!" he began. "Throwing our good money right and left for Luxton cars, and, not content with the silly toy, he must break every bone in his body!" His tone softened and his eyes grew dim with appeal. "Peck said something about a glass of spirits. George, old friend, you yourself wouldn't be having such a thing in your beautiful den here—not be any chance? I'd sorely need it if you had."

With an unsteady hand Mr. Clinch twirled the combination of a handsome safe. He twirled clumsily, and once quite forgot the numbers of a familiar sequence. But at length he swung wide the portals of his strong box and brought out a stimulant. He drank with his friend, but the occasion was not festal.

"A cool six hundred thousand gone," said Clinch, wiping his brow and his lips.

"—— that we might have had, and a hundred thousand that we did have," amended Mr. McIntosh.

"Let's get out there," said Clinch.

"Quickly," said Mr. McIntosh.

The surgeon, picked up on the way by Paramus Peck, was greeted by a young woman who stared with widened eyes of horror as he, helped by the chauffeur of Mr. Peck, bore an unconscious burden to the bed of Rufus Billop. She made no sound whatever, but her staring eyes, her fiercely clenched hands, her expressively shuddering shoulders, promised all too eloquently to the surgeon's trained eye that sounds in plenty would shortly ensue. He shrugged with boredom even before the bed had been reached. Here was a job difficult enough, but it would be complicated by another—hysterics probably, wild screams, a tempest of sobs. He looked at her again. She was close to the breaking point. Why couldn't she be one of the sort that would keel over and lie quiet until he had the other job done?

She backed slowly, rigidly from the door when the men had let down what they carried. He was grateful for that, and closed the door after her. Let her do her screaming in a distant room. His mind free from this annoyance, he set to work.

"Better stick around," he said to the awkwardly waiting chauffeur of Mr. Peck. "I'll need things."

The chauffeur, cap in hand, stood watching. Five minutes later, when things were needed and the chauffeur was about to become useful, the door opened and the young woman who had so earnestly promised hysteria appeared in the costume of a trained nurse, even to the cap that revealed one

*(Continued on Page 46)*

# DODGE BROTHERS ANNOUNCE IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Dodge Brothers have not simply brought out a complete new line of motor cars. They have done something infinitely wiser and better than that.

They have brought new beauty, new riding ease and new mechanical perfection to the product on which their reputation as builders has been founded.

They have built a better and a more desirable line of motor cars—yet basically and fundamentally the identity of their product remains the same.

The same sturdy engine is under the hood; the same dependable chassis, improved in numberless details, underlies the body.

But the rear springs—now underslung—have been materially lengthened. The wheelbase, too, is longer, and the combined result is a notable improvement in riding qualities.

Bodies of all types have been designed to give improved appearance and greater comfort. Lower, longer, with deeper seats and more leg room, the lines of these new cars are low-swung and graceful—the interiors are comfortable and roomy.

New head lamps and fenders, especially designed by Dodge Brothers to conform with the general lines of the car—a long, straight hood and cowl effect—longer and wider running boards—unusually wide doors—combination stop signal and tail lamp—and instruments attractively grouped on raised panel—are a few of the numerous body innovations common to all types.

Combining these features with important mechanical improvements too numerous and technical to enumerate here, it is not extravagant to predict a reception for these cars unprecedented in automotive annals.

DODGE BROTHERS

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(Continued from Page 44)

lock of blackest hair. Her entrance seemed unreal to the surgeon; like amateur theatricals. It was with some irritation that he glanced at her the second time to deepen his conviction that she was acting. The horror-widened eyes, the clenched hands, the shudders, the pent screams, all were gone. She was a cool-eyed, silent, unemotional trained nurse, already noting the needed things he lacked.

It was good acting; but how long could she keep in the part, and where had she dug up the costume for it? With unflurried, noiseless swiftness she was now fetching hot water; he saw she hadn't to be told things, and with a sigh of relief he dismissed her from his mind and swung his whole relieved attention to the job before him. When he wanted scissors they were put into his open hand; he even found a razor there when that was required for this gruesome toilet; absorbent cotton already sterilized was given to him; and other accessories appeared automatically from his bag, followed by adhesive tape and bandages. He worked with a concentration never disturbed by clumsiness or questions.

Not until his job was nearly done, and Doctor Seaver came, did he realize that he had been working with a second pair of hands—actually a second head. Then he took a long wondering look at the nurse, even before he greeted the physician. Undoubtedly she was an actress, but she had studied the part of a trained nurse under some painstaking coach. She stood away now, still silent but watchful.

"Well?" said Seaver.

The new man regarded his handiwork on the bed with a little flicker of pride.

"Mostly cuts and contusions," he said. "Can't find any fractures. Concussion? I didn't know at first. It looks now as if he'd got by without it. Heart's good; reacting from the shock beautifully."

Seaver stepped to the bed, considering the swathed object stiffly reposing there. His fingers ran lightly over bandages; they flitted to three shaved spots of scalp.

"Good thing this young lady was here," commented the new doctor, glancing warmly at her.

"Yes," said Seaver, not looking up.

The young lady's eyes now wavered a bit for the first time.

"Just—cuts—and—contusions," she said with lips painfully trying to smile.

One of her hands reached uncertainly up as if seeking support from the foot of the bed. Before it could grasp this her eyes fluttered curiously and she sank to the floor. Seaver glanced up then.

"She'll be all right," he said, and looked back to the muffled head on the bed.

The new doctor bent over the crumpled figure. He was glad she hadn't keeled till her work was done. He took little measures of restoration. Her lips were pale, but still faintly lighted by a last ray of that smile she had tried for.

"Looks as if he'd do," remarked Seaver.

"Oh, he'll do. I've been over him," replied the new doctor, and looked back at the reviving, queer girl.

### XXIII

HALF an hour later Miss Hicks occupied a chair near the bedside, a book in her lap. It was a book about pirates, frankly confessing on its overdress to be "elemental in its wild adventures and unrepressed loves and hates." But the attention of Miss Hicks was not yet won by this warm promise. She disregarded the book to stare unwinkingly at the figure on the bed, a figure suggesting a fresh new mummy ready for the ceremonies of sepulture.

Not until the figure began to stir at increasingly frequent intervals, and at length to emit faintly protesting moans from its head mufflings, did she pick up the book. Even then she did not become instantly absorbed in the moving fable of how Sir Oliver Tressilan, in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth, became a Barbary corsair, though she was thus engrossed when at last the one free eye of Rufus Billop opened wide to blink at her. She read with perfect concentration, while the swathed head tried a difficult turn on the pillow, and looked up only when a muffled voice addressed her in a tone of eager inquiry.

"Was she damaged badly?"

"No, hardly at all," she soothingly told him, and resumed the book.

The one eye brightened for a moment, then doubt shadowed it. "She must have been stove up a lot. You needn't try to keep it from me, I can stand it."

"Your car's all right," she said, rather shortly.

The single eye studied her, still with doubt. She was keeping back some dreadful truth.

"Well, I want that boy—Buzz Titus—that's his name. Send for him, please."

"He's hanging around outside now somewhere; but really you shouldn't; you must be quiet, absolutely."

"I can't be quiet till I see Buzz Titus."

"Very well!" Miss Hicks rose with marked irritation and left the room. To Aunt Beulah, in the living room, eager for bulletins, she snappishly remarked, "Perfectly mulish," and passed on to find Titus. She presently led him through the court and opened the glass door. "You're not to talk much," she warned.

"I ain't gabby," protested Buzz. He cast an appraising glance at the muffled head, but seemed not to be unduly depressed. "Hello, Doc."

To the annoyance of Miss Hicks, a hand of the stricken man went up to his chin and informally displaced a bandage that had been adjusted with the nicest care. But he had cleared the way for distinct speech and returned the greeting with animation.

"Hello there, Buzz! Was she much hurt?"

"No," said Buzz.

"Well" — impatiently — "how much? You're not keeping anything back from me, are you?"

"Sure not! She's all right. Couple of fenders and some new glass—'bout all she needs. Not hurt. Things like that happen t' any car."

"Of course—naturally. Sure that's all?"

Buzz Titus hesitated perceptibly. He had been keeping something back. The owner felt this suppression and made an unsuccessful effort to raise his head from the pillow.

"Ouch!" he said.

Buzz resolved to come through with all the truth.

"Fact is," he admitted, "she's got a long, deep scratch on her body. Stone or something when she slid."

"I knew there was something," said the owner dully.

"Liable to happen to any car," cheered Buzz.

"That's so," admitted the owner. "Say, how long will it take?"

"Well, I got her back to the shop now. 'Bout three-four days for the fenders and glass."

"Four days!" There was consternation in the owner's voice.

"Three, mebbe," conceded Buzz.

"Can't they rush it?"

"Sure! But that scratch on her body——"

"New paint?"

"Sure!"

"Oh, well, what do we care? Lots of cars have scratches. What's a scratch?"

"Sure!" said Buzz.

"That's enough," put in Miss Hicks firmly.

"Oh, all right," said Buzz Titus meekly. He turned as if to go, then seemed to recall something. "How you shootin', Doc?"

"Me? Oh, I'm all right." He recalled his Luxton lore. "Shooting on all twelve, Buzz. But say, can't they start on that scratch while they do the other things?"

"Sure!" said Buzz. "I'll have Herbert ——"

"That will do," said Miss Hicks, sternly this time.

"Yes, ma'am, excuse me. So long, boss."

"So long, Buzz. Keep at those chaps—four days, anyway."

"Sure, Doc, I'll ——"

Miss Hicks opened the glass door with far more energy than the simple act required. Buzz Titus, with one cowardly glance at her set face, slunk from her presence, wincing as the door closed upon him with a vicious snap.

"You really must be quiet," said Miss Hicks.

"Is that what all this is for?"

She saw he was trying to indicate his wrappings.

"Certainly it's what all that is for; and please don't touch things."

Again a hand had pushed aside the bandage that impeded utterance.

"All right, all right! But whoever did this did a lot more than was called for. They do love to slather on bandages, don't they?"

"Quiet, now," she pleaded.

There was a knock at the door. She stepped softly to it, found Aunt Beulah and went out to her, closing the door.

"It's Mr. Clinch and Mr. McIntosh; and that Mr. Peck that brought him home has just driven up too."

"He mustn't see anyone. You can tell them."

"They knew they probably couldn't see him, but they wanted to see you. They're out on the porch. Suppose you just give them a word."

Miss Hicks shrugged impatiently and started on.

"And, dearie, isn't it lucky, after all? Though, of course, it's too bad, because he was getting so much fun out of that car. But it's lucky, too, because now he'll never want to see a car again—I know him—and next time he might have met his death. I'll bet this has scared him ——"

Miss Hicks stopped and turned upon Aunt Beulah a slow gaze that withered her and yet puzzled. What was the child meaning? Miss Hicks did not wait to tell.

The three solicitous friends of Rufus were, indeed, on the front porch. Wicker chairs invited them, but not a man sat. They stood nervously or paced nervously.

"Horrible old buzzards!" thought Miss Hicks as she faced them.

The scantiest bird lore would have saved her from this error. They wanted their game alive. Mr. Clinch was more studiously formal than had been his wont in addressing Miss Hicks; the former hail-fellow camaraderie had left his manner. Mr. McIntosh, however, still thought the girl a bonny chit not at all displeased with elderly men if their minds were sprightly. Mr. Peck merely stared at her with a look of piteous waiting. He was prepared for the worst.

"You'll know, my dear, how shocked we all were at this bad news about yon poor boy." Thus Mr. McIntosh.

"Really, Miss Hicks, it would upset us a lot if Billop was to ——"

Mr. Clinch seemed unable to finish. He swallowed with an effort that defined the deep dimples at the center of his broad cheeks.

"Certainly, I know all about it," said Miss Hicks with a rising flush she tried to control. "It wouldn't please any of you the least little bit if Mr. Billop should get killed any time within three years—certainly I know it."

She had now the first moment of deep satisfaction she had been able to achieve all that day. She saw the three concerned friends of Rufus Billop stare at one another with looks of astonished discomfiture and concern. The lower jaw of Mr. Peck had alarmingly fallen. Mr. Clinch dabbed at his moist skull with a feebly clutched handkerchief. Mr. McIntosh was the first to recover.

"Nor at any other time, my dear young woman! A human life! Your speech was careless; you were nigh to making me draw a shocking inference."

Miss Hicks repressed a sniff only with strenuous effort. She mustn't be that way with these men. Something—something was warning her; somewhere far within her a tiny silver bell pealed admonishing notes. Her face warmed, her manner grew friendly.

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh, how dreadful of me! Of course I couldn't mean you to take it that way!"

"Of course you couldn't, my dear!"

Mr. McIntosh glanced in triumph at his fellow sympathizers. Mr. Peck replaced his lower jaw with marked advantage to his appearance; Mr. Clinch now clutched the handkerchief firmly and wiped to some purpose.

"But, you see, I've been so upset," Miss Hicks was prettily explaining; "the way he was brought in and everything. Of course, Doctor Seaver must have told you he'll recover; they didn't find anything broken. That is, I don't know whether they're sure yet about concussion. But that isn't what upsets me most."

"Poor child, and what is it upsets you most?" asked the kindly Mr. McIntosh.

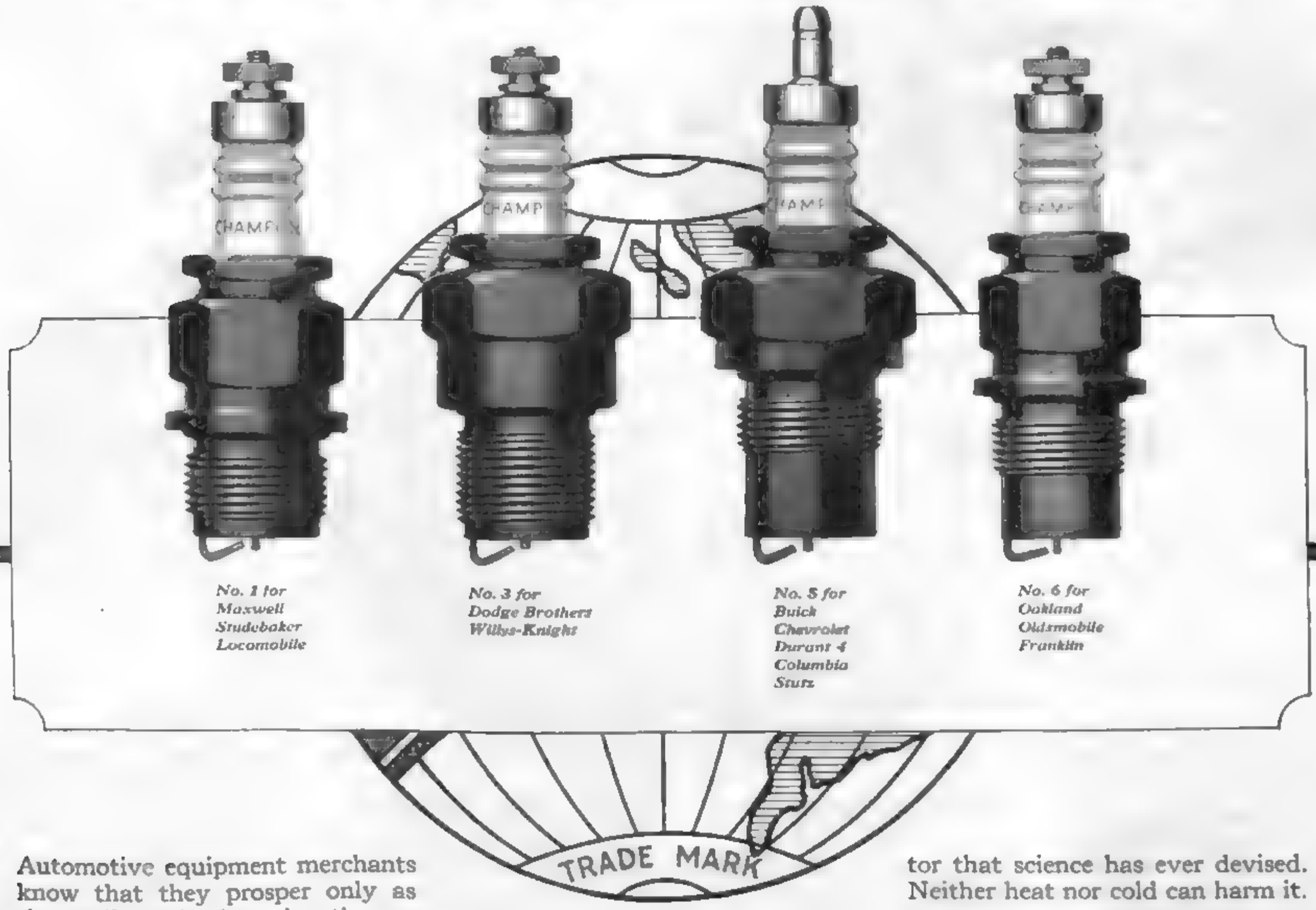
"It's the perfectly dreadful, cold-blooded way he's just been talking," explained Miss Hicks brightly. Three pairs of anxious eyes were on her. "You can't guess what," challenged Miss Hicks.

"But can't you tell us, girl?" pleaded Mr. Peck.

"Well, the very first words he spoke—he asked if the car had been damaged; he wouldn't believe me when I said it wasn't; he had that boy that drives him come in, and they talked all the time about how long the repairs would take; the boy thought

(Continued on Page 48)

# Dealers Sell Champion Spark Plugs to Give Greater Satisfaction

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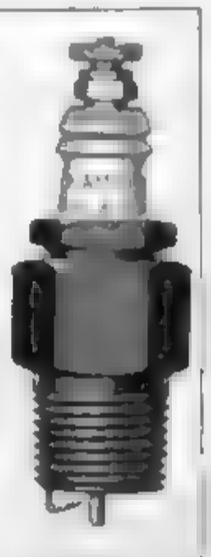

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CELORON SILENT GEARS


(Continued from Page 46)

maybe four days, and Mr. Billop got perfectly excited and told him to get it ready in three days or he'd take it to another garage, and the boy said he'd surely have it done in three days. And then Mr. Billop's going right out again in it and I know something perfectly dreadful will happen next time—I just know it!"

She stared at them with frightened eyes.

"With that young devil driving him!" said Mr. Peck in hushed tones.

"Billop was driving the car himself," said Clinch.

"That's just it," said Miss Hicks. "And he's such a reckless driver. He puts it up to sixty-five or seventy every chance he gets. He told me so yesterday. And of course I'm sorry for you gentlemen, losing all that money; because you're bound to lose it, the way his mind is set."

Mr. Peck here threw off the pretense that his concern for Rufus Billop was entirely humanitarian.

"If a man's smarter than I am and stings me, I don't say I wouldn't hate it; but I hate worse to be stung by a fool."

"Of course," agreed Miss Hicks. "I can see that. It would make you foolish, too; and I'm afraid that's what this poor fellow is—a real fool. I didn't say anything, but I thought so a long time ago."

"Why don't he suicide himself and be done with it?" demanded Clinch savagely.

"It'll be suicide—no less—if he ever lets that Titus maniac drive him," said Mr. Peck bitterly.

"Suicide! Self-destruction!" confirmed Mr. McIntosh, deeply shocked.

Miss Hicks watched them. They read sympathy in her glance. How could they know she was maliciously venting on them the irritation caused her by Rufus Billop? While she looked sympathy, a lightning flash of her mind revealed a further, higher peak of suffering for these—she still incorrectly thought of them as buzzards.

"Suicide," she murmured as if to herself. Then, glancing secretively at them, "It's queer," she announced; "but of course I never ought to say such things. No!" She visibly became firm of resolution. "I simply must not talk."

A breeze of sinister animation swept her audience. It questioned with agitated looks.

"What's this, what's this?" demanded Mr. Peck. "Mustn't talk of what?"

Mr. McIntosh was more suave.

"My dear child, surely you know we have the boy's best interests at heart. Now"—his glance wheedled—"if there chances to be something—something of a confidential character that concerns the poor chap—to whom better could you take it than us that would be able, and terribly glad, to give maybe a word of advice, as it were?"

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh"—the girl's frightened eyes besought him—"I know you gentlemen are all wrapped up in Mr. Billop; but it's such a delicate matter, I'm sure I shouldn't let myself ——"

"Come, come, lass!" The voice of Mr. McIntosh was husky with a deep, an understanding kindness. Miss Hicks drew a long, quivering breath. "It's pretty dreadful, but I'm sure I can trust you—all of you." She glanced appealingly at the abject Mr. Peck and the staring Clinch—who stared with reservations, because hadn't he once before seen this little lady in action—then back to the fatherly Mr. McIntosh. "It's suicide I'm afraid of; not merely inviting accidents by reckless driving but real suicide. The strangest thing, the way I came to find out about it—he has a book that says it's perfectly proper to commit suicide."

"What they dare print nowadays!" Thus the outraged Mr. Peck.

"A book, you say?" demanded Mr. McIntosh.

"Yes, a regular old suicide book, and he'll sit there and read it by the hour, looking so thoughtful."

"Thoughtful!" sneered Peck.

"And—I remember it so well—I think he did try to do something to himself one morning."

"Yes, yes!" Mr. McIntosh voiced the general impatience.

"I went to his room as usual, and the bed was perfectly empty, and I looked into his dressing room and he wasn't there, and I looked into the bathroom where his razors are ——"

"Razors!" It was a pained whisper from Mr. Clinch.

"And I looked outside, ready to scream, and just as I was running to tell his aunt I heard the softest, queerest rustling outside the door. For a minute I was afraid to look up; he was out there. He hadn't done anything yet, but he had this old suicide book in his hands and was mumbling to himself in the most excited way. I never had anything give me quite such a shock; my knees were weak as anything; I simply trembled like a leaf; had to go off and get hold of myself before I could face him. And of course he tried to look as if nothing had happened."

"You poor lass!" said Mr. McIntosh, and, being within distance, he comforted the distracted girl with a gentle patting of her shoulder.

"Well, gentlemen?" Mr. Clinch spoke in tones of deep understanding

"I'm ready," said the dazed Mr. Peck.

"You were quite right to tell us this, my dear," said Mr. McIntosh.

"I'm certain of it," said Miss Hicks softly, glancing from him to his associates.

"It's a peculiar and very dreadful state of affairs. You can't imagine how it has shocked us."

"I think I can," said Miss Hicks.

"But what would he want to what would he want to do it for?" demanded Mr. Clinch.

"I can't imagine," answered Miss Hicks, casting down her eyes.

Mr. McIntosh suddenly probed her with an entirely new look.

"My dear," he said in tones discreetly lowered, "I'm not only grieved about young Billop but I'm an old, old man to whom you can bring yourself to tell the truth, if you but realize it. Has the boy, perhaps—just perhaps, mind you—taken a fancy to your pretty face? And have you perhaps, just perhaps, not responded as any young man would wish? And has your failure, perhaps, unfavorably affected him? I don't say to an extent that his death by self-inflicted wounds could be laid to your door—surely you could not be thought blameworthy for not fancying yon poor remnant of a man—but to an extent that perhaps has rendered him—we'll say, just a wee bit out of humor with life in general. Come, now, my dear, has the old man found just a tiny inkling?"

Miss Hicks stood a long moment, her eyes still down. Then slowly they raised to meet the penetrating gaze of the shrewd old man; before it her own eyes were pitiful in their helpless revealment.

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh!" she said, and turned aside guiltily.

Mr. McIntosh again that day glanced in triumph at his associates.

"Come on, Mac," said Mr. Clinch.

"Let's get out of this place," said Mr. Peck.

"Thank you, my dear, for all you've told us. You can trust in our discretion."

Mr. McIntosh left the overcome girl with a last reassuring pat on her trembling shoulder. He turned as he was about to enter the car of Mr. Peck and saw her sadly close the door of a house where she had so bravely faced a trying ordeal.

"A man that knows," he remarked to Mr. Clinch, "can always get the truth from them."

"He'll get it one way or the other," observed Mr. Clinch. "But let me say one word: Any time you think that little lady has laid all her cards on the table ——"

"Tush, tush!" reproved the other.

"Let it go at that, then. Tush, tush, yourself! Because I've seen her close and you haven't."

"Gentlemen," quavered Mr. Peck, "this has been a hard day for me, more difficult than I should have to meet at my time of life. I'm depressed far below normal; probably in a more cheerful mood tomorrow morning I wouldn't think of saying what I'm about to; but here and now, undone as I am—and I'll never blame you for taking advantage of my condition—I'll sell either or both of you my part in this venture for the money it cost me."

"Me—I'm struck all in a heap myself," said Mr. Clinch moodily. "That same offer, word for word, goes about my share in this doings."

Mr. McIntosh regarded him coldly.

"Men, even in your sadly undone state, you're no less than a pair of perverted optimists. You're unspeakably degenerate with cheerfulness. Now for myself, I am not undone; I am not even ill at ease, and my sense of values will be no keener tomorrow, so listen well to my words: You're welcome to my share of the ill-fated speculation for precisely one-half the amount I

(Continued on Page 50

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

# News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

### Corinne Griffith for "Black Oxen"

THE HONORS go to Corinne Griffith. She will play the much-discussed Countess Zattainy in "Black Oxen"—about the neatest matching of star to story I've heard of for months; for Corinne mirrors all the beauty and suppressed fire of Gertrude Atherton's heroine. The filming of the novel itself has been something to look forward to; but now that Miss Griffith is to present the rejuvenated regian, anticipation soars.

Corinne Griffith to play the remarkable Countess Zattainy in "Black Oxen."

### Just What Mexico Likes

HERE'S ONE prophet with honor in his own (for stage and screen purposes only) country. Holbrook Blinn, playing the irrepressible Mexican borderer in "The Bad Man," will have the most enthusiastic reception yet accorded to star or American-made picture in Mexico. So said General Manuel Lorez Trevino, chief of staff to President Obregon, after seeing some of the scenes taken and reading the screen-script of the play. The best border story he ever read, the General called it, and went further still—"'The Bad Man' will appeal to the Mexican people as no picture has ever done before. They will love his romance and revel in his exploits."

### Engage Mary Philbin

THESE DAYS filmdom talks mainly of Mary Philbin's remarkable rise to fame. A year ago she won a beauty contest in Chicago. Prizes for pulchritude mean little in Los Angeles, however. Dramatic ability counts far more. Now, having demonstrated genius in a manner that keeps tongues wagging, Mary has been engaged for Frank Borzage's new production, "The Age of Desire," which is the final title decided on for Dixie Willson's story, "Dust in the Doorway." Perhaps you recognize Miss Philbin as Penrod's "big sister" in "Penrod and Sam."

• • •

STARS just must keep shining, because the public orders. As soon as Sylvia Breamer finishes her part in "Thundergate," she will go into the cast of "Flaming Youth," adapted from Warner Fabian's society exposé that is out-selling most of the current novels. Colleen Moore, Milton Sills, Myrtle Stedman and Elliott Dexter have already been engaged for this picture.

• • •

FRANK LLOYD has been engaged to direct "Black Oxen"—and that added to Corinne Griffith's appearance represents the utmost in star-director-story combinations

### "The Wanters" Will Amaze

DON'T we all want something? If we haven't money we want a million; if we had the million we might still want happiness. Same thing with marriage. Someone else's wife always looks better than our own. And it's more so with women. Judy O'Grady envies the Colonel's lady, yet the mistress would give much for the maid's liberty. On the social edge none is happy until she reaches the center, while the center is full of dizzy swimmers, weary enough to close their eyes and drown peacefully if only they dared.

We play in a drama of discontent. We want, want, want. Each wish realized ends in disillusionment or some new longing. We're wanters. But doesn't wanting make life worth while?

Running true to theme, "The Wanters" creates as enjoyable an impression as did John M. Stahl's previous production, "The Dangerous Age." Here Leila Burton Wells has supplied an effective story, one that sounds simple enough in words, but provides striking characters with wide opportunities for drama and humor in screen translation.

It's just this. Myra, maid in a society home, wants a taste of the luxury her mistress enjoys. For the thrill of splendor she dons her mistress' dresses, and is mistaken for a guest by young Elliot Worthington, the lady's brother. One night of wonderment, discovery; unceremonious discharge. Worthington, however, follows and brings her back as his wife to the aristocratic home. There's where the story swings into drama; for rarely can maid become mistress in a moment.

Socially Myra seems impossible; the threat of quick divorce overshadows any happiness marriage may have held; and—well, let's leave this poignant little figure fumbling in the dark for some way out and back. Powerfully the picture tells the rest.

Beauty abounds in "The Wanters." Eyes can't resist Marie Prevost, Norma Shearer and Gertrude Astor, all silken and sheeny, with Robert Ellis, Huntley Gordon and Harold Goodwin forming the masculine background. More big names in the cast are Louise Fazenda, Lincoln Stedman and Hank Mann, not forgetting little Richard Headrick, the sort of child we'd like to call our own.

Presented by Louis B. Mayer and produced in Stahl's striking style, "The Wanters" mirrors most of us. Well and happily!

Just for a night her adventure was to have been, but - - ! Robert Ellis, Marie Prevost and Gertrude Astor in John M. Stahl's new success, "The Wanters."

• • •

ANOTHER thing the Native Sons can boast is the largest circuit of picture theatres in America. The West Coast Theatres, Inc., of California, embracing over a hundred houses which include the Kinema, Loew's State and Alhambra, Los Angeles, and the Tivoli, San Francisco, attest the popularity of First National Pictures by presenting them on every screen.

### Thanks for the Ad

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, screen critic of *Life*, qualifies as a friend of the family by four words he wrote about "Penrod and Sam"—"an exceptionally fine picture." He deserves the freedom of First National Studios for this—"There are any number of children and one dog in 'Penrod and Sam,' and because they have been directed by a man who understands children and respects them, they are wonderful." And in calling the whole picture the best treatment that Mr. Tarkington has ever received on the screen, he takes the words right out of Booth Tarkington's mouth. . . . Friends, it must be a mighty entertaining movie to win three hundred words of praise from Bob Sherwood of *Life*!

### Some More to See—

COLLEEN MOORE IN "THE HUNTRESS"—You never know what will happen next. How can you, when the idea of a white-Indian girl kidnapping an unwilling husband is just the story's start? Comedy, drama and everything entertaining are delightfully presented by Miss Moore with Lloyd Hughes, Walter Long and Russell Simpson in support. Even if there weren't all that, the scenic grandeur of backgrounds hitherto undiscovered to the camera would make "The Huntress" worth hunting up anywhere.

"TRILBY"—Enjoyment follows in her famous footsteps. Richard Walton Tully's production is scoring not only on account of Andree Lafayette's unique portrayal of *Trilby* and Arthur Edmund Carewe's *Svengali*, but also through deft dramatic development amid the bizarre atmosphere of the Paris Latin Quarter.

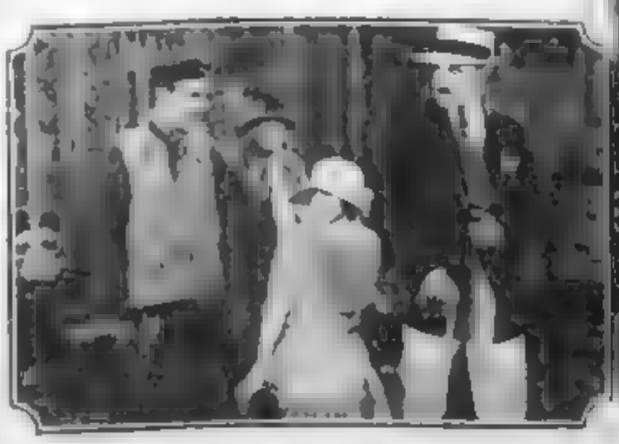
Holbrook Blinn as "The Bad Man."

THE BRASS BOTTLE"—Between laughs and gasps most people wonder where they can find such a genie as arises from the brass bottle and turns A. D. 1923 into Haremland of seventy centuries ago. Harry Myers, Ernest Torrance and Barbara La Marr are just three of a dozen prominent stars in Maurice Tourneur's latest surprise.

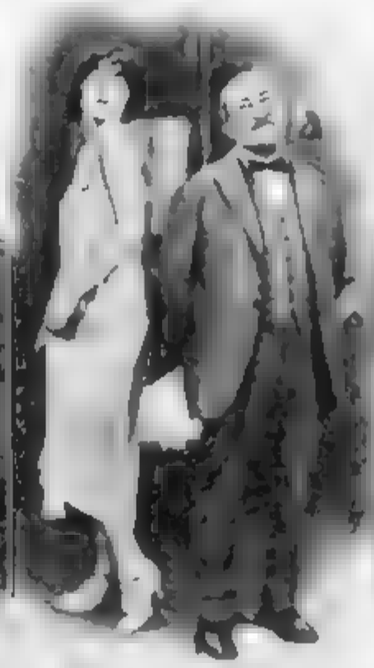
"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"—Crowding all theatres.

"CHILDREN OF DUST"—Remember "Humoresque" and remember, too, that this is by the same director, Frank Borzage. A drama of bared hearts and barriers of caste, human enough to give all of us a throb. Pauline Garon, Johnny Walker and Lloyd Hughes.

"WANDERING DAUGHTERS"—Quoting the Indianapolis *Star*—"These days the wandering boy stays home at night, but his sister is out to all hours chasing elusive thrills."



East battles West again—although in this scene from "Thundergate" Owen Moore plays a white man in Oriental disguise. Sylvia Breamer and Robert McKim participate in the drama of the moment.



If only Montague Glass would write this caption! Anyhow here are Barney Bernard and Martha Mansfield in Samuel Goldwyn's picturization of "Potash and Perlmutter."

When you've kidnapped a husband you've got to fight to hold him—so Colleen Moore finds in "The Huntress." Other players are Lloyd Hughes, Charles E. Anderson and Walter Long.

# "I'll bet that this is Bond Bread!"

THIS actually happened at a famous country club. It was lunchtime. One of the guests bit into his sandwich and exclaimed:

"Why this must be made of Bond Bread. I'll *bet* it is!"

His table-mates scoffed. He insisted. He said that nothing but the best home-made could taste as good as that—but it could *not* be home-made bread—its texture was too fine and even.

So they called the steward. It *was* Bond Bread!

It is quite natural that Bond Bread *should* taste like home-made. It is copied from the best of the 43,040 loaves which housewives submitted to us as their idea of the kind of bread *they wanted*. And the ingredients are the same as used at home—all guaranteed pure and genuine, by the "Bond" that is printed on the wrapper of each loaf.

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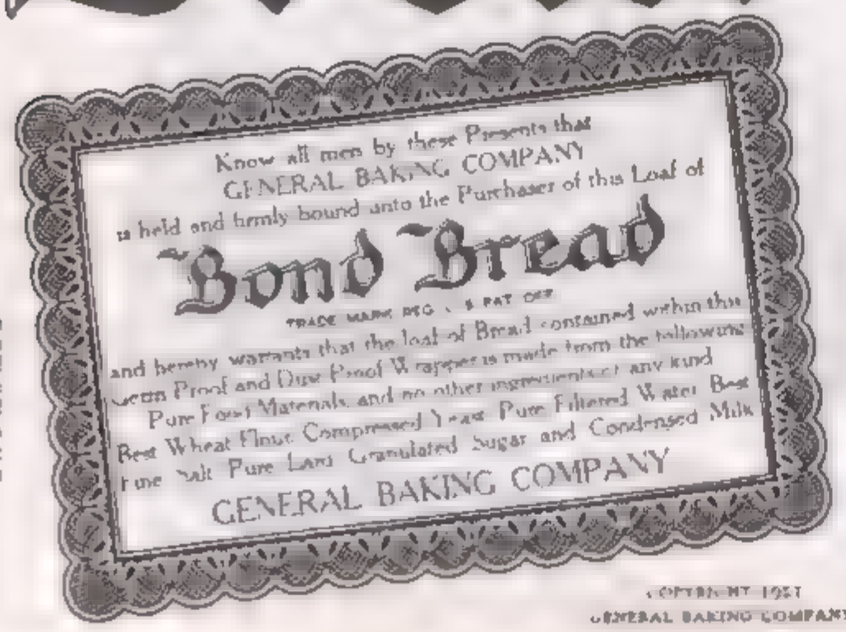
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and hereby warrants that the loaf of Bread contained within this
Pure Food Materials and no other ingredients of any kind
Best Wheat Flour Compressed Yeast Pure Filtered Water Best
Pure Lard Granulated Sugar and Condensed Milk
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

THIS BOND, printed on each wrapper, guarantees each ingredient and identifies the loaf as the product of the General Baking Company. From this Bond, and all that it implies, Bond Bread gets its name.

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GENERAL BAKING COMPANY


(Continued from Page 48)

staked, which was one-third of an honest hundred thousand dollars plus the exorbitant stipend paid to a couple of conversational specialists who could find everything but that yon limpet suffers from a suicidal mania aggravated by unrequited calf love. I've spoken!"

"I don't say I wouldn't take half," observed Mr. Clinch; "and Seaver talking all this and that about him never looking at the girl!"

"I don't say," returned Mr. McIntosh, "I wouldn't, to an old friend, make my share a mite less than half, if I found him disposed to haggle."

"If only you two would give me my money out!" pleaded Mr. Peck. "Everyone knows worry kills. Billop will have to be quick if he doesn't outlast me."

"He'll be quick," put in Mr. McIntosh darkly. "No doubt of that: even a wastrel of your feebleness —— Paramus, old friend, if it'll ease your anguish I'll insure you myself to survive Billop—of course, at a modest premium."

Mr. Peck turned from his old friend with a shudder of repulsion.

"Got to have it out with Seaver," said Mr. Clinch as they separated.

Miss Hicks continued her pathetic droop until the door shielded her. Then, alone in the hall, she became elated. She rejoiced. Those old freshes—buzzards—she'd given them a good scare. And how eager they'd been for just that! And how nicely they'd reminded her of suicide! And that old butter-voiced smoothy with his silly chatter about fancies—simply begging to be fooled! And his insulting talk about "yon poor remnant of a man!" How close he'd been to having his face scratched to ribbons—ribbons! Even just for that she'd see that the bunch of jolly old train robbers earned every cent they got—twice over! They'd wish they had put their stealings into some other scheme!

Still in the refreshing glow of this encounter, she returned to the bedroom. Aunt Beulah, in the chair of Miss Hicks, sat reading from an evening paper.

"—— at this intersection, according to Officer Waldo N. Grimes, the cars, both proceeding at a high rate of speed, met head on with the above results. A child of three, held by its mother in the back seat, was thrown a distance of ——"

"Aunt Beulah!" The tone of Miss Hicks was such that the reader looked up defensively. "I didn't want to read to him, dearie, but he insisted, and you know what that means. And he wanted nothing but accidents. We've found three already that was a good deal worse than his accident, and he wanted more, and so ——"

"He must be quiet now. Perhaps tomorrow you can read, and besides"—she broke off to glance at the stricken man with manifest irritation—"in a few days he's going out to have another himself."

The sarcasm passed over his head, but he cheerfully called: "Three days, Buzz says; but probably they'll loaf on the job and take four. I'm pretending I can't expect it under four. Aunt Beulah, we were bowling along so beautifully—it was like flying. I'd like real flying, too. I think I'll look into that."

At a signal from Miss Hicks, Aunt Beulah withdrew.

"You know you're to be quiet. If you're not, I'll send for Doctor Seaver and he'll give you something—shoot it into you."

"Very well, I'll be quiet if you'll sit there. Come closer. No, don't read, just sit."

He became still, as promised, for a long time. Then she was aware that he stirred the covers of the bed.

"No, no," she commanded; but he stubbornly brought out a hand and reached it for one of hers.

"Oh, your hand's so cold," he said; "like ice." But he clung to it. Then he turned his one eye upon her. "Wasn't it lucky?" he asked.

"Yes lucky!"

"I don't mean about the car not being much hurt. I mean about you being here. You can't go now."

"Of course not—lie quiet."

"It couldn't have happened at a better time, could it?"

"No; oh, no."

He tightened his grasp of her cold hand.

"You don't feel foolish any longer, being here, do you? Do you?" he insisted, for she hadn't answered.

"Of course not! Quiet now."

"Wasn't our dance good? And last night when we talked—that was good too?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I'll tell you ——"

He made an effort to turn on his pillow, but gave this up after a twinge.

"There, you see?"

"No, but listen. Let's talk kind—kind and open, the way we were last night, about my wanting you here and your wanting to go, and all that."

"But you know I'm not going now."

"We'll have another party the first day I'm out. I'll drive myself this time, just to show you. And we'll dance. That was good, wasn't it?"

"Oh, of course it was."

Desperately she withdrew her hand from his hot grasp and stood up, but he detained her with a clutch at her skirt.

"Don't turn on the light yet. Let's talk some more. You don't know how wonderful it is to sit in that car and feel yourself going! You'll come out with me. Of course, I'll want to try it out first, after it comes from the shop. But Saturday, anyway. You'll see how well I can drive. I got the rhythm of the thing and the right response models—that's psychology—but you'll see. We'll plan for Saturday. Sit down again—be the way you were last night."

Miss Hicks had been under severe tension for three hours. Her patient had now stretched the wires ever so little too tight and one of them snapped.

"How can I be—like last night? You were kind last night."

"Kind? Why, I couldn't feel any ——"

"Oh, intelligent then! Make it intelligent"

"Intelligent? Haven't I been—telling you all about the car? By the way, did you feel a bit frightened when you saw them bringing me ——"

"Oh-h-h-h!" The remainder of the wires had snapped. "How I wish I could shake you and hurt you! That's what I wish—exactly what I wish! I—I wish ——"

He groped for her with the hand, but she had turned and was gone with almost a Luxton speed. No use trying to foresee their actions—creatures of mood. Aunt Beulah came presently.

"That girl is simply all in," she said. "And no wonder! She had all those funny things to do this afternoon when they lugged you in. A sight you were, I'll say! Anyway, she's shut herself up in her room, and her voice sounds queer, and she says she's going to rest, and I could come tell you so; but if I read you any more accidents she'd murder me—so that's out. And I'm not to talk to you, but if you want anything you're to call me."

"No wonder she's done up! I asked her if she was scared, but she didn't say."

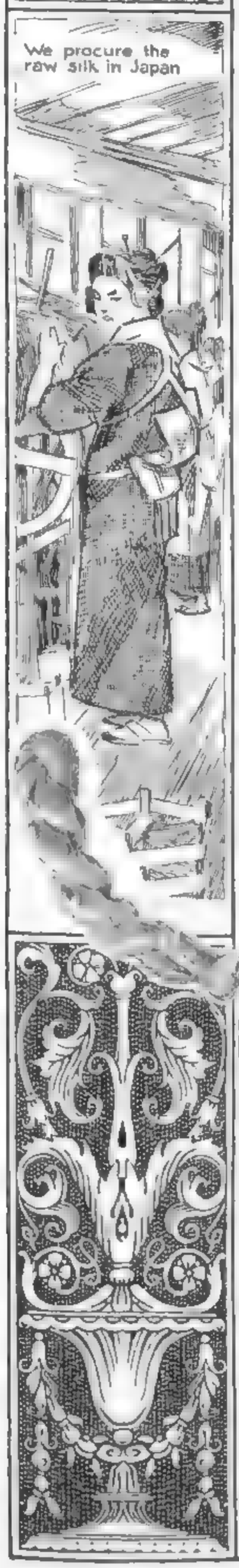
"No, not scared a bit; cool as a cucumber the times I saw her, when she'd come out for things. But, of course, that's her trade. Even so, she's got a right to some rest. I'll bet they get sick and tired of people that have things happen to them."

"I'll bet they do," he agreed heartily.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# CORPORATE DISTRIBUTION

*The 20th Century Method of Reducing Costs for the Consumer*




"THE BRIDGE between the manufacturer and the consumer must be shortened, and the toll cut." This is the verdict of economists, financial experts, of business men and of the people.

Corporate Distribution, the most far reaching business development of recent years, *does* cut the toll; it does give the people better merchandise at *a lower cost.*

The most astounding demonstration of the power of Corporate Distribution to deliver better goods for less money is now being made by the Real Silk Hosiery Mills of Indianapolis.

In less than four years these Mills have become the largest of their kind in the world. Millions of women are today buying REAL SILK Guaranteed Hosiery *direct from the Mills at mill prices—regularly.* The Real Silk Representative is welcomed into the home because he offers the consumer an outstanding silk hosiery value.

Corporate Distribution is an old economic principle applied to present day needs. It is based on the *elimination of waste.* It brings into play every known weapon for combating costs: straight-line manufacture, modern factory equipment and efficiency, volume production and specialization.

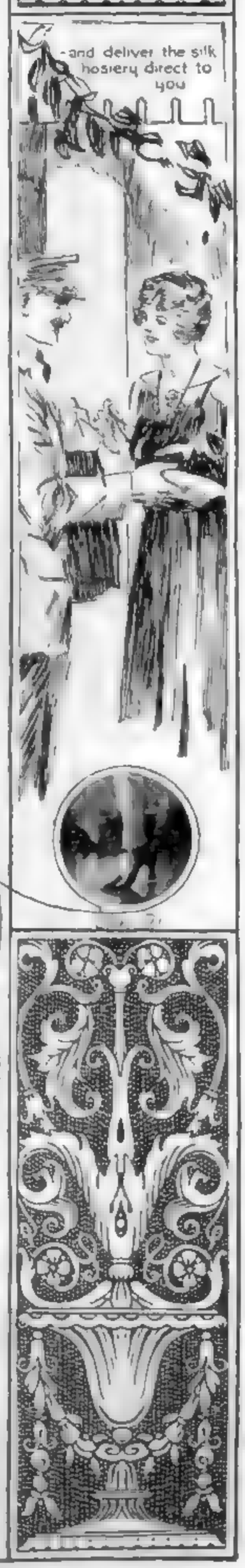
It takes into consideration both manufacture and distribution. Its concentrated control extends from the raw silk in the filature in Japan to the finished product delivered to the consumer in the home.

Corporate Distribution involves the obtaining of raw silk in Japan, bringing it to the Mills at Indianapolis, knitting it into beautiful, perfect fitting silk hosiery and delivering it to the home of the wearer. From the procuring of raw materials to delivering the finished product, the consumer receives the benefit of each saving effected by the elimination of intermediate profits. The whole task of production and distribution is handled by a single organization as *one corporate act*—hence the befitting name, Corporate Distribution.

Public enthusiasm for Corporate Distribution amounts almost to a national demonstration. No amount of additional machinery and no amount of day and night work at the Mill apparently can produce as much REAL SILK Guaranteed Hosiery as the people want.

This enormous demand for our product is concrete evidence that the consumer fully recognizes the positive benefit of Corporate Distribution—*a better quality of silk hosiery for less money.*

Corporate Distribution not only reduces prices but enables us to render the customer a better service. The Real Silk Representative, assigned to your neighborhood and supervised by our local service office in your city, calls with a full display of samples. Comfortably seated in your own home, where your wardrobe is handy, you select from a range of more than forty colors the exact hosiery shades to match your shoes and gowns. Your hosiery is mailed to you parcel post, C. O. D. direct from the U. S. post office branch in our Mills.

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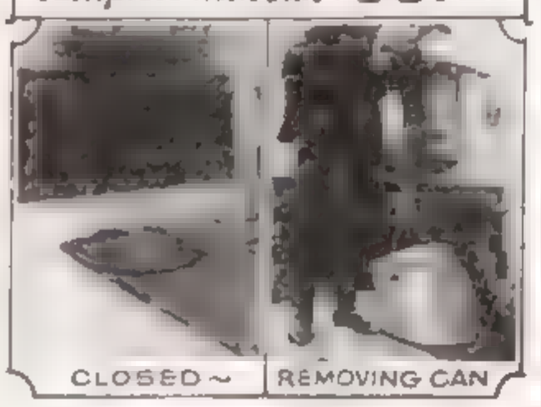


INSTALL at kitchen door. Avoid walking to back fence. Convenient, odorless, out-of-sight, dog-proof, fly-proof, sanitary.

Consists of Keystone copper steel shell, a Majestic galvanized can, and cast-iron top with hinged lid, opening to foot-pressure on lever.

Made in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons. Prices $7.80 to $14.70 complete. Slightly higher west of Denver. Sold everywhere by hardware, department stores and building supply dealers. Get yours today.

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*The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ont.*

"Bury Your Garbage Can"

Eliminates This!


# THE HANDICAP OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION TO A BUSINESS WOMAN

(Continued from Page 18)

the others it was a different question. I finally had to let her go."

The circulation manager had been listening.

"Do you remember that other girl we had? She had light curly hair and used to shake it like a mane when she was displeased."

His chief grinned.

"I should say I do. You made enough of a rumpus at the time."

The circulation manager turned to me.

"She looked promising. She had made high grades in English and had a pleasant appearance. But she was too much for me."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Well, the first week she listened to us. But from the second week she told everyone in the establishment how to run his or her part of the business. I recall one ungodly row with one of the older men. She was elucidating some point for him, when he rose in his chair and he shouted: 'We have been running this business for twenty years without your help. We have studied it and lived it, until it is a part of us. We know something about it. That is one thing they did not teach you at college.' 'Oh, yes, they did,' she answered. 'Did what?' he yelled in reply. 'They taught us that business pushes you into a rut.' She kept the whole place on edge. She did not last long."

### *Intellectual Snobbery*

A personnel manager in a merchandising establishment summed her views rather well:

"The college girl does not realize that knowledge is the common heritage of all. She is an intellectual snob. She has no monopoly of knowledge. She may have had a little more leisure to acquire it than the girl who earns her own living; but the other girl has been learning too. She far overestimates the gap that exists between her and the business girl at whose side she works. If there is any gap at all—I am not sure that there is—I think that the business girl has just as much to tell the young college woman as the latter has to tell her."

I agreed with her last statement, and she continued: "When I see people like you"—her pleasant way of excepting present company—"I feel as if I would have given anything to have been able to attend college. But when I look at the majority of the specimens I am perfectly reconciled to my collegeless lot."

She is a charming person, well-read, interested in art and music, a good conversationalist. I found no sense of loss in her company. In fact, this was my first inkling that she was not a college graduate. But I met her attitude on a.. sides. A banker and a manufacturer whom I had cornered at a tea suggested that the college training was to blame.

"Your young college woman does know it all," agreed the banker. "I employ a few thousand people, about 30 per cent women. We have a house library. Ninety per cent of the women avail themselves of the books. Only 10 per cent of the college women take out books."

"Perhaps they secure their technical books elsewhere," I suggested.

"They could not; at least, they could not get as good as we have to offer. They just are not reading them."

"Why do you not talk frankly to them—give them an idea of the better opportunities for development, and ——"

He silenced me with a gesture.

"Did you ever try to give an idea to a college woman?"

"Yes," I said indignantly; "but never to a man."

He turned to the manufacturer.

"You see" he indicated me—"a college woman." And then, in different vein, he continued:

"No, I think we have better results with the women who have grown up with the business. The college turns them out with the idea that they have the torch of civilization in their hands, and they proceed to light up."

The manufacturer chimed in: "The college is right and it is wrong, at the same time. The college emphasizes the cultural aspect of education. Women are naturally the refining influence of the world. I remember an engineering trip I took as a young man; thirty young engineers, with a couple of cooks and a few straggling servants; not a woman in the outfit. I wish you could have seen that crowd at the table! Manners? It took months of careful home training after my return to cure me of the effects of that trip. We look to the women to keep us up to the mark, and it is right that college should recognize the fact. But college ought not to turn out such self-centered little products."

I simply listened. The banker took up the conversational ball.

"Yes, they stress examination grades and French clubs and swimming meets. Then let the girl enter business. What does the business care if she did make high credit in major Italian? What does the business care if she did hold the secretaryship of her law club? What does the business care if she did make the hockey team? Not! Business is from Missouri you have got to show it."

"All right," I said. "But it stands to reason that a girl who is outstanding at college is more likely to make her mark in the world of business—that is, if she cares to enter it."

"Only if she is adaptable," argued the banker. "And you find mighty few of her. Anyway, deliver me from women in business until they are confirmed old maids or widows."

"Give me the old maids," said the manufacturer. "I am afraid of the widows."

I left them to their frivolous conversation.

But they were partly right. A college girl does expect to have capital made of her college experience. A girl with several years of graduate training came to me one afternoon.

"Can you talk to me a few minutes?" she asked. "I have permission to leave the floor for a few minutes."

"Assuredly," said I. "Sit down and let me help you if I am able."

### *A Discontented Novice*

"I am selling dresses," she began. "You know something of my training. I expected to do something big in retail business. But I am just about through."

"Not after a few weeks, I hope."

"Yes. I am treated no differently from any other girl in the department; my salary is no more, my privileges are no greater. And with all my training!"

"What would you like to do?" I asked.

"I would like to handle people. I would like to do something worth while in the business. Whereas, now ——"

I interrupted her.

"I see your viewpoint. But will you look at ours for a minute? Can you suggest anything constructive as far as the business is concerned? Do you know enough about the department in which you work to be more valuable than the other sales persons who are at work there?"

"No, but ——"

"Let me finish, please. If you take the time to master the details of the business, you will find opportunity to use all your splendid training. You will be able to do a worthy piece of work, and you can handle people to your heart's content. Business loves to put as much responsibility on the individual as he can carry. But you must not be too impatient. There is so much to learn."

"I am not sure that I want to learn," she replied a trifle tartly. "You talk like this because the store pays your salary. I do not have to work at drudgery in any department store if I do not want to."

"No," I agreed. "But do you recall how differently you talked a few weeks ago? It is because of people like you that business is skeptical of college people."

I then turned the conversation into more pleasant channels. But the girl had touched on another important point—the reason for the college girl in business.

The average business woman is in business because of hard necessity. She may say that she is working because she likes extra pin money. She may claim that the neighbors all think she is foolish because she works when she does not need to. But, *entre nous*, she is really at work because she requires a certain amount of clothing—not much—to cover her person, a roof of sorts to protect her from too chilling blasts and a modicum of fuel to keep the physical engine running.

The college woman has no such spur. She may need the money, true enough. But she can make money more easily in lines more allied with her training; she does not feel obliged to stay in business to keep away prowling wolves. There are always alternatives. She approaches business, then, with a sober, speculative mien. She gives it cool, appraising glances. She accepts it with reservations. Then why does she consider it at all?

Various motives may actuate her.

During her college career she has heard continually from the lecture platform and on the campus that the mainspring of existence is service.

She has personally helped teach a class at the settlement. She has pledged herself to wait on table one evening a week so that the waitresses may have their holiday. She has contributed to a fund for French orphans by denying herself certain theaters. She is already primed to serve humanity. She turns to business as the medium through which she will serve. At this stage numerous little difficulties may arise.

### *Found Wanting*

Business may not meet her in kindred spirit. Business may not feel the need of being served. Or it may feel the need and yet not wish to be served in the manner she has selected. I am thinking of the personnel director of a large mutual insurance company. We were engaged in mild converse, when he burst out with:

"Bolsheviks, that is what they are! Bolsheviks!"

"What is the matter?" I asked in surprise.

"Did you see that girl—the one who passed through this office just now?"

I had not given her any particular attention and said as much.

"We promised her a three months' trial. Thank heaven, it is almost over! She thinks that we are running a philanthropic establishment. We are, so far as her value to the house is concerned. But what does she want? The lockers are not sufficiently commodious for the employes. She wants them moved from the basement to the first floor. The lunch room is not attractive enough to the æsthetic eye. She has a scheme for doing it over. In England all employes stop for their afternoon cup of tea. She does not insist upon the tea, but we could give a choice—tea, cocoa or milk. She told me that she had a notion to make the conditions public through a large periodical. I told her to go ahead. These half-baked college fanatics ——"

"Not so fast," I broke in. "I do not know anything about the physical conditions in the lockers. I have seen the lunch room. It is clean and that is about all. But I am no proper judge of that arrangement, for I am overfastidious about eating. About the tea proposition, I have heard English employers say that the ten-minute stop for tea gave an impetus for work that was equivalent to another hour."

He threw up his hands.

"Are you another one of them? Are you going to tell us exactly how to run this whole business?"

"No," I answered; "because I do not know how. Only, if you would keep an open mind, the wind could blow the dust out more easily."

I had not intended to finish that way. I had caught myself in the nick of time to prevent making a suggestion. He laughed.

"You young ones! How did the world ever manage to revolve before you came along?"

I have often wondered about that myself.

Incidentally, if the college woman does do her bit toward making working conditions better, she need expect no long line of grateful fellow employes. A friend of mine agonized over the high stools in a certain shop. She pegged along until she had them shortened so that the workers need not bend over at work. The only comment she ever heard came from an older worker.

(Continued on Page 55)

SUCCESS and prestige won by worthy, well-known products seem always to tempt imitation—of name, style of product, or of package color or design; but the imitation rarely goes beyond outward appearance, and the public suffers from cheap, inferior quality.

The enviable reputation of **O-Cedar Polish** is founded on the basis of genuine quality, utility and service to the user. The **O-Cedar** guarantee insures this—you must be thoroughly satisfied with all **O-Cedar** products or you get your money back.

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You will find **O-Cedar Polish** easy to apply and most economical in use. There is no tiresome shaking of the bottle—a few drops on a damp cloth will cover an area surprisingly large, and it quickly polishes to a rich and lasting lustre. On floors and linoleum, simply sprinkle the polish on your **O-Cedar Polish Mop** and they will brighten up at once.

**O-Cedar Polish** is sold in 30c and 60c bottles, and in quart, half-gallon and gallon cans at $1.25, $2.00 and $3.00 respectively; naturally, the larger sizes are most economical.

Hotels, hospitals, office and public buildings, churches will find the use of **O-Cedar Polish** just as efficient, economical and pleasing as it is in the home.

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# "E" for Indiana

## What happened to the one Ford owner in an Indiana village who *didn't* use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

OUR mail gets richer every day in endorsements from Ford owners who have discovered the superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." A recent report from Indiana is especially interesting.

The Ford agency in a certain Indiana village started using Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" exclusively in all new cars sold. Owners were urged to continue the use of this oil. Since then, this agency has sold nearly 100 Fords. Only one of these owners reported any engine or lubricating trouble.

This one trouble case consisted of chattering bands. The owner of the car was questioned. He admitted that he had changed from Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to another oil.

The bands were replaced. The owner has returned to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

### *Clean-cut superiorities*

This wholesale evidence of the superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" again demonstrates these facts:

(1) Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" flows easily and at once runs out of the pet-cock when the oil is up to the proper level. Thus, correct oil level is assured.

(2) The clean-burning character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" minimizes carbon formation in the Ford engine. It also protects you against sticky valves.

(3) The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enables it to reach and lubricate every bearing surface with ease.

(4) Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement. There is no "creeping."

(5) The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to reach and thoroughly lubricate the transmission sleeves, gears and bearings.

(6) Distributing freely to every frictional surface, and retaining adequate body under Ford heat conditions, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" assures thorough lubrication with a minimum of heat.

### *Beware of By-product oils*

Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced by a company which specializes in *lubrication*. The crude stocks are chosen entirely for their *lubricating value*—not for their high gasoline yield.

The refining of Gargoyle Mobiloil is done slowly and at lower temperatures than are commonly employed. The added carefulness in production includes many steps which are commonly considered unnecessary.

A 5-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will give you an astonishing amount of trouble-free mileage in your Ford car.

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

### *Fair Retail Price—30c a Quart*

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit.

Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West.

*Domestic Branches*

New York (Main Office) · Boston · Detroit · Minneapolis · Indianapolis · Milwaukee · Buffalo · Oklahoma City

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 52)

She said, "Could I have my old stool back? 'Pears like I'm a-workin' at the wrong place with it taken away from me."

But adulation could never be a motive for real service.

To return to our college woman: Another reason for her entry into business may have been the lure of the unknown. It looms forth as a great and mysterious emprise, full of romance and adventure. A young friend of my acquaintance recently said, "How marvelous to work in that big place! I should think you would be thrilled to death!"

There are thrills, of course. But the preliminary thrills come from shooting pains in the back and knees. Later thrills may be induced by the voice of the chief over the phone saying, "I thought that was to be finished this morning. Why is it not?"

At a business luncheon I sat next to the manager of a textile factory.

"I used to advertise for college women to fill some of my positions. I don't any more," he said.

"But your employment manager is a woman, and college-trained at that," I objected.

"I know it. But she is the only one of her kind."

"You do not mean that seriously?" I inquired.

"Well, no, not exactly. Of course, there must be others with the same poise and understanding that she has. But I do not seem to be able to find them. Too many college women have a blank in their minds where the business concept ought to be."

He shook his head as if the problem were beyond him.

"I do not see how they can be expected to know business if they have had no experience."

I wanted him to say some more.

### *Swamped by Routine*

"Who expects them to know it?" he demanded. "But they never stay long enough to find out. The last college woman I had, I planned to be assistant to this employment manager you have just mentioned. I painted the job as black as I could, so she would know the worst before she undertook it. Everything was fine; she was willing to go through all the difficult preliminaries necessary to prepare her for our business position—at least, she was on paper, and vocally. A month saw her pretty sick of the whole factory system. Of course, it was hard. I concede that point. But, great guns, life is hard—and business is just one phase of life! It took just two months to have all the romance ironed out of business for her. She cost us money; we took the time of actual workers to show her about the business. She had not begun to be a producer before she left us. I have had too many similar experiences to take many more risks."

"How does Miss Darkner feel on this subject?"

Miss Darkner was his employment manager.

"She agrees with me. We want people who have to stay to earn their bread and butter."

A girl who is at the head of the statistical department of a huge trust company was discussing women in business:

"The financial houses are very conservative in their reaction to women. They are very slow in adding women to their staff."

"Do you mean trained or untrained women?" I asked.

"Oh, I do not mean stenographers or clerks," she explained: "We were considering college women."

"But with your firm," I suggested, "you can do some pioneer work. You and your methods are sold to it. I should think that you could introduce a number of women into the business system."

"'Introduce' is right. I have done about all the introducing I expect to do. I used to rush enthusiastically to my chief when a sweet young thing came direct from college to me. But no more. I have my own reputation at stake."

"What happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. The routine got the better of them. Ninety per cent of the work is routine—long, slow, tedious drudgery. It takes a college woman some time to make herself valuable, with no banking knowledge and no experience. The process is generally too slow for her. No, when people come to me with their tale of unrealized banking ambitions, I tell them the worst and then refer them to the personnel manager and enjoin them under penalty not to use my name."

She had covered in a word the real open sesame to romance in business—knowledge and experience. There is a lure, fascination, about business that makes it almost irresistible. How many men with years and independent wealth on the credit side of their ledger continue to stay in business because of pure interest in the game! But these men have studied business as if it were a jealous mistress. They have learned its ways, they have penetrated its mysteries, they have mastered its intricacies. This is not the process of a month or two—no, not even of a year or two. And during the mastery of the game there is plain, hard work.

Aside from the fascination that business holds because of its unplumbed depths, however, there is its vast possibility as a medium of self-expression. Self-expression has become a modern shibboleth. Everybody is doing it. As I come into contact with some of those who are seeking it, I wonder why they take the trouble—there is so little to express. Of course, people cannot be sorted into groups with the same facility with which rabbits of different colors could be separated. They do not lend themselves readily to classifications like clever, artistic, dull, mechanical; or, teacher, merchant, lawyer, home maker, author. But would the college be evincing too maternal a strain if it put forth a wise, directing hand to point a possible way to its young alumnæ? I know that most colleges do have occupational bureaus and senior and graduate counselors. The terms sound well. But I am wondering to what extent these bodies function. A senior class has such potentialities. Four years of rich, cultural experience have been poured into their lives; experience that has been cumulative but not distributive. Graduation lets down the dam and these young lives flood the professional, the business, the social fields. Are there canals and locks to give some direction to the overflowing streams?

I was dragged into a senior tea some months ago. Their talk was all eager plans for next year. Three of them who were as dissimilar as could be, but were great friends, were counting upon being together.

"If you take a tea room, Marion," said one whom they called Ruth, "Alice and I will take part with you. But I think it would be heaps more fun to be in a bank."

Marion was agreeable enough.

"Well, I do not mind, just so we can be together."

There was no question in the minds of the young persons who were present. All were going to do something. The point at issue seemed to be what they would do. I made a few tentative suggestions; but I had only a few minutes with the girls. And I really had no business to advise them, except on the basis that any older person may give deep counsel to younger ones. But I felt that someone who had taken time to study them a bit, and had had sufficient experience in life to make her qualified to advise them, would have had a very interesting work before her.

### *Thought She Was Exploited*

But to return to our business woman who is seeking self-expression: Self-expression is a familiar friend to her. She has talked about it from one to three A.M. when she should have been cramming general philosophy. She has written several English themes dealing with it. She has even heard it more than once from the lecture platform and she expects a sympathetic attitude toward her in her endeavor to find the correct medium. She has always had this sympathetic attitude.

Her first encounter with business will leave her cold. Business is not sympathetic. It is not in the least interested in her individually. After all the fine words have been said, after all the beautiful lines have been written, business has just one *raison d'être*—to make fat little profits on investments. If the college woman can be of assistance in that respect, she is welcome. If not, there is separation without undue regrets. Business does not take her on her own valuation. It is decidedly not as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he"; it is as a man—or woman—proveth, so is he—or she. The contrast in this respect between college and business is enormous.

Not long ago a woman of about thirty-five visited the employment manager of a large department store. She had splendid recommendations and a fine personal presence. The employment manager felt that she offered good possibilities and decided to put her in a position that would give her an opportunity to show her ability—if she had any. The inspector-wrappers seemed to offer the field. She was given certain supervisory work in connection with them. The initial salary was not large.

Within a month she was back in that employment office. My friend, the employment manager, has repeated the conversation to me.

"I want to talk to you about salary," began Miss Blank.

"Yes?" questioned my friend.

"Yes; I am not adequately paid. Do I see you or someone else about an increase?"

"You can talk it over with me if you like. What basis do you have for your request?"

"Frankly, I think that you are trying to get a high grade of service without paying for it. I know what I can do and so do you."

"But I do not," objected my friend. "I hope that you have the ability that you think you have. I am eagerly waiting to find out."

"If you do not know, why did you put me in a responsible position? You would not have me there if I could not fill the bill, and I want to be recompensed for my work accordingly."

"But you have not proved yourself," was the insistent answer. "Work into your job until you begin to see its possibilities. It will be worth more money—if you develop it."

"Everybody likes me," continued Miss Blank. "It does not take ten years to show your worth."

My friend concluded to me: "And that is the sixth person whom we have tried out for that position."

It takes a long time before anyone becomes invaluable to a business. And then, when he dies, the business goes right along without him.

### *Men Like Ants*

Some years ago I was glimpsing the immensity of the prairies from the vantage point of Pike's Peak. I surrendered my field glasses to my companion and indicated a silver thread that was a river and a changing dot that was perhaps fifty people. He trained the glasses in the direction I had suggested.

He looked for a few moments in silence, and then he said, "Men like ants. Does not this make you feel insignificant?"

Of course, there is no need for a college woman to enter the business world feeling insignificant. But many business people feel as did a successful man who said:

"College people expect to accomplish wonders too rapidly. They fail to realize that as far as business is concerned, they are not graduates, but are just entering kindergarten. Humility coupled with a real desire to learn is the ground of all business achievement."

"Make haste slowly" is particularly applicable at the beginning of a business career.

This deliberation combined with open-mindedness would preclude any such demonstration of the superiority complex as the following illustration:

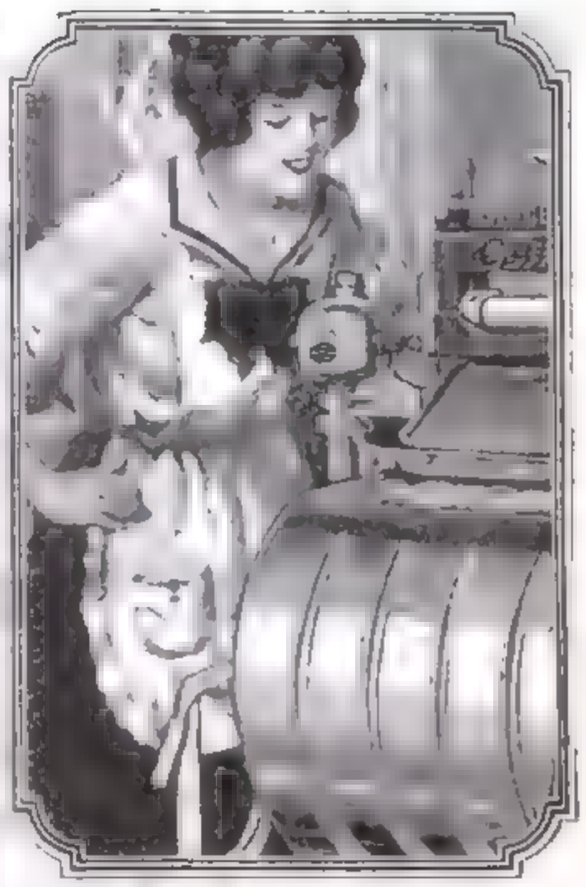
A college girl with considerable interest in textiles was placed in the office of a buyer of home furnishings. She had scarcely learned the names of the other persons in the office before she confided to the employment manager that the buyer had no taste.

"Why not?" was asked.

"If he did, he would not require special sales to dispose of the products that he has bought."

When this judicial pronouncement reached the buyer—and such remarks always do come to the ears of the individual concerned—the girl found her usefulness much curtailed. That buyer was more open-minded than most or she would have found it necessary to seek other outlet for her business urge.

This uncompromising attitude evinces itself in other ways. It damns the rank and file of business, which will never be college-trained; and the rank and file is the bone and sinew of all business enterprise. It adopts a superior attitude, which necessitates talking down to business associates. This, aside from being poor analysis, is miserable strategy. I saw a good talk

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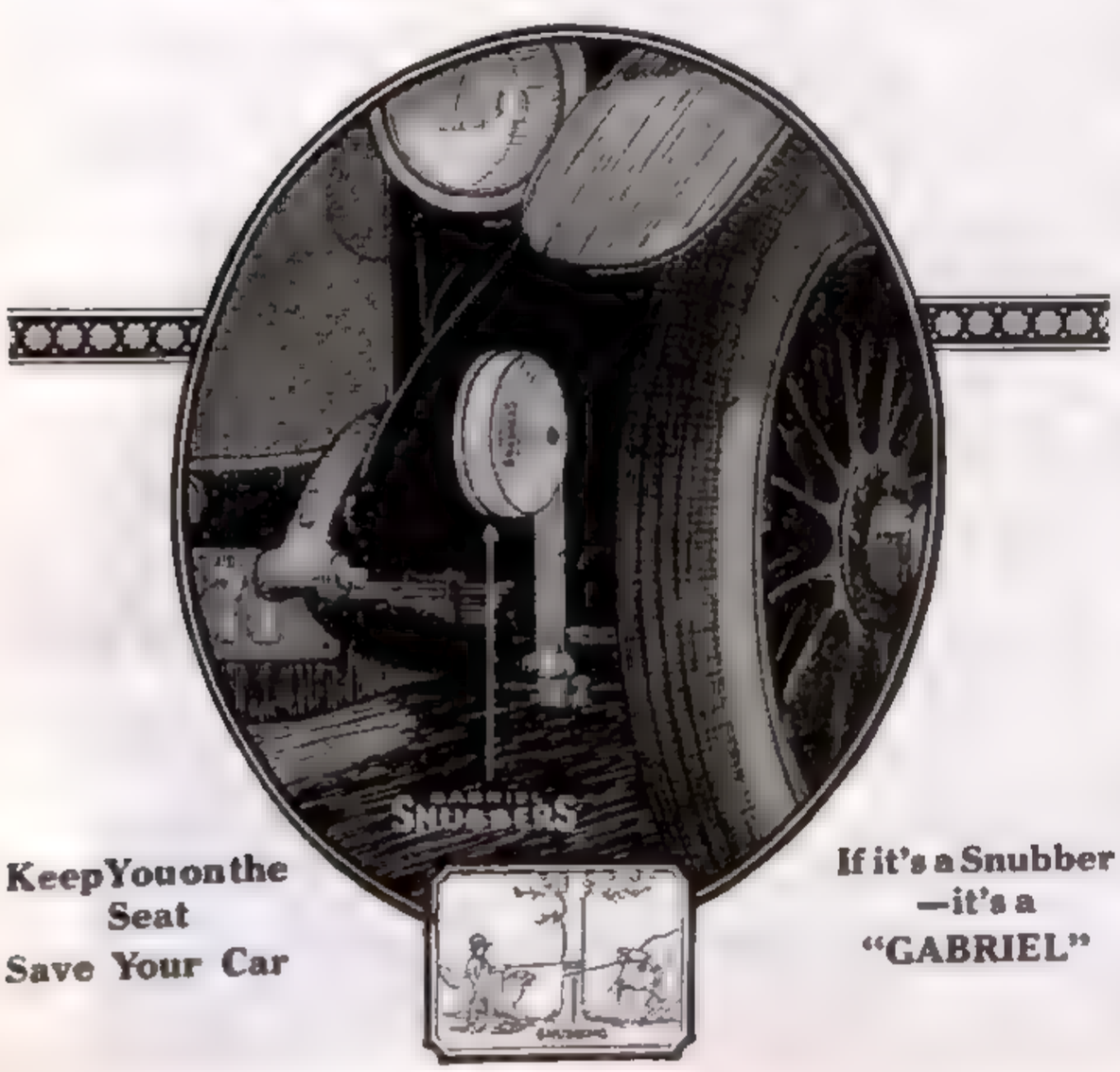


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lose all of its effect because it began, "My good woman."

The basis can never be "you" "I." It must be "we." If I am dealing with persons who sell, I speak of "us sales persons." I can do it with all honesty; for, aside from the fact that I have sold, I do feel entirely one with them. As far as that is concerned, I, like everyone else in the world, am a sales person. I cannot see that it makes a great amount of difference whether the commodity to be sold is linen or legal advice, bonds or stories.

I asked a man who is interested in business with the capital B how he liked college women on his staff. He answered: "The last time I talked on that subject I got into trouble with the university of ——. I am dumb forevermore. But college women are all right. We have just been expecting too much from them."

The common belief seems to be that college is a philosopher's touchstone that tranamutes common lead into gold. College is able to sharpen the tools in the kit bag. But if there are only two or three tools, college can only sharpen two or three. It cannot put a razor edge on six. I know a poor specimen of individual who is doing an innocuous piece of work in a factory. She was pointed out to me one day.

"Just imagine!" said my informant. "She spent four years at a first-class college!"

"What of it?" I answered. "It is more terrible to imagine how she would have been without those four years."

College cannot turn a mule into a thoroughbred, nor cotton into linen. It can make the mule less balky and smooth the creases from the cotton. But too many people representing the cotton variety have strayed into business.

And business, with an eye already a bit prejudiced, has said, "See, the threads are not linen!"

But cotton is not to be despised. It has important uses, quite as constructive as those of linen. But its limitations are the limitations of cotton—ironed or unironed.

College will have to face this indictment, however; it does not prepare people even for the professions. I am familiar with the various arguments beginning somewhat in this vein: "College does not claim to equip you to make a living, but a life." I even more than half believe them. I would not surrender my years of college for any possible financial reimbursement. But it is too bad to find that while you are making a life, you have not the tools to make the living. Three young college women lunched with me one day last week. They have all done specialized work in business research. I had taken up with them their plans for next fall. Not one is sure. One said with a shrug:

"Of course, I can be an assistant professor at twenty-four hundred dollars. But after all I have done in business research, I would like to enter business. And the two positions I am offered are for twenty dollars and twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week."

"If I were you," I suggested, "I would be inclined to go into business. You could surely make something of one of those positions that would soon net you more than twenty dollars a week."

"But why should we begin at the bottom?" asked another.

And there you are.

A business man in a recent conversation with me, said, "If college and business would only coördinate there are marvelous possibilities for the college woman."

"All right," I replied. "Tell me how."

"You ought to know," he said. "You have combined the two."

"I am waiting," I suggested, "for you to tell me how."

"It is no secret." He smiled. "Just take off your coat and go to it. Start in to sing as you tackle the thing that cannot be done—and you'll do it!"

"Must I sing?" I asked.

## WHOSE PETARD WAS IT?

(Continued from Page 17)

to talk about psychoanalysis in general—rather too large a subject—with its relations to art and medicine. He was going to talk about the simple, commonplace actions of everyday life as clews to the unconscious—first, the so-called trivial ones. Nothing is really trivial. The tunes we whistle, the songs we sing, nine times out of ten have a wish-thought behind them. An amusing case of this had come to him the other day. A man had consulted him because he was being driven mad by a tune that ran in his head night and day. It was the Funeral March of a Marionette. Well, when it turned out that he was unhappily married and that his wife's name was Dolly it wasn't very hard to see whose funeral it was that he was mentally staging.

Aunt Georgy was perfectly delighted. She saw that psychoanalysis was going to make life in Jefferson infinitely more entertaining. The sphere of gossip was so remarkably extended. In old times one could only talk about what had been done, said or written; but now what was dreamed, what was desired, and, best of all, what was entirely omitted could be made as interesting as a crime. She wriggled down into her chair with pleasure as he went on to take up the question of the types that people fell in love with. Of course, we have all noticed how people tend to fall in love again and again with the same type. The spoiled weak son is forever looking for a mother type to take care of him; the girl brought up under the domination of the father idea is attracted by nothing but protective older types of man.

Lisburn went on to describe such cases in greater detail so accurately that all through the audience married couples were nodding to one another and themselves. He described also a variant of this: How some people always abused the type that attracted them most; the virile man who is forever making fun of feminine weaknesses, the womanly woman always taking on about man's wickedness; they're afraid of the black magic they attack; they are trying to exorcise the spell ——

As soon as the lecture was over, and while eager members of the audience were crowding to the platform to discuss with the speaker the cases of mysterious friends who had dreamed this and forgotten that, Aunt Georgy beckoned to Norma.

"Do," she said, "go and disentangle that interesting young man from his votaries, or whatever they are, and bring him down to be introduced to me."

"It was interesting, wasn't it?" said Norma, with an effort at detachment.

"I can never be sufficiently grateful," answered Aunt Georgy. "It is so satisfactory the way he lays the strictly virtuous open to attack—the sort of people we've wanted to catch in a scandal and never been able to."

Norma nodded.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Ken thinks people like that have a very foul unconscious."

Aunt Georgy gave a slight snort and asked Norma if she remembered the Bab Ballad about:

*For only scoundrels dare to do*
*What we consider just and true;*
*And only good men do in fact,*
*What we should think a dirty act.*

But Norma did not enjoy a humorous approach to a subject which she had only recently made her own. She withdrew, frowning slightly, and saying that she would try to get a word with him.

"Oh, don't let's wait," said Evie after a few minutes, during which the crowd on the platform increased.

And so Aunt Georgy was led home by the mayor and her small niece without getting a word with the speaker. But she was a determined woman; and though Lisburn was a busy man, between lecturing at his college in the daytime and conferences with mentally maladjusted in Jefferson in the evening and giving a good many spare hours to Norma, a free afternoon was finally found and Norma brought him to tea. Little Evie, who happened to be spending a week or two with her aunt, immediately announced her intention of being out.

"I don't like that man," she said.

Aunt Georgy, always eager for information, inquired why she didn't.

Evie thought a long time, and then said, "Because he invades one's private life."

"Does Norma feel that way?"

Little Evie laughed. "Norma hasn't got a private life," she answered.

At five o'clock, when Aunt Georgy was settled on her blue sofa, with her cane beside her and her tea set in front, Evie stole

(Continued on Page 58

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(Continued from Page 56)

quietly out of the back door into the garden as Norma and the seer entered at the front.

"Well, here he is, Aunt Georgy," Norma shouted from the threshold, as if she had done a good deal for an elderly relation.

He came in and shook hands, unruffled by Norma's introduction.

"Where's Evie?" Norma went on in a tone rather like a sheriff's officer.

"She was so sorry—she had an engagement," said Aunt Georgy, quite as if it were true.

Norma gave a short shout.

"Oh, Ken knows she doesn't like him," she said; "and as a matter of fact, he isn't very keen about her."

Lisburn looked at Miss Hadley, not exactly embarrassed, but as if to say that when you told a thing to Norma you told it to the whole world. Aunt Georgy was interested in his not denying the accusation. She had never before happened to meet a man who actually did not like Evie.

"You don't admire my little niece?" she said, in her tone of seeking information merely.

"No," shouted Norma from the hearthrug. "He thinks she's too colorless, too much tied up with inhibitions to be interesting."

"Of course, I see your niece's great charm," he answered; "but, as I said the other night, we all have our own type—the type that particularly appeals—and I am attracted to a more active, aggressive type."

"That's why he likes me," said Norma, with her mouth not empty of chocolate cake—"because I lead a great, free, ramping life. Isn't that true, Ken?"

"I'm sure it's true you lead a great, free, ramping life, Norma," said her aunt.

"Yes, and that's why I'm so healthy," answered Norma, and she danced a little on her flat-heeled shoes. They were large shoes, but then, she was a large woman.

Aunt Georgy was surprised to find herself a partisan. It annoyed her to hear her favorite niece dismissed as attractive to other men but not to this reader of human hearts.

She said almost pettishly, "Evie is healthy, too—one of the healthiest people I ever knew."

"I bet she has dreams," said Norma.

"I doubt it."

"Everybody dreams, Aunt Georgy," said Norma, really astonished at her aunt's ignorance of the facts of life. "If you don't remember your dreams, that only shows that they are so awful that you don't allow them to come up into your conscious at all."

Aunt Georgy was opening her mouth to contradict, but found that Lisburn was speaking.

"That's the theory, Miss Hadley," he said, less positively than Norma; "that everyone dreams, and that our dreams represent our unfulfilled and unacknowledged desires. A type like—like Miss ——"

"Like Evie," said Norma, a foe to last names.

"That type," Lisburn went on—"so restrained, so inhibited, so what is called well-bred, is particularly likely to have dreams and almost certain to be unwilling to admit having them."

He stopped as a slight sound at the door that led to the garden made them all turn. Little Evie was standing there—had evidently been standing there for some time. She had on a sky-blue dress, a large childish hat and her arms were full of cherry blossoms. She looked more than usually like a fashion plate of the '40's.

Norma immediately shouted at her, "You do dream, don't you, Evie? Be honest for once in your life."

Aunt Georgy, who was herself an honest person, was aware of an utterly unsuppressed wish that, whatever the facts were, Evie would say that she had never had a dream in her life. Instead the girl, with her blue eyes fixed on Lisburn, was nodding slowly.

"I've begun to dream lately," she said in a low tone.

Norma was delighted.

"I knew it," she said. "I'd have bet on it. It's extraordinary how one gets to know these things. Tell us what your dream is about, Evie."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Aunt Georgy. "Isn't a person allowed more than one dream nowadays?"

Evie sank down on the sofa at her aunt's feet.

"Mine's always the same," she murmured.

"Ah," said Lisburn, "a recurrent dream." He looked at her with interest. "Does it trouble you?"

Evie made a cooing sound like a dove, in doubt. Norma began to tease her to tell. Aunt Georgy thought she was tiresome, nagging and bothering like that. She told her to let Evie alone. Norma shrugged her shoulders.

"It's so characteristic of that introverted type," she said, "not to be willing to be frank enough to be cured."

"Can one be cured?" asked Evie, and she raised her eyes to Lisburn.

He was a busy man, and he had stood up to go.

"I might—if it troubles you—be able to help you."

"Even," said Evie, "though you are not interested in my type?"

"Oh," cried Norma, "isn't that like you, Evie! You overheard the whole thing, and instead of having it out then and there, as I should have, you wait and give him a poisoned dig in the ribs when he's trying to be nice to you."

Evie repeated in exactly the same tone: "Even though you are not interested in my type?"

"I'm always interested in a case," he answered.

They exchanged unfriendly looks. Then he came to the sofa to say good-by to Aunt Georgy. She was rummaging for a pencil among the litter of papers and books beside her. She wanted to write down the name of his book, but he insisted very civilly on sending it to her.

When he and Norma had gone Aunt Georgy turned to Evie.

"I'm glad," she said, "that you did not tell them what your dream was about. They would have been sure to make something horrid out of it."

"I couldn't tell them."

"You mean it is horrid?"

"I hadn't made it up yet," answered Evie. "Dear Aunt Georgy, I never, never dream. I'm always asleep before I get the covers well tucked in at the nape of my neck, and I never wake up until someone comes in and opens the shutters. Norma was so determined that I should have a dream—perhaps she won't be so pleased. Mine is going to be a hard one to interpret. Interested in cases, is he? Well, mine is going to be an interesting one. Wait till we get his book."

The book was left at the door after dinner, and Aunt Georgy plunged at once into it. She habitually read as a famished animal eats, tearing the heart out of a book, utterly oblivious of the world until she had finished. At last she looked up.

"Really, Evie," she exclaimed, "I'm afraid you can't get a dream out of this. I'm not old-fashioned, but I must say ——" She did not say what it was she must say.

Evie took the book calmly.

"Of course, I shall be perfectly innocent as to what my dream means, Aunt Georgy," she said. "Let's see. X, a young employe in a shoe factory, dreamed —— My goodness, what an unpleasant man X must have been! Now this isn't bad —— Or, no, that would involve mother. I don't want to drag poor mother into it. Something wonderful might be done with a tune—Old Black Joe, if only his name were Joe, which it isn't. . . . And I shall begin to do a strange and apparently meaningless thing—to have a compulsion. I mean—like buttering my bread on both sides ——"

"Don't you think it's a little dangerous?" said Aunt Georgy. "They interpret everything so oddly."

"Yes, it's dangerous; but everything is. If you do nothing, that's the worst of all." And Evie sank into the book.

A few days later, when Lisburn reached home in the late afternoon, he found a note waiting for him at his house. It was written in Evie's neat, fine hand, and said:

*Dear Mr. Lisburn:* Do you remember offering to help me in case the dream—of which I think I spoke to you—began to give me trouble? I must say I hesitate to take up your time, as the whole thing seems so trivial [Lisburn gave a little shake of his head, an indication that such experiences were far from trivial] but it would be a relief to me to talk it over with you, and I shall stop at your house for a few minutes this evening on the chance that you may have a spare minute.

He laid the letter on the table and eyed it sideways as he lit his pipe. Then he went to the telephone and called up Norma. He said he was sorry, but that he wouldn't be able to come that evening for bridge. Norma, as she herself had observed, did not suffer from inhibitions. Her emotions found easy expression, and her emotion on this occasion was disappointment mingled with anger. She expressed it freely over the telephone. Lisburn hung up the receiver sharply. Self-expression was all very well, he thought; but there was such a thing as having no self-control. It was necessary for him to have a calm and receptive mind in order to be of any assistance to this child who was coming to consult him. He must make a mental picture of her personality and recall her gestures, her vocabulary.

Soon after eight he heard her step on the piazza and went to the door himself. She entered with that timid, conscious, apologetic manner which had become so familiar to him in his patients. It seemed as if she would have liked to make fun of herself for coming if only she had been less frightened at finding herself there. The hand she gave him shook. He drew forward a deep comfortable chair for her.

"Now tell me everything you can think of," he said; "your own way; I won't interrupt."

She drew an uncertain breath.

"Well, I didn't think anything about it—you know how casually I spoke the other day—but now I find it is beginning to affect my conduct. I find I cannot bring myself to get into an automobile. I have never driven a car myself, but I have always enjoyed driving with other people; but now —— This dream of mine is about a car."

She described the dream at great length, though it was strangely lacking in incident. It was merely that she was driving a small car of her own—a very pretty white car with a good deal of blue about it. She was driving along a wide street, and suddenly the car began to skid, slowly at first and then faster and faster; and though her agony became extreme and she turned the steering wheel more and more, she could do nothing—the car made straight for the bushes, where some terrific but unseen and unknown object was lurking.

He made her go over the details of it two or three times. The shade of blue was about the same shade as the dress she was wearing, but he elicited very little more. She could not, she said, get any clew as to what was hidden in the bushes, except that it was something she was horribly afraid of.

"And yet," he said, "you go toward it?"

"Yes; but entirely against my will, Mr. Lisburn"

"You're sure you go against your will?"

Her voice was almost hysterical as she protested, "Yes—yes, indeed!"

"And yet you go?"

"No, Mr. Lisburn, the car goes."

"Don't you think you and the car are the same?"

She gave him a long wondering stare, and presently insisted that she must go. She promised, however, that she would do everything in her power to find out what was hidden in those sinister bushes. She was to keep a pencil and paper beside her bed and write down everything she could remember as soon as she waked up in the morning.

She hurried home to tell Aunt Georgy all that had occurred and was disappointed to find her aunt established at the bridge table with Norma and two of Norma's friends. It seemed that Mr. Lisburn had been expected as a fourth and they had been obliged to come to Aunt Georgy at the last minute to make up the table. Norma was still angry.

"They can't have it both ways—these psychoanalysts," Norma was saying. "It's always a Freudian forgetting—a wish-thought—when you forget an engagement with them, and something quite professional and unavoidable when they break an engagement with you."

"What Norma means, Evie," said Aunt Georgy, without raising her eyes from the interesting hand which had just been dealt her, "is that she suspects Mr. Lisburn of having had something more amusing to do."

Evie shook her head as if you couldn't be sure with men like that. .

"Perhaps he had," she said.

Then Aunt Georgy knew the interview had gone well.

Three days later, not having heard anything more from her, he came to the house late in the afternoon. He was in his own car, and he suggested that perhaps he could help her to overcome her repugnance to motoring. At first she refused with every appearance of terror; but soon she admitted that with him she would feel perfectly safe, and so she yielded and got in.

(Continued on Page 63)

# FLORENCE
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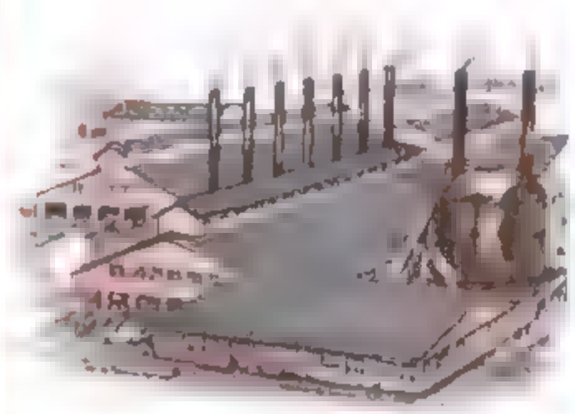

For Railway Buildings

For Industrial Plants

For Warehouses

For Barns and Implement Sheds

And other Farm Buildings

(Continued from Page 58)

She spoke little, and he could hear that she drew her breath in a tremulous and disturbing manner. At last, in a lonely road, her terror seemed to overmaster her, and she opened the door and would have sprung out while the car was going thirty-five miles an hour if Lisburn had not held her in.

As soon as he had brought the car to a standstill he took his arm away, while little Evie cowered in the seat beside him.

"You see," she said at last, "how it is with me? If you had not been there I should have jumped out and been killed. It's stronger than I am."

"I see," he answered gently. "Well, if it happens again I won't force you to stay in the car. You shall get out and walk home."

She thanked him warmly for his concession, but it did not happen again.

After this they had conferences every evening, as her stay at Jefferson was coming to an end, and she still did not seem to be able to see what was the emotional center of her dream.

The fact that Lisburn was trying to help little Evie soon began to be known, and the knowledge affected different people differently. Norma said that she should think Evie would be ashamed to take up so much of Mr. Lisburn's time, considering how contemptuous she had been about the whole science of psychoanalysis. The Reverend Mr. Gordon said that he had never been in any doubt that the human spirit needed the confessional, but that only a man in holy orders was fit to receive confession. The mayor was a little more violent. He said that it appeared to him that this fellow was practicing medicine without a license, and that if the law could not reach him it ought to be able to. He hoped it wasn't doing little Miss Evie any harm. Aunt Georgy tried to reassure him, and said Evie seemed in the best of health and spirits, at which the mayor, looking gloomier than ever, said he was much relieved. Aunt Georgy had just been telling this to Evie as she was about to start for her last conference. She was going away the next day.

"Have you decided what it is that is hidden in the bushes?" her aunt asked her.

Evie nodded.

"Yes," she said; "it's a black panther - a beautiful, lithe, vigorous, graceful, dangerous wild animal."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Aunt Georgy. "He'll think it's himself."

"Do you think he's a vain man, Aunt Georgy?"

"Everyone's as vain as that."

"Well, that isn't my fault," said Evie, and went on her way.

Aunt Georgy shook her head. Life was often like that, she thought—a woman despised a man for believing something that she had exercised all her ingenuity to make him believe.

Lisburn was on his feet when Evie entered, and as soon as he had seen her settled in the deep chair he began to pace up and down; like a panther, she thought, but did not say so; that would have been crude.

"Well," he said, fixing his black eyes on her, "you've found out what it is, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"You are clever," she answered. "I don't know what you'll make of it it sounds so silly." She looked up at him, rubbing the back of one hand against the palm of the other. "It's—it's a panther; just a beautiful black panther; a splendid, lithe, graceful, dangerous wild animal." Even little Evie was susceptible at times to embarrassment, and at this moment she could not endure the piercing stare of those black eyes. She dropped her eyes modestly and murmured, "Oh, Mr. Lisburn, do you think you can help me?"

"I'm sure I can," he answered; "at least, I can if I may be perfectly candid."

Evie said that was all she asked—candor.

"In that case ——" said he. He walked to the door and leaned against it as if the revelations he was about to make were such that she might try to escape before she heard him out. "In that case," he repeated, in that smooth, almost honeyed tone in which the psychoanalyst clothes even the most shocking statements, "let me say that you are the most phenomenal little liar, little Evie, that I have ever met—yes, among all the many I have known I gladly hand you the palm."

"Mr. Lisburn!" said Evie, but she was so much surprised and interested that she did not do justice to her protest.

"What makes me angry," he went on in his civil tone, "is that you should imagine you could get away with it. However much of an ass you may consider me, you ought to have known that there was enough in the science of psychoanalysis to show from the very beginning that you were a fraud."

"Not from the beginning!" said Evie.

"From the first evening. You haven't one single symptom of a person with a neurosis—not one. If you knew a little bit more—pooh, if you knew anything at all about the subject ——"

"I read your book," she answered, as if this put the blame on him.

"Not very intelligently, then, or you would have done a better fraud."

"You were willing to waste a lot of time on a fraud."

"It hasn't been wasted. And that brings me to my second point. I will now tell you what perhaps you don't know, and that is why you did it."

"I know perfectly well, thank you," replied Evie. "I did it because you were so poisonous about me that afternoon at Aunt Georgy's. I thought I'd like to show you ——"

"That is a rationalization," he interrupted, waving it away with one hand. "You did it because you are strongly attracted to me."

"Attracted to you!" said Evie in a most offensive tone.

"I am the panther in the bushes."

Evie laughed contemptuously.

"I knew you'd think you were the panther," she said; "I simply knew it."

"Of course you did," he answered. "That's the very reason you dreamed it."

"But I didn't dream it," she returned triumphantly. "I thought you had grasped that. I didn't dream it. I never dream."

He was not triumphed over.

"Well," he said, "you made it up; that's the same thing—a daydream, a romance."

"I made it up particularly in order to deceive you," Evie explained.

"That's what you think," he answered; "but it isn't true. You made it up in order to let me know you were attracted to me, for I repeat that you are attracted to me."

Little Evie sprang up from the deep chair in which she had sat at ease during so many evening conferences.

"You may repeat it until you are black in the face," she said; "but I'm not, I'm not, I'm not!"

"Don't you see that the emotion with which you repudiate the idea proves that it's the truth?"

An inspiration came to her.

"Then why," she demanded "the other afternoon when you explained so much why you didn't like me—why doesn't that prove that you are attracted to me?"

"Little Evie," he said, "it does. That's the truth. You are almost everything of which I disapprove in woman. I love you."

He approached and took her in his arms.

"I hate you," said Evie, in a tone too conversational to be impressive.

He behaved as if she had not spoken. She drew away from him, though not wholly out of the circle of his arms.

"I don't think you can have understood me," she remarked coldly. "I said I hated you."

"I feel more sure of you than if you had said you loved me."

"Then I'll say I love you."

"Yes, dear, I know you do."

She sighed.

"You're not a very consistent man, are you?" she said.

She spoke in a tone of remote philosophy, but she leaned her forehead against his chest.

When the story came out, as of course it was bound to do—for both Evie and Lisburn seemed to think they had been rather clever about the whole thing, and they told everybody—Fanny was deeply shocked. In fact, she owned that if she had been Evie's mother she would never have held up her head again.

"To think," she said, "of Evie, who has always seemed so dignified and well-bred and not of this generation at all—to think that she invented the whole thing in order to attract Mr. Lisburn's attention!"

"Fanny," said Aunt Georgy, "do you remember the first day you met your present husband? You twisted your ankle just so that he might have to carry you upstairs to your room. Well, my dear, you recovered entirely as soon as he had gone, and walked all over everywhere. A strange young man carried you in his arms, Fanny. If you ask me, I call the new technic more delicate and modest than the old."

# TOLERANCE—A Rimed Editorial

*IN ANONYMUSVILLE, on the River Dunno,*
*Just off the main street seven furlongs or so,*
*Lived a grocer whose name was the curious one Of Bunn.*

*This Bunn, though at grocing his life he had spent,*
*Was a man of pronounced philosophical bent,*
*And when not selling food or occasional drink*
*He'd think.*

*"The picture presented," he thought, "by mankind*
*Is enough to appall the contemplative mind!*
*Fit words my opinion of humans to paint*
*There ain't.*

*"Each nation and people and party and sect*
*Is loudly proclaiming the world will be wrecked*
*Unless every system is shattered to bits*
*But its.*

*"The French hate the Germans; the Germans hate France;*
*When a Ford meets a Cohn, both in anger will dance;*
*The drys hate the wets, and the wets all despise*
*The drys.*

*"Midwesterners think all New Yorkers are snobs;*
*New York gives all other towns up as bad jobs;*
*Intolerance everywhere taints, I declare,*
*The air.*

*"My life I'm determined in efforts to spend*
*This cat-and-dog state of existence to end,*
*And the problem, I think, by the plan I've evolved*
*I've solved!*

*"I shall found a great city called Tolerancetown*
*Where lion and lamb side by side shall lie down,*
*And Turk, Jugo-Slavian, Christian and Jew*
*Shall too.*

*"Though Smith and Jones differ, they therefore shan't fight,*
*They'll say, 'I don't think so, but maybe you're right;*
*It's only your crazy ideas I pooh-pooh,*
*Not you.'*

*"Thus my town, with its flag of Forbearance unfurled*
*An example will set to the rest of the world,*
*Which will thereby be saved from its present sad state*
*Of hate.*

*"And if I should discover in Tolerancetown*
*A citizen trying to break my scheme down*
*By appealing to Prejudice, I'll have the lout*
*Kicked out!*

*"I won't stand such people, I give you my word!"*
*But here he broke off, feeling slightly absurd.*
*He blushed to perceive his Utopian scheme*
*A dream.*

*His own words were boomerangs, for clearly he saw*
*In himself there existed the very same flaw!*
*So he went back to grocing and gave up his plan.*
*Poor man!*

*And yet, in concluding his sad historee,*
*I can't help this feeling from stirring in me:*
*Was Bunn, though his faith in his kuneh wasn't strong,*
*So wrong?*

—*Baron Ireland.*


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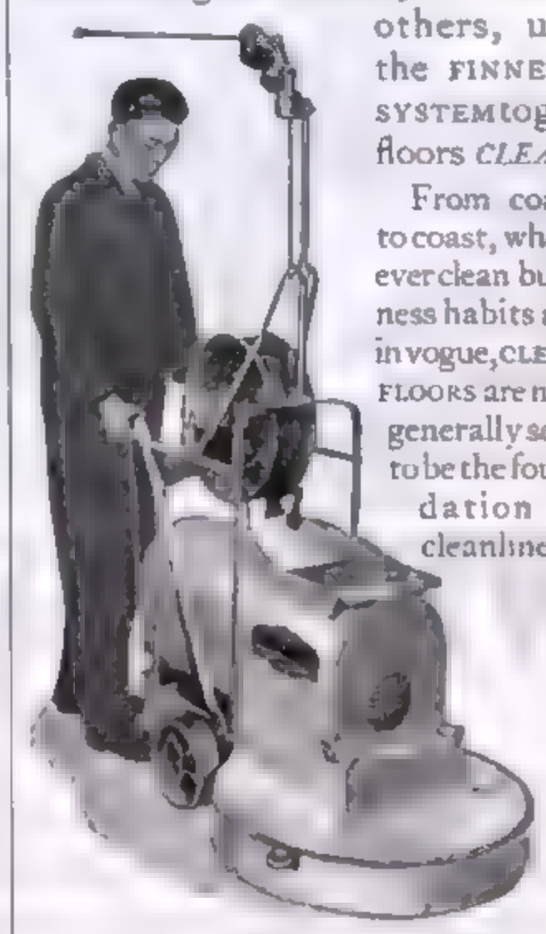

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# CAT'S-PAW

(Continued from Page 28)

A tall door jerked open and Anselmo Palomar, shadowy against a blaze of light, confronted me. His right hand was advanced.

"Ah, Señor Pressley! What pleasure!"

The pleasure was more than doubtful. Automatically I offered my hand, and my fingers met cold steel, the butt of a knife blade whose point was against my vest. I gave back an inch and my shoulders rested against the immovable chest of Gabriel Zalas.

"I come on behalf of Don Benjamin!" I explained hastily.

Palomar seemed to hesitate. The room behind him was a library without books; at a heavy polished table sat the fat Borrego and other men, many papers before them, their heads turned toward us. You'd have thought it was some peaceful directors' meeting I had interrupted. They were annoyed rather than alarmed.

A hand moved to turn down a document; even at that distance I recognized it. Feeling the light on my face, I grinned.

"You find my papers useful?"

Palomar shrugged and moved aside. A voice boomed in English, "Come in, come in! Thunder and damnation, boy, you have led us a chase for these! Began to think we'd have to cut your throat in broad daylight. You carried them as if they were diamonds!"

"No man likes to have his pocket picked," I said, grinning, taking my cue from that loud and hearty voice.

"But damn a man," he rumbled genially, "who has no bad habits! You never went out nights as a young man should, only sat gabbing with old Murchison."

"You certainly turned out in force to get them," I told him, recognizing now more than one man who had been in the barroom of the Hotel Central last night. "Did you expect me to put up a fight? If those papers are useful to you, certainly they were of no use to me. Why didn't you let me know?"

This was the middle-aged, Norwegian-looking man with the bleached mustaches; he got up to greet me. His hand was wide and hard, his grip overaffectionate.

"We had other business, too," he chuckled, and introduced himself. "Name's Petersen, Captain Petersen. You know Borrego and Palomar, I believe. The human weasel over there is Mr. Hartz; not so simple as he looks, my boy; the smartest engineer this side of the Atlantic! His excellency Don Martin Furriel. The Portugee lubber at the end of the table is Pablo Barbas, so called because he couldn't raise a whisker if he tried. Sit down, Pressley! Smoke?"

"Any relation of the Petersen in Mexico City?"

"Ashamed to own it. My brother's a fool. Said you were simple-minded; haw, haw, haw!"

"Ha, ha!" I echoed as convincingly as I could. The knife had disappeared, but the shrinking at the pit of my stomach persisted.

I don't know which I disliked more, Petersen's false geniality or the soft and liquid eyes of Palomar fixed on me in a sort of watchful perplexity. Just so he used to look over some rashly advanced pawn of mine—wondering what was behind it.

"Don Benjamin has been arrested," I told him.

He knew it; he waited, eyebrows lifted.

"I went to the American consul, and he said if we wanted to get ourselves shot it was our own affair."

"We?" said the stately Don Martin Furriel.

"Don Benjamin and I." And I took out the deportation order and handed it to them.

"Ah!" they said politely. "Ah!" And handed it back.

Palomar's soft eyes still watchfully inquired; it made me flounder a little. I had thought the suggestion would come from him. I had thought, you see, that Ben Murchison was important to them—his prestige, his craft in war; this, I guessed, was the other business that had brought them to the hotel—to see him.

I had to go on talking.

"You need him? You have been trying to persuade him to join you? Well, if you have force for a revolution, surely you ——"

"We have invited," said Palomar, "not persuaded him."

And his soft, womanish brown eyes were completely indifferent to Ben Murchison's fate; watchfully they inquired, "What else?"

"Suppose," I urged desperately, "they make him tell what he knows?"

"No torture," said Palomar, "will make Benjamin Murchison speak one word he does not wish to speak. I have known him many years."

And his eyes, dismissing that, inquired, "What else?"

There was nothing else. I rose.

"Sit down, young Pressley," said Petersen. "I don't know how you got here, but this is no afternoon tea!"

And I knew how a pawn felt, sitting out in the middle of the board without a thing on earth behind it. The speculation in Palomar's eyes changed to certainty, a sort of amused contempt. He had gauged me now. I was simply a fool who had blundered in here, unarmed and uninvited, with no reason but the foolishly simple hope that they might save Ben Murchison.

Just so he used to smile over the chessboard, this Anselmo Palomar, learning that some rash move of mine did not bait any hidden trap; just so he used to look, saying, "You move brilliantly, Señor Pressley; but you hesitate before the end."

This woman-eyed Latin! A faint surge of red passed before my eyes. I grinned; I remember the feel of it, as if the muscles that worked my face were not my own.

"It occurs to me," I said flippantly, indicating my papers on the table, "that I have nothing to do now, anyway. And by the terms of this little note from his excellency the president I leave the city tomorrow—unless I can be of further service to you?"

Their eyes would have been funny if I hadn't remembered the feel of that knife at the pit of my stomach. They had me, but they didn't know just what to do with me; I might be useful or I might be only a harmless fool.

Sheets of the timber cruise lay before me—columns of figures, you know, showing the standing timber on each hectare of land. Each sheet had a drawing attached; code translated into plans.

"Clever!" I said admiringly, addressing Petersen; he seemed the freest talker of the lot. "What are they? Surely you owe me that much for bringing them."

I picked up one of them and examined it; I couldn't make out what it was. Petersen thrust out his underlip, watching me.

"Plans, specifications, bills of lading, you might call them."

That told me nothing; that much was easy to see.

"Some sort of construction? What's it got to do with a revolution?"

There was a wait, a tension in that high muffled room. I found myself listening for the drive of rain, the roar of wind in the street. Why didn't it come? The feel of storm was everywhere.

Don Martin Furriel made a savage gesture. Already I had seen too much; I might as well know more.

"The revolution," he said curtly, watching me, "is a detail; necessary, but a detail."

But it was Borrego who gave me the key: Borrego, fat and smooth and sluggish like a pale Buddha only half alive, his dark eyes burning with that curious fire that I remembered.

"The United States of Pan-America!" he said sonorously.

A glance flickered between Petersen and the ferret-faced Hartz. More than one canoe was being paddled here!

"You are an American citizen," said Borrego; and they sat and watched me until I had to speak. I shrugged my shoulders.

"I was born in the United States, but nobody consulted me about it. Why?"

"What you can do is little, but your name may help at first if you care to lend it. And you shall name your own reward."

"*Guasa!*" cried Palomar. "Foolishness, I tell you! Washington will not interfere. Washington will not even believe. Why do you seek to lull suspicion where there is none? To trick a dummy, a blockhead, a man of straw?"

It seemed to open an old difference between them. Pablo Barbas spread his hands as if to say that he, for one, would

(Continued on Page 66)

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

# Five Washdays now

## ...*instead of one*

Woman is no longer a creature of habit ruled by the calendar. She no longer sets aside a certain day for mending, a certain day for cleaning, a certain day for baking. She mends and cleans and bakes when mending and cleaning and baking are needed.

In the same way, she has ceased to regard Monday as washday.

For the custom of doing the washing the first day of the week was never more than a habit ingrained in the lives of women through generations of practice. It was born of the housewife's desire to be rid of the worst of her week's drudgery first; it was passed along from mother to daughter through the centuries.

But when professional laundry service came to relieve women of this hardest of household tasks, the old prejudice that "Monday is washday" disappeared.

Today, Wednesday is just as much a washday as Monday; Thursday and Friday just as much as Tuesday.

You can send the family washing to the laundry on any one of these five days and be certain of careful, thorough work. Indeed, by choosing the latter half of the week, you may even secure a little more prompt service.

But whatever day you select, you have the same wide choice of laundry services. If you desire a complete, all-ironed service, you may have that. If you prefer only part of the ironing done, there are semi-ironed services to fulfill your wishes. And if you would rather do all the ironing at home with just the washing cared for by the laundry, you may have such a service. In any event, you are assured exactly the help you want at a price to your liking.

Today—no matter what day of the week it is—if you are not already patronizing a laundry, give one of these services a trial. Just phone a modern laundry in your city—they will send a representative for your bundle.

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argue no more; but his eyes inquired concerning me, "Then what shall we do with him?"

Palomar, his soft eyes contemptuous, made a slight significant gesture across his bearded throat.

"The United States of Pan-America?" I said, and marveled that my voice should come so cool and steady. "A great dream!"

Borrego's voice rolled out again, vibrant, fanatic; it came to me that the man was preaching his religion. If I were to set down an exact translation of his words they would sound florid and ridiculous—in Washington or in Milo, Indiana, where the Latin republics seem absurd, remote, comic-opera affairs. But make no mistake. Brazil alone is bigger than the United States; there are millions of Latins who talk that way, think that way. It sounds different when you are among them.

Already, he said, the grip of England was broken. The United States came next, the last great obstacle to the aspirations of free and related peoples. Already there was power among the Latins to compel the enemies of Latin union; and afterward a greater union that should be truly of America, not of a smug part that was blind with money. Rather fantastic, eh?

"And the capital," he ended harshly, "will not be at Washington!"

He was an Argentino, this fat Borrego; probably, if you had asked him, he would have said the capital would be in the Argentine. Don Martin Furriel would have said Chile; Barbas, no doubt, Brazil. But it didn't seem funny at the time.

"Yes; probably you have guessed," said the genial Petersen, watching me with humorous eyes, "that the first detail is to cut the throat of your beloved Uncle Sam."

Nobody, you remember, knew the full power of Germany then; but for a moment I saw the figure that his words suggested — that tall, awkward old man in striped trousers and ancient top hat, an honest countryman among cutthroats, and in spite of all my effort to speak stupidly, my voice rang hard, derisive.

"Yes? How?"

"Across the neck!" said Palomar, and twitched a finger on the map, there at the narrow neck of the continent; he seemed to relish that gesture. "How did you think? Under the chin!"

"Naval bases?"

"Submarine bases," said Petersen.

In those days nobody knew what the submarines could do, working in the dark. To me it seemed a feeble threat. Yet something, their careless confidence, perhaps, carried a sinister conviction. Sitting there, stifling in that high muffled room, listening for the storm to break, for the first time the reality of it came to me—the storm of hatred raging over half a world, raging and spreading. These men were part of it.

"Blind as the State Department is," I said, "will not the American Navy destroy them?"

"If it can find them!" said Don Martin Furriel. "Has it destroyed those on the coast of Chile? Do you imagine the Pacific raiders work all the way from Germany?" he asked.

And by their eyes I knew they didn't even do me the honor to fear me. They had gauged me: I was only a fool who had blundered beyond my depth. Probably I would not live to talk.

The door opened silently behind me; it was only by the quick turning of eyes that I knew a man had entered, a slight, dark man with a keen and steady look. I never learned his name; but soon enough I learned his business.

"Benjamin Murchison has come," said this man.

x

THEY were as thunderstruck as I was; no doubt about it. Their eyes went, not to Palomar, but to Petersen. Petersen's eyes narrowed and his geniality fell off him like a garment. And he did not say "Let him in" or "Keep him out."

He said, "Remember!"

*"Where is the Master, Gabriel?"*
*"I Do Not Know, Señor"*
*"Take Me to Him!"*

The man nodded and went out. Hartz, in green eye shade and shirt sleeves like some peaceful draftsman, was on his feet, swiftly gathering in the papers. Borrego, sitting across from me, briefly showed me a heavy silver-plated revolver and dropped it to his knee below the table top; I could almost feel the impact of a bullet in my stomach.

This was what they hadn't told Ben Murchison! I had blundered on it because I was a fool, but if I let slip a word of it I would not live to speak another.

Ben Murchison came in, stolidly puffing a fresh cigar, as leisurely as if he were arriving at some peaceful conference. His mild eyes fixed hard on me for a fraction of a second.

"Howdy, Buck? Decided that this is your Petersen after all?"

But by the time he spoke his eyes had passed on to Palomar, and he went on in Spanish. "Is this your house, Anselmo? Very handsome."

"You were in prison," said Palomar, his soft eyes narrow.

"I have not served in the army without making friends," said Ben Murchison carelessly, his eyes taking in the room with admiration. "Have you approached Colonel Arrieta? No? I advise it."

And formally, in the Latin manner, he made the round of the table, shaking hands, so that each of them had to rise in turn. Only Hartz did not rise. Borrego had to make a hasty motion to dispose of the revolver, but as soon as he sat down his eyes warned me that he had it again.

Ben Murchison did not shake hands with me, only nodded and passed coolly on.

"Seat yourself," Palomar invited him in the form of hospitality.

He nodded his thanks, moving away from the table to gaze curiously about the room. I tried desperately to get something to his mind; desperately I tried to think of some way, some word that I dared say to warn him of the murder that filled the place.

Then in the space of perhaps two seconds I learned why Ben Murchison had lived through many wars. Those mild eyes of his saw what they looked at, and his mechanic's hands could act while other men were still thinking.

"I never sit down," he grunted, "where men keep their hands under the table."

Where he stood, Petersen's wide bulk was between him and Borrego. Borrego's arm moved; Palomar, oddly turning to look at the wall, cried, "Now, fool!"

Fire streamed from Ben Murchison's right hand, not toward the table, but toward a curtain on the wall. A gun crashed, swung and crashed again. In the same instant I heard Ben Murchison's voice, incredibly calm, compelling my muscles almost before my mind took in the words.

"Heave that table, Buck!"

Only three of them directly faced him across the table—Borrego, drooping, a red spot on his face; Barbas half out of his chair; Don Martin Furriel swinging up his arm—in the act of rising I kicked sidewise at his long legs under the table. He lurched in his chair and then the heavy table bore them down.

I saw their legs kicking, Borrego's revolver on the floor; snatched it up and whirled and fired point-blank at a bulk that swung a chair over my head.

It was Petersen. I remember the clatter of the chair rolling from his collapsing shoulders, the sting of smoke in my nose, the calm voice of Ben Murchison snapping to my brain.

"Down on the floor, Buck! Get down! Get ——"

Smoke jetted from the curtain behind him. I saw him wilt as Borrego had wilted, curling forward, a big black revolver dropping from his hand. I saw the curtain bulging and the thing in my hand seemed to explode of its own accord; I even saw the curtain jerk where the bullet hit.

I was sharply conscious, as if I had eyes on all sides. A flicker in the air; I ducked and heard Palomar's knife go crashing into the glass front of a bookcase. I fired at him and missed.

Vaulting the table top to get behind it, I collided with Don Martin Furriel in the act of rising, and smashed at his temple with the revolver in my open hand. A club seemed to hit me in the ribs; I saw Hartz, with his green eye shade, coolly lift

(Continued on Page 69)

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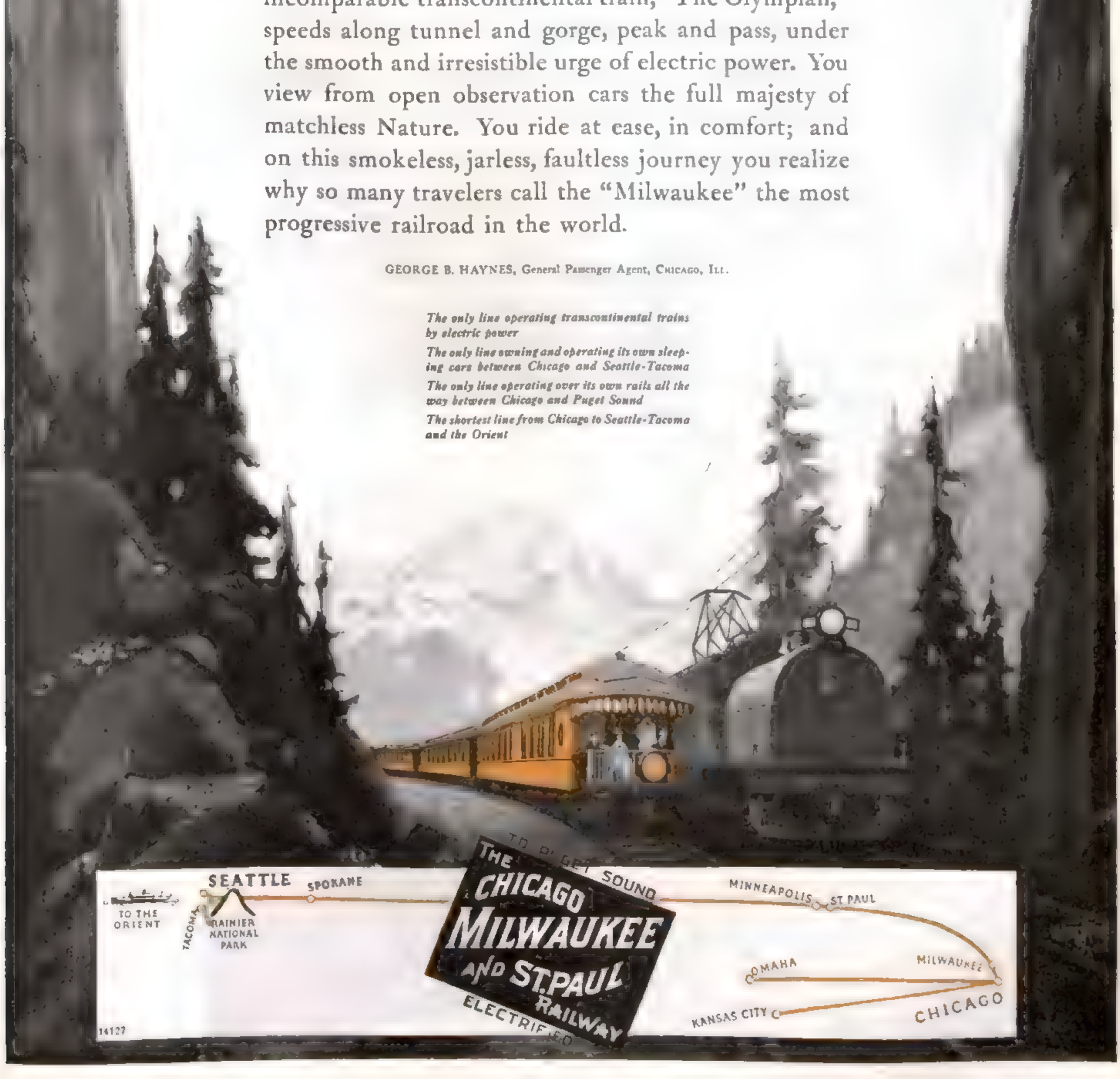

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aged in wood

that's why

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(Continued from Page 66)

and drop his automatic for a second shot. I threw up my hands and sank behind the table top. He peered coolly over it to finish me and I pulled the trigger with the muzzle an inch from his nose.

Somebody rounding the end of my barricade, smoke spitting from his hand. The thing in my hand spoke twice and Pablo Barbas fell clawing at my feet, one of his hands at the upturned face of Don Martin Furriel. Where was Palomar?

Through drifting, stinging smoke I saw him bending over the figure of Ben Murchison on the floor, jumping away in a queer fantastic dance, leaping solemnly from side to side, ducking, leaping high, empty hands outstretched. I knew afterward that I had shouted hoarsely, "Uncle Ben! Uncle Ben!" charging out, thinking of Palomar's knife; but Palomar had only been trying to get Ben Murchison's revolver. He danced away. Ben Murchison did not move.

I reached the door and opened it. Gabriel Zalas, himself in the act of opening that door, enveloped me. I remember his great arms crushing my struggles, his deep voice rumbling, "What shall I do with him, señor?"

"Hold him!" said Anselmo Palomar.

Now I knew why they called him Butcher! I saw his face. While the arms of Gabriel, linked through mine at the elbows, pinned me helpless, he got his knife from the wrecked bookcase and came toward me, his white teeth showing pleasantly through his cropped black beard; stepped close and turned the blade to slash my throat—smiling!

I kicked at him. He stepped back. With all my strength I threw my arms out sidewise, catching Gabriel's close under the armpits, hugged them and plunged forward from the hips. His great weight toppled over me and we dived headlong at the tiled floor.

His head took the shock. I felt his weight sag, felt the agony of his linked left arm tearing at mine, but my right was free. Palomar's foot came close to my face as he bent over us to strike. I thrust up into his stomach and pulled the trigger—wondering if I had a cartridge left. I don't remember hearing anything.

Once, twice, lightning struck in my back; but slowly more weight settled on me and I felt only indefinite pain. Where I lay I could see Ben Murchison, his mild old face twisted sidewise on the floor, his broken cigar still smoldering under his cheek.

"Are you dead, Uncle Ben?"

He did not answer. Beside him, at the foot of the curtain, lay the man who had shot him from behind; face up he lay, one outstretched hand slowly opening and closing, clutching at nothing. Then that, too, was still. I tried to tell Ben Murchison something.

"He says I hesitate—before the end!"

But I didn't hear anything. The light was going out, and nothing moved.

*XI*

BY THE pain in my back, my ribs, my arm, I knew I wasn't dreaming; yet there by my bed sat old Ben Murchison, or his ghost, chewing a cigar stump and gazing gloomily at the plastered wall. It was some time before a thought occurred to me.

"You're hard to kill," I mumbled.

"Mornin', Buck." He looked oddly sheepish, touching his scalp. "I'm gettin' old, that's what. Can't move fast any more. I knew I never got that feller the first time, but I had to 'tend to Borrego, and the lookout plugged me while I was doin' it. Lucky for me those fellers never can learn to shoot a man in the middle; always try to hit his head, whether they can shoot or not. Just creased me."

"How did you know there was anybody behind that curtain?"

"Why, I looked at the house before I went in. Wasn't no window there." It seemed to him the simplest sort of precaution.

"How did you know they were after you at all?"

"Well, didn't you see Palomar look cross-eyed when I mentioned Arrieta? He's the guy that had me jailed; come to find out, the Old Man never give that order at all. Arrieta was in with 'em. They knew I smelled somethin' funny and they wanted me out of the way. I knew that the minute I walked in, the way they looked. You lookin' like you been scared out of a year's growth; Borrego shovin' somethin' in his hip pocket before he could shake hands; Hartz settin' on some papers and wouldn't get up, and all lookin' sideways at that curtain. Why wouldn't I know it?

"But what I can't figure out," he said thoughtfully, "is why they had the gall to come to me in the first place, knowin' all the time I was an American."

"I can tell you that," I said bitterly. "Because you're an American! If I'd known anything about fighting I believe they'd have offered me the job."

"Too bad," sighed Ben Murchison, "too bad you don't know nothin' about fightin'! You let me know when you get all practiced up."

Now I knew where I was. The military prison. I knew the shape of that small high window, iron-barred. Lifting my head I saw the other end of the narrow room, iron-grated like a wild animal's cage. My left arm was wrapped in white, but it seemed cased in iron; bandages bound my ribs; the feel of prison made it hard to breathe.

"Well," I said, "I guess they wouldn't have taken all this trouble with me if they were going to shoot me."

Ben Murchison's jaw tightened and he looked away from me, not answering. I shut my eyes, but had to open them again. It was too real; drifting, stinging smoke, and Palomar's white teeth grinning through his beard, that steel blade turning for a slash across my throat.

"Say," I said hoarsely, "you know what Palomar tried to do?"

"He come pretty near doin' it," said Ben Murchison. "He was layin' on top of you, and I judge he carved as long as he lasted. Yeah, carvin' was a kind of a hobby with that feller."

He seemed to hesitate over something, but finally got it out.

"Say, Buck, the Old Man's got a pretty good line on it now, but there's one or two things he don't know. If you feel like tellin' him what you know, maybe he'll be easy on you—account of your bein' an American."

Somehow that was the last straw. Rage took me by the throat.

"Oh, very likely!" I said through my teeth. "I killed five men—six," I said, remembering poor, stupid, obedient Gabriel Zalas; "but the Old Man'll be easy on me—because I'm an American! That's a good one! That's —— Where's my coat?"

"You don't need no coat, Buck. You ain't goin' nowhere."

"I want to show you how much the Old Man thinks of my being an American! Ordered me out of the country! Nobody gives a damn for an American, but —— You know what those crooks were up to? Swedes, Germans, Chileans, Mexicans ——"

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison, "quite a bunch of them soldiers of fortune you was talkin' about."

"—— each with his own ax to grind, but all set to cut Uncle Sam's throat! They didn't dare let you know what they were really up to, but I blundered into it because I was a fool."

"That's what I can't figure out," said Ben Murchison, very gloomy. "Buck, how come a nice young feller like you to get into it?"

"I wasn't in it, I tell you! I thought you were in jail! And the consul wouldn't do anything, and I didn't know what else to do, so I went to Palomar. And the damn crooks didn't care what happened to you—and they played me for a fool. Had my papers all over the table, translated into plans for submarine bases ——"

"Whoa!" said Ben Murchison. "Back up! That's what I'm gettin' at. We know they was yours—them maps and timber cruise. How come?"

"Borrego stole 'em at the hotel!"

"How come you with 'em in the first place?"

I told him about that other Petersen, the lumberman in Mexico City.

"Don't ask me why they didn't send 'em by mail. I don't know."

"What you don't know," said Ben Murchison, "is the Old Man. He's kind of touchy about revolutions, and he's bound and be durned the Germans ain't goin' to work shenanigans here like they do in some of these countries; so his mail don't carry nothin' that smells like code. Didn't you know that timber cruise couldn't be on the level! Parts of the country no white man has been in yet?"

"I'm pretty green," I admitted wearily. "But why did they pick me to bring 'em? Why didn't one of 'em do it himself?"

"Anybody search you at the custom house? No? Well, that's why they picked you. You look respectable."

He grinned and got up, nodding to the guard in the corridor, and the door grated open.

"I don't mind tellin' you, Buck, I kind of hated to think you was startin' in the way I did. Durned if I see yet how anybody could be that innocent and live, but your yarn sounds straight to me. You take a nap and I'll see what I can do with the Old Man."

A peon brought coffee and I felt a little better; not much. It was some hours before Ben Murchison came back with a little, very neat old gentleman, who asked me in quaintly perfect English how I felt.

"The president. Tell him, Buck. Don't be scared."

Scared? He didn't look majestic or terrible. He looked tired.

"I killed them," I said, coming to the thing I dreaded most.

"Please to begin at the beginning, Mr. Pressley."

He offered cigarettes from a plain paper package and lighted one himself; sat on the wooden bench by my cot, seeming not so much to listen as to watch my face, his black eyes vivid under his white brows. I told him about Petersen, the lumberman, how he had filled me with glowing accounts of the wealth of mahogany in Peten, growing and rotting for lack of energy and brains. I spoke with sarcasm for myself.

"But it is true," said the president gravely. "Fortune is there. Pity that energy should be spent instead in war and destruction! Yes, they are *sutiles*, shrewd, these Germans, using the aspirations of others for their own ends."

But he didn't seem to be thinking of my case at all.

"They are not alone to blame. Personal ambition, that is our own curse. Anselmo Palomar was rich and honored among us, but he could not endure defeat; and he is dead."

"I always thought Anselmo was kind of crazy myself," observed Ben Murchison. "Only feller I ever knew that enjoyed killin' people."

"Please to go on, Mr. Pressley," said the president.

I told him what I knew of Palomar, of the fat Borrego with his crazy dream of empire. His black eyes watched my face; and wistfully, sincerely he echoed words that I had spoken in bitter irony.

"The United States of Pan-America—of All-America; I like the English word. Yes, some day it may come, God willing. But not through blood and violence, as that poor Borrego dreamed it.

"Your country," he said, and quaintly touched his forehead in salute, "leads to that day. You have power, yet you have patience with our struggles for self-government; yes, even when it hurts your interests you are generous. Always to give the weaker ones the—the chance; that is your way."

Ben Murchison and I looked at each other and were ashamed. This earnest little man praising our national complacency, our smug shortsightedness, thinking it nobility!

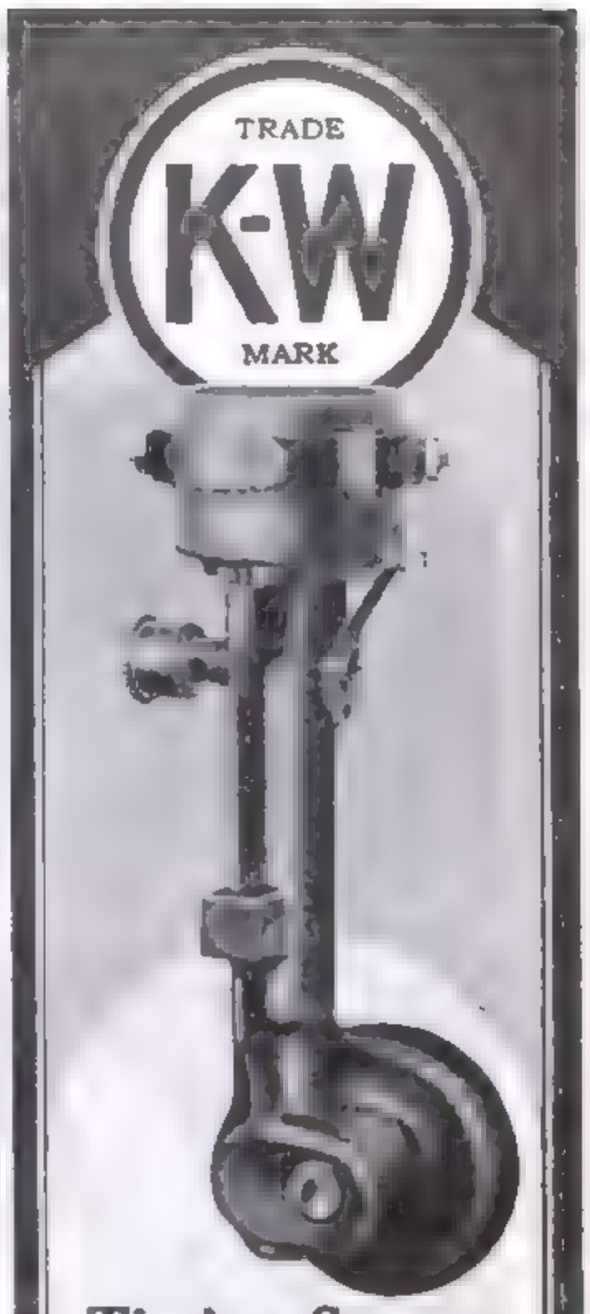
"You send us your great doctors to teach us how to live in our own climate. You welcome us to your great schools, spreading a common language, a common thought. That way, if ever, there shall be union among peoples. But most of all we learn from you—how do you say?—to play the games.

"Yes, you shall be surprised!" he said, smiling, uncertain of the phrase. "That is the greatest thing we learn from you—to play the games; to win without hurting, to lose without hating, to remember that tomorrow the—the tables shall be turned around! Our boys today play more and more the football, the baseball, the tennis; when they are men they shall feel honor in obeying the rules, they shall be good ea-sports and better citizens.

"We learn slowly, we Latins. Our blood is hot; we anger if we cannot win. Our rich are arrogant, proud of the wicked past. Our poor are ignorant; they cannot read, they must believe what they are told. You Americans cannot know the pity of that—to believe what you are told!"

He sighed, this tired little man, old in the service of his people; looked at me and smiled and indicated Ben Murchison with the wrinkled fingers that held the cigarette.

"Even courage we must learn from you. Oh, we are brave when we are angry; but my friend Benjamin was not angry when he went alone among the enemies of his country. He would not ask my help, would not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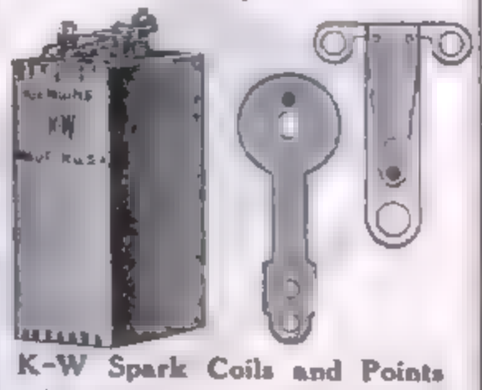

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even tell me what he suspected, fearing to betray a confidence more than to lose his life. Eh, Benjamin?"

"I wouldn't 'a' lived this long," grumbled Ben Murchison, "if I went around blabbin' all I know."

"No," said the president. "Courage with honor; that was why I believed you when you gave me your word that you ——"

"Well, Diego," said Ben Murchison restlessly, "that's mighty nice of you; but how about this boy? His yarn sounds straight to you?"

"Mr. Pressley, you say you went to the house of Palomar. But that was not the house of Palomar. It was thought to be unoccupied. My soldiers had not been able to find the rendezvous; how did you go there, if you were not of those men?"

"Gabriel Zalas took me."

"Zalas?"

"Palomar's servant. The big fellow."

"Ah," said the president, "there could be only one so big!"

He spoke to the guard in the corridor. Gabriel Zalas was brought in, not much the worse for wear, stoically resigned to any fate; stood shuffling, his eyes humble like the eyes of some huge dumb animal that does not know what is expected of him. He looked to me because I was the only one he knew.

"This is he?"

"Yes, sir. What are you going to do with him? Don't be too hard on him," I found myself pleading. "He's stupid, ignorant. The revolution means nothing to him."

The president nodded sadly.

"You know my people. The poor ignorant ones, they are many. From childhood they are taught obedience; obey, obey; if their leaders are good they obey; if their leaders are bad they obey." He sighed. "You know this man?"

"Yes, sir. He did only what he was told. Gabriel," I said, "what will you do if the *señor presidente* lets you go?"

"The *señor presidente?*"

"This is he."

The big man stared, half dumb with awe, muttering, "I am Gabriel Zalas, your servant, excellency."

"What will you do if I let you go?"

Gabriel looked helplessly at me and back to the president.

"I do not know, señor. I have nothing to do. My *patrón* is dead."

"You know this young man?"

"Yes, señor. He is very strong. He threw me over his head."

I explained that, adding, "But you can see for yourself that he held me only because his master told him to. He simply didn't know anything else to do."

"You Americans," sighed the president, "there is no people like you! Now I know why your government is patient with us when we are stupid. It is because you are good es-aports; it is your nature to be generous with stupid ones. Eh, well, I cannot be less generous. Gabriel, the young señor asks me to let you go."

"Many thanks, señor."

"You are free."

"Yes, señor." The big man shuffled his weight from foot to foot, looking expectantly at me. "Shall I go now, *patrón?*"

"Yes! Get out!" I said, making it definite for him.

"Very well, *patrón.*" He backed out.

"You done hired a man, Buck," said Ben Murchison. "He'll be hangin' around like a stray dog, waitin' for you to come and tell him what to do. Well, Diego, what about this boy?"

"Oh," said the president, "I have no doubt that he has been only a—how do you say—paw of the cat."

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison. "I recollect how the monkey got the cat to rake the chestnuts out of the fire, and kitty scorched her paw. Yeah; and I always had a notion that somethin' sudden happened to Mister Monkey after that."

"Monkey?"

"Buck's done busted a revolution for you, hasn't he?"

"There has been no revolution," said the president stiffly. "In sixteen years my country has had no revolution!"

"Not since yours," said Ben Murchison. "Have it your way, Diego; I will say you keep 'em pruned down pretty close. Anyway, Buck knocked off some mighty bad men that tried to beat him out of his timber papers. Or maybe you hadn't heard," he said solemnly, "that Buck was kind of interested in mahogany?"

The president's eyes twinkled in his venerable face.

"It should offer no difficulty. There is enough in Peten for a thousand young men."

There's irony for you. Here was the man I had come so far to see, casually offering what I had come for—now, when it didn't mean anything!

"I have no money," I told him sadly; "not enough. I never hoped to handle a concession for myself."

Ben Murchison grunted.

"Lost your nerve all of a sudden, Buck? Take him up on that. I got a sawmill."

"Get out!" I said huskily. "You offering to go partners with me? What for?"

"Well, somebody ought to keep an eye on you."

"But you can get timber as easy as I can!"

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison, "and what good would it do me? I can run a sawmill, but I hate to sell lumber. Always feel kind of meechin'. like I was askin' favors or somethin'. You're different; you like it. I been wishin' I had a young feller to run around and do the dirty work outside, and I been thinkin' we could hit it off all right. What say?"

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. I grinned and held out my one good hand.

"You will excuse me?" said the president, getting up. "I know you; you are Americans; you will talk business on the bed of death. *Hasta luego*, Benjamin; *hasta luego*, Mr. Pressley. You will come to see me when you are well?"

Casually he said it, as if you might walk down the street any afternoon and see him. It hit me all at once.

"Something is funny, Mr. Pressley?"

"If there's any way I haven't tried to see you," I said, "I don't know what it is!"

"I am sorry. But your connections, as I knew them, did not speak well for you, eh? It is customary," he told me, smiling, "for a stranger to procure a responsible introduction."

"Like I was tellin' you," said Ben Murchison. "He's the president of a country, and you can't just bulge in and see him offhand."

"Of a small country," said the president; "but the smallest dignitary, you know, must wear the most of dignity. There is formality, yes. But not for my friends."

He shook hands with us and went out.

"There goes one fine little chap," said Ben Murchison reverently. "Ain't exactly anti-American, is he? The way he was handin' us bouquets, you'd think Americans was somebody come."

"I give you my word I didn't know where to look," I confessed. "Knowing all the time that our foreign policy was simply half bullheadedness and half cold feet!"

"Well, I don't know, Buck. Maybe it's like the Old Man says. Like you gettin' him to let that big feller off. You know—because they don't know no better."

"They'd soon learn better," I said bitterly, "if we'd plant a few swift kicks where they'd do the most good."

"But what I mean," said Ben Murchison, going on, "England and Germany, they know better, and we let 'em walk on our feet whenever the notion strikes 'em. Just go bulgin' along with our eyes shut, lettin' 'em hornswoggle us right and left."

"This is one time," I reminded him, "they didn't!"

"Well," said he, very gloomy, "they tried. They're always tryin', and nobody else does a durned thing to stop it."

But there were brighter things to talk about. Malaria, for instance; sawmill supplies, and transportation in a district that had no railroads; the lumber markets of the States, waiting for mahogany from the vast hot forests of Peten.

And there was something else. In Milo, Indiana, I had dreamed of a world where men lived hard and dangerously; well, I was in it. The big chance was before me, a fortune to win and nothing much to lose. Yet it was something else that paid me for my battered frame; a simple thing, but hard to put a name to. Ben Murchison—shabby, thirsty, gallant old Ben Murchison—needed a man to do the dirty work outside.

*A Home*



*A Business*



*An Education*

# Your Greatest Ambition

A home, a business of your own, an education for your children—what is your greatest ambition?

The United States Government has a plan which will help you realize it. It is a practical system for putting away a part of your salary regularly in United States Treasury Savings Certificates.

You can buy a $25 Certificate now for $20.50 and get $25 at the end of five years. Or a $100 Certificate now for $82 and get $100 at the end of five years. Or a $1000 Certificate now for $820 and get $1000 at the end of five years.

If you need the money before the end of the five years you can cash your Certificates at any time. Read the 9 great advantages of these Certificates in the next column.

Lay the foundation for realizing your greatest ambition today. Buy as many Certificates as you can pay for now. Plan to buy one or more *every* month.

For descriptive booklet, "How Other People Get Ahead," fill out the coupon below and mail to Washington today.

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*1.* Treasury Savings Certificates are direct obligations of the United States Government and are absolutely safe investments.

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*5.* Registered in your name at the Treasury Department in Washington, and absolutely secure against loss or theft.

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*9.* Offer an excellent way to invest a definite part of your salary. An application blank will be sent you the first of each month upon request.

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Two Sizes:
*The big 50c tube for home use and the convenient 35c size for traveling*

# Answers to my "QUESTIONNAIRE"

## Thousands of Mennen users helped me to write this Advertisement

Last Spring, I ran a "Questionnaire" in this weekly. I asked the millions of men who use it to tell me specifically why they preferred Mennen Shaving Cream to any other preparation.

I have been working hard, ever since, reading and tabulating the replies.

It was the most wonderful and heartening bunch of correspondence I have ever seen.

I knew we had a great Cream and what it would do, but it certainly does buck up one's convictions to have this overwhelming endorsement.

### Let me quote a few characteristic paragraphs lifted at random:

**From a Chemist**

"—and during the course of our investigation we analyzed every worth-while shaving cream on the market, including yours. It was our general conclusion that Mennen's best represented the fundamental requirements."

**A Loyal Friend**

"I figure that the man who first put me 'hep' to so much shaving comfort was the best friend I ever had . . . tons of different creams have flooded the market since I first hid my face behind a creamy wall of Mennen's—but let 'em rave—I'm satisfied."

**A Law Student**

"—because it works well with any kind of water—cold or warm—hard or soft—and because of its economy."

**A Retailer**

"I have used every kind and never found one in the class of Mennen's. At every opportunity, I tell friends what I have found in Mennen's—after they use one tube they agree with me."

**A Lumberman**
**(telling of his first Mennen shave)**

"—and most of all, I looked forward to that pleasant after-feel. Jim, my boy, that was one thing in your copy I just couldn't digest. It was there, so help me. In the past, my face itched and smarted like thunder for hours. That afternoon there wasn't any such feeling. When I left the mirror everything was forgotten—except how good my face felt."

*If you had read thousands of letters like that wouldn't you believe in Mennen's?*

*Here is my standing offer:* Buy a tube. Try it for a week. If you don't agree with the thousands who have made possible this advertisement, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

*Jim Henry*
*(Mennen Salesman)*

## According to tabulated analysis, users prefer Mennen virtues in order listed

**(A large percentage checked all ten points, saying they could not choose among them.)**

1. (79%) The lather whips up instantly into firm, creamy, non-drying lather resulting in a cool, comfortable shave.
2. (74%) No itching or smarting.
3. (73%) Works equally well with hot, cold, hard or soft water.
4. (72%) Softens the beard perfectly.
5. (66%) Lather doesn't have to be rubbed in with fingers.
6. (64%) Keeps the skin in wonderful condition.
7. (61%) It contains no free caustic and won't irritate the most sensitive skin.
8. (59%) It is economical—about ¼ cent a shave.
9. (57%) No hot towels needed—no chapping in cold weather.
10. (48%) Blades last longer.

## THE MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

# OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yeh, I'm just scared to death the Ol' Man will up and tell Polasky the truth and then call the deal off," said Ben, winking at his friend across the table. "I reckon this is the first time any of you big production guys ever sold short measure to a customer, ain't it?"

"Har-har!" exploded the Big Un.

"Just supposing he don't call it off, boss," continued Gober. "Do I get a slice of the profits? That's a nice piece of money."

"I'll do better than that by you."

"How?"

"I'm going to fire you."

They gaped at him.

"Say, that's a swell way to reward a guy, ain't it? Holy mackerel ——"

"If I don't let you out, you boys'll stick round here, and ten years from now you'll still be workin' for wages and just as flat broke, maybe—only more so. There's no money in workin' for the big companies except you get to be manager—and jobs like that're scarce. So I aim to kick you both out."

"Gee, I'd hate to have you save me from drownin'!" exclaimed Gober. "I suppose your idea would be to shoot me in the head."

"You're fired," replied the manager calmly.

"All right. When can I get my time?"

"Tomorrow morning—tonight, if you're in a hurry. Same for you, Big Un."

"Shucks, you cain't make me feel bad," retorted the Big Un. "I been fired too often. Once they sicked the dog on me."

"Good! You're fired again. And now I'm going to set you boys up with a good rig so you can start in contractin' for yourselves. You can drill a well for us on the Hanratty north forty, as a starter."

Gober slowly put down the cup of coffee he had raised to his lips—put it down with extra caution, lest his shaking hands should spill it. He did not look at the manager, but the Big Un emitted a sound between a snort and a whoop and smote Ben one on the back which short-circuited spine with heels.

"Hear that, buddy?" he bellowed. "We're contractors!"

The ambition of their lives was magically realized.

How many thousand times had they schemed and planned, without ever getting any farther? How many hundreds of nights had they lain awake, building air castles doomed to burst next day under the reality of roughnecking?

The goal had always been far off and sky-high, glimmering more like a guiding star than a possible objective—and now they had arrived at one jump.

*"Now Back Up There and Stay Quiet! I Want to Talk to You"*

"Boss," said Ben, gulping, "I reckon you know what I feel. If ever you should want a man to measure a tank ——"

The manager laughed.

"No, I reckon once is plenty. I'll turn you boys over to the field superintendent tomorrow and you can fix everything up with him."

"You won't never regret this," was Big Un's contribution.

When he emerged from the mess house he was a changed man. The massive shoulders were thrown back, his chest was out; and although he responded to the chaff of the other employes good-naturedly, there was a difference. Those guys worked for wages—he was a contractor!

"No, I won't play with you no more," he said in response to an invitation to sit in a game of poker. "You fellers had ought to be savin' your money."

"Aw, where do you get that stuff?" cried the card keeper.

The pair did fairly well as contractors, drilling two wells as daytime jobs which proved good producers. They cleared several thousand dollars. Then Gober grew ambitious and undertook a turnkey job, which means turning over a completed well at an agreed price. The margin of profit looked greater, and hope blinded him to the risks. Unexpected rains set in. They had to shut down, yet the pay roll went on. They dared not let their crew go lest they should be unable to obtain another at short notice, so they sat in their tent out amid the tall timbers of a swamp and watched their hard-earned savings wash away with every inch's rise in the creek.

Twice they lost the tools and spent weeks fishing for them, and just as they got above where the sand ought to be, they lost them again for keeps. They were flat broke now, and no help in sight.

Simultaneously with this hard luck, the big refining and pipe-line companies slashed the bottom out of the price of crude in order to put some little fellows out of business and curb production. The periodical squeezing process was now on in full swing. It's queer how the pendulum of supply and demand sways back and forth. Up climbs the price of crude until the small refiner groans; then, after the big fellows have made long-time contracts to supply oil to customers at these figures, the price of gasoline is mysteriously cut because of overproduction; and, loaded up with the expensive raw product, the pygmies find their revenues cut for the refined. Meanwhile the pipe-line companies have reduced crude prices, so that contracts made on the basis of short supplies are filled with cheap oil. It's the sweetest game there is—if you're sitting right.

There befell a fine slaughter of fly-by-night promotion companies, and quite a few of the smaller production outfits blew up too. Among the casualties was Sid Polasky, with liabilities close to a million and a host of stockholders clamoring to know what had become of the huge revenues the Polasky Wonder Gusher had brought in before it went B. S. Their piteous plaints raised only empty echoes, for Sid had flitted—he and his beauteous blond buzzard.

So much work had been stopped in the fields that there was no hope of immediately financing any drilling venture. Moreover, the log of Ben's well showed nothing to brag about.

"Well, I reckon it's back to roughneckin' for us again, big boy," he said sadly as the pair sat on stumps near their cold boiler and watched Mrs. Casey giving the crew their last meal in the mess tent.

"Gee, look at those guys eat!" exclaimed the Big Un savagely. "There's a fine bunch of brake-weights for you! I swan, Ben, I'd liefer hire me a crew of boll weevils.

(Continued on Page 76)

*Retail price—including tax $27.50*

*Model 330 Stevens latest 1923 double barrel hammerless shotgun, accurate and durable—with all the Stevens 59 years behind it.*

## This is remarkable gun value

*In looks, accuracy and price—a very unusual combination*

THE price of the new Stevens double barrel shotgun—Model 330—is $27.50. An unusual price for an unusual gun. A handsome double barrel gun, with all the Stevens built-in accuracy and endurance, for only $27.50.

Barrels of high-pressure compressed steel—bored the Stevens way—accurate. And a barrel that stays accurate through the years.

Examine the stock—14 inches of selected black walnut, beautifully checkered. Capped full pistol grip, fitted with a solid rubber butt plate.

*The same good value through the Stevens line*

There's the durable, even throwing gun—the single barrel Model 107—a standard in its line.

Or the rifles. For example, the smooth-working, quick action little Visible Loading repeating .22. And this rifle—repeating, mind you—for only $16.25.

Or again the Favorite—a real favorite for three generations. A by-word for accuracy. Only $9.75.

Ask at your dealer's, or write direct for our interesting catalog.

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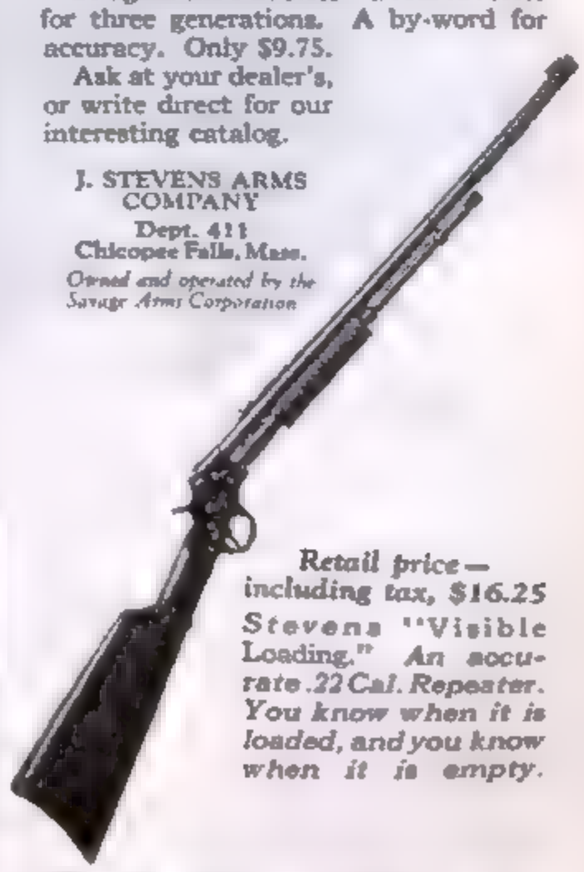

*Retail price—including tax, $16.25*

*Stevens "Visible Loading." An accurate .22 Cal. Repeater. You know when it is loaded, and you know when it is empty.*

**Stevens**

*59th year—largest shotgun manufacturer in the world.*

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TWELVE Dresses of remarkable value especially designed by Betty Wales for school and college girls and for the younger business women. Stylish and practical

Navy poiret twill in the following sizes 13, 15, 17—14, 16, 18 and 20.

Now on sale in every Betty Wales Dress department in the country.

If you can't buy Betty Wales dresses in your vicinity, write us for the name of the nearest Betty Wales dealer, or send us $22.75 direct, indicating dress and size you desire. Your selection will be sent to you prepaid.

*Every Betty Wales dress is unconditionally guaranteed.*

## Betty Wales Dressmakers

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Shave without Soap or Brush

MOLLÉ
-MŌ-LAY-
BEARD SOFTENER

With the finger tips simply spread this fragrant, emollient cream on the face, then use the razor. No brush or lather needed. You will marvel at—

*—the ease and simplicity of application.*

*—the velvety smoothness of the shave.*

*—the entire absence of smarting soreness of the skin.*

*—and the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires no healing lotions.*

*In extra large tubes 50 cents —at your druggist*

This generous trial tube for 10c. Fill in coupon below and mail to the Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

Name _____

Address _____

_____


(Continued from Page 73)

that don't know nothin' and don't pretend to know nothin', than these here drifters who think they're genuwine roughnecks."

"Well, no use to worry about it now. We're through."

"I reckon so. Will you tell the boys, or will I?"

"You do it. You're the biggest."

They paid off the crew, and the supplies company which held a mortgage on their tools took over what could be salvaged of the mess. Then Ben and the Big Un set out to land jobs.

They found it a lot different now from their periodical hunts in days gone by, for they had tasted of better things—of authority and the comparative ease a few hundreds can buy. To jump at the word of a roaring, short-tempered driller went against the grain. They often felt they could do it better than the boss, and several times they said so. Two jobs faded in consequence.

"I declare, Big Un," said Ben, "a man's better off if he ain't never had money. Then he don't know no better when he goes busted."

"That's right too. I'd ruther not ever git up than git up only to tumble down agin."

Under these circumstances it was perhaps natural that the pair should hook up with the first prospect who hove in sight. It happened to be Crap-Shooter Monagan, who had cleared up seventeen thousand dollars in an evening's session when he was hot, and perceived a chance to make a fortune by buying leases in a low market. His plan was to get hold of several thousand acres, form a company, sell stock and drill a well. That sounds legitimate enough, but the fact is that Crap-Shooter intended to drill solely to keep within the law. He was too old a bird to pin any hopes on getting oil; but unless he made a show of putting down a well, the authorities might make it unpleasant.

"Well, I hear you've tied up with Monagan," remarked their former boss one day in El Dorado.

"Yeh; we aim to spud in tomorrow."

"What do you boys want to get mixed up with a promotion scheme for?"

"We got to eat, ain't we?"

"I suppose so. But you'd best watch your step with that hombre."

In speaking thus slightingly of a stock-selling proposition, the manager voiced the attitude of all genuine oil men toward mere promoters. For there is a sharp line drawn between the two classes in the business. On the one side are hordes of ignorant, inexperienced optimists who have rushed blindly in, and hordes of parasites and crooks; on the other is a vast, well-organized industry, as stable and efficiently managed as the steel or packing industry, and counting in its ranks some of the ablest executive and technical brains in the United States. Yet the public complacently continues to lump them all together.

"But it's a daytime job, and we ain't got a thing to do with the company," Gober protested.

"So much the worse for you. But I'll keep you in mind, and just as soon as we start work again, maybe there'll be something for you."

Their start with Monagan was not auspicious. Crap-Shooter was not exactly a spiritual cuss, and he entertained few illusions; but he did have a powerful lot of faith in various signs and portents, and in fortune tellers. So he had made his location on the strength of what an oil finder told him, and the oil finder got his dope from certain mysterious rites at the hour of midnight with the bladder of a sheep. It may be that this is just as good a way as any of finding oil—at any rate I know of a wildcat producer which a negress located with the aid of a hog's hoof, parched to a crisp and tossed over the left shoulder when the moon was at the full, and every qualified rock hound previously consulted had laughed at prospects thereabouts.

"Somehow it don't look right to me," said Gober dubiously, when he inspected the location.

"Oil's where you find it," quoted their employer; "and I believe this ol' geezer knows his business. You'd ought to see him—hair and whiskers a yard long!"

"Maybe so—but we got to go down two thousand feet!"

Something occurred before they spudded in which confirmed Ben's intuition. About a quarter of a mile from their derrick a co-operative company was putting down a well. Suddenly, without any warning, the ponderous six-inch pipe shot upward from the hole, smashing the crown of the derrick, and rose and rose until the driller marveled that it did not break in two. He did this marveling later, being fully occupied at the moment in doing three hundred yards in 1:20 flat, with trench boots on. Even at that, he barely nosed out the fireman and the two floormen. Arrived at what they thought a place of safety, they watched. The derrick man had run the other way.

After shooting almost straight upward, the pipe slowly bent over and descended to the ground. There it began to writhe along like a gigantic snake. It turned and twisted around and over the boiler, made direct toward a grove of trees, circled this, returned toward the derrick, and then took out after the crew. They went from there and showed what real runners can do when pressed.

Changing its mind, the pipe headed back by a circuitous route; and still it issued from the hole, swiftly, evenly. While they stood watching at a safe distance, more than nineteen hundred feet shot up from the bowels of the earth without breaking off. Then there came a terrific blast and the last two lengths skyrocketed toward heaven until they looked like needles.

"Let's sit down, boys, and wait for 'em," he suggested.

When they did land, they dropped lengthwise and buried themselves three feet in the soft ground.

News of this freak performance spread quickly, of course, and Ben and the Big Un walked over for a look. Right there they resigned.

"One of the very best jobs I ever had done blowed up on me just like that, and it took pore Sol along, too," said the Big Un feelingly.

"Who was Sol?" demanded Crap-Shooter.

"The boss. They never did see hide or hair of him agin, but Miz Callahan, they call her a widow woman just the same."

"Shucks!" scoffed Monagan, who didn't intend to stay near the work, "there ain't any danger if you're careful."

"No? Well, you try it and see. But you'll have to hire you another driller," Ben retorted. "We're through. And what's more, I'll lay you a li'l' bet you have some fine young damage suits on your hands, too—if you can find a crew who'll stick."

"Oh, well, if that's the way it lays ——"

"Sure it does. Let's tear down the derrick, Mr. Monagan, and move it over about a mile east of here, on that Haley section. It won't cost much, and that piece looks awful good."

"All right," grumbled Crap-Shooter.

He was now growing in need of money, and no sooner was the derrick up on the new location and they had spudded in than he took a train for Fort Worth to launch his stock-selling campaign. It was a sizzler. In display advertisements covering two full pages, he announced that the Monagan Golden Rule Production Company owned seven thousand acres under lease close to the wonder field of El Dorado and was now engaged in putting down a well. He did not mention just how far his acreage was from proven territory, but the well was sure to be a gusher. He guaranteed that they would get a gusher, and topped this with a guaranty of 400 per cent on the stockholders' investment. Buried in the reading matter were sundry ifs, but they were in small type and quite too insignificant to catch the casual reader's eye—or if they did, they made no impression. Don't wait until the stock was all gone, he urged—tomorrow might be too late. Don't wait to write. Wire subscriptions and send along cashiers' checks by next mail and the stock would be theirs.

He also circularized thousands of innocent citizens whose names and addresses he secured from a sucker list, and sent salesmen out on fabulous commissions, and the money poured in. It came in a huge tidal wave. Honest men of enterprise often find it impossible to finance legitimate undertakings like a new railroad or power project, but the get-rich-quick artists seem never to lack support.

Before the machinery of the law could be set in motion, Crap-Shooter had two hundred thousand dollars tucked away and he didn't tarry for the postal department's inquiry. He departed for the races at Tia Juana between two days.

The first that Ben and the Big Un knew of his flight was when pay day came around without funds to meet it. Instead of a check, they received a special delivery letter from Monagan containing a properly drawn assignment to them of all his equity in the Monagan Golden Rule Production Company for "good and sufficient compensation received." That was all.

They were taken aback and indulged in some lurid speculation as to what brand of trouble Crap-Shooter might be in now, but later they grew jubilant. They might be broke, but didn't they own the finest wildcat prospect in the world? Sure they did! They'd be rich men! Within a couple of hours the Big Un was mentally endowing hospitals and establishing pensions for needy friends.

But the bubble burst next morning with the arrival in camp of a government special agent.

"Who's the boss here?"

"You're a-talking to one of 'em," replied the Big Un, striving to speak modestly. "Me and this other gentleman here are the owners."

"Huh! So you two are the Monagan Golden Rule Production Company, hey?"

"Yes, sir. I—say, what makes you look that way? I hope there ain't nothing wrong."

"There's a lot wrong. We'd like to know what you've got to say about all these guaranties?"

"What guaranties?"

The agent slapped a newspaper under their noses. "Why, this gusher for one thing, and this 400 per cent to the stockholders."

All was clear now—that skunk Monagan had cleared out, leaving them to hold the bag.

"Well," remarked Gober, with admirable calm, "he was a fool to run, because we've got oil here."

"How much do you fellows know about this monkey business, anyhow?"

"Nothin'."

"Less than nothin'," the Big Un corrected.

Further questioning convinced him that this was almost true.

"Guaranteed a gusher, did he?" Ben did not appear at all surprised. "Well, maybe it was nervy at the time, but let that there stand. I'll guarantee a gusher myself."

"What? Say, first thing you know you'll be in Dutch too. How can you guarantee a gusher?"

"How do you guarantee anything?"

"By making good if it doesn't come up to representations."

"Well, that's what we'll do."

"But how can you? A gusher's a phenomenon of Nature; a—a—an act of God, you might say. You can't guarantee it. Where're you boys going to get the money for the stockholders if it turns out a dry hole?"

"All the same, I'll guarantee this one," Ben insisted.

Try as he might, the government agent couldn't make Ben or the Big Un see the offense. Didn't the Blossom sand show exactly like it had in the Kelly gusher? Well, give them a few days more and they'd strike the Woodbine—if he'd take a squint at the log he could see for himself. Everything indicated a gusher. So why the Sam Hill shouldn't they guarantee one?

"All I've got to say is I wouldn't advise you birds to try it," he warned them grimly.

"We don't aim to sell no more stock, Mr. Ellis. And we ain't a-going to advertise. All we want to do is bring in this well."

"How'll you do it? Monagan's gone and the company's bust."

"But he owes us money, and he's transferred his interest in everything to us—look, here's the assignment—so why can't we go right ahead?"

"Because there's a bunch of stockholders who' own it too. That's why. They'll think this is a skin game."

"But they won't get a nickel if you close us out."

"Will they get anything if we let you men go ahead?"

"Listen!" said Ben earnestly. "If the Gover'ment will lay off and leave us be, Mr. Ellis, me and the Big Un will fix this up with the stockholders and we'll guarantee ——"

The agent flapped his hands.

"Cut out that guarantee stuff!" he cried.

"O. K. We'll promise, then, if you like that better. If only you and them stockholders will lay off for thirty days, we'll sign any contract you think's fair to protect them."

(Continued on Page 78)

Residence at Longview, Wash.—A. H. Torbitt, Architect

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Make sure of the *permanence* of your home investment. No matter how modest the home must be, make it substantial.

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P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

*The American Hardware Corporation, Successor*

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA


(Continued from Page 76)

"Well, I'll think it over," was the reluctant reply. "You'll have to square that with the stockholders yourselves. But first we'll have to get Washington's consent. One of you boys had best come back to Fort Worth with me to talk it over with the chief."

They thanked him, but with an abrupt, curious chill of their enthusiasm, for it suddenly dawned on both that neither had the money to make the trip. This difficulty being overcome the same day, however, by the sale of the Big Un's saddle and a loan Ben managed to raise on his solid-gold watch, Gober accompanied the agent to Fort Worth.

He was absent nearly a month. It was impossible for the Big Un to appreciate what he went through during those weeks, the Big Un being a roughneck and utterly ignorant of high finance. Ben admitted this, adding that he'd as lief skin dead cattle during a drouth as manage the affairs of a stock company.

"And besides all that, you leave me there busted. Why didn't you send that money I wrote for?"

"Didn't have a stamp."

"Well, we owe the hotel for a month's board. If it hadn't been the manager is a good hombre, it's like he'd have throwed me in the hoosgow—and a lot you'd care, you big bum!"

They were sitting on stumps in front of their tent. The Big Un pulled out the makings and rolled a cigarette.

"Well, we're all set to go now," he remarked complacently, gazing at the idle rig. "Some right queer things happen, don't they? Here we own two-thirds of a million-dollar comp'ny, and seven thousand acres, yet we ain't got enough cash to turn round."

"Ain't got enough to fire up the boiler, even."

"Bein' rich," said the Big Un sadly, "ain't what I used to think it was.

"I wonder if the boss would stand for another touch."

"Uh-uh! I asked him."

"Well, we got to do somethin'," cried Gober desperately. "Them stockholders give us only sixty days to make good."

For the rest of the day they canvassed ways and means. They went to bed without any supper, and argued and wrangled over their dilemma until almost dawn. By that time they had completely lost their usual common sense, for hunger and worry soon destroy perspective. They got up late and —— "I got just enough for breakfast," announced Gober, "but after that we're flat broke. Today's the day, Big Un. Either we do something right now, or quit like yellow dogs and go back to wages."

"But what'll we do?"

They debated this point all the way to town, and kept up a warm argument as they ate their pie and coffee.

"Ain't it a fright?" cried Gober in disgust. "A fortune just around the corner, and we can't make the turn."

"A thousand dollars would finish the job."

"Half of it would, if we had any luck. We've got everything on the ground that we need, ain't we?"

Town sours rapidly on men with empty pockets, and they soon returned to camp. With the deserted tents, the dead boiler, the idle engine and piles of pipe, it looked horribly desolate, and their morale took another slump. They moped around until late afternoon, and then Ben remarked that if something didn't break soon he'd go plumb locoed. Why didn't the Big Un think of something?

"Maybe we could git us a job," suggested the Big Un. "Roughneckin' ain't so bad, Ben. You know when you eat, and it's nice and steady and ——"

"And throw away this chance? Listen, big boy, we'll never get another like it if we live to be a million. And yet we sit around here bellyachin' instead of doing something."

"But what is there we can do?"

His friend's manner suddenly lost its truculence. "You've got an accident policy, ain't you?" he queried softly.

The Big Un threw him a swift glance.

"Don't talk foolish," he said severely.

"It's our only chance."

"Then you do it."

"But I ain't the one who's insured."

"Of course not," sneered the Big Un. "You wouldn't be—it's just like you."

"It wouldn't hurt so very much, ol'-timer—just a finger or a toe would do."

Ben's voice was soothing, his eyes eager and furtive.

"And don't you call me ol'-timer!" roared the Big Un. "You cain't soft-soap me."

"Think! We could start work again. You wouldn't have a thing to do but lay up comfortable in a hospital and eat your meals in bed. And I'd bring you wild flowers too. Gee, I wish I had your chance!"

"Cut out that bunk! I tell you right now I won't do it."

He jumped up in great agitation and retired to the tent, where he lay down on his cot. For an hour he remained thus, staring at the canvas wall. Dusk fell. It grew very still in the woods. He could hear the wild doves cooing. At last he got up.

"Say," he growled, "they feed you good in hospital, don't they?"

"Sure! You'll get swell meals, ol' settler."

"All right. But don't you call me ol' settler! Hear? And another thing—don't git the notion I'm a-doing this for you, because I ain't. It's only because I'm hongry."

He turned back into the tent and opened his battered suitcase.

"Say," admonished his partner, with anxious solicitude, "don't do anything till you've made sure you got that policy O.K."

"I got it all right. Here she is, right here in this bunch of letters."

"If I was you, Big Un, I wouldn't do it too close to the tent," continued Ben, his voice high with tension.

"Oh, it might hurt your feelin's, hey? I don't see what you've got to worry about."

"I ain't worrying for myself, Big Un. If I could take your place right now, I'd do it."

"Yeh, I reckon it hurts you more'n it does me. That's what my dad used to say."

He stuck his pearl-handled .45 in his hip pocket and walked off into the woods. Ben crouched down inside the tent. He suffered more in those minutes than the Big Un did. It was an agony of suspense. His hands clenched as he waited for the report. Would it never come?

Surely the big stiff hadn't backed out at the last moment!

Just as he was about to go out and investigate, he heard the bark of the .45 and sank down on his cot. A groan was wrung from him. Then the Big Un's returning footsteps; Ben hardly dared raise his eyes.

"Well?"

"We're out forty dollars," announced the Big Un calmly. There he stood, massive, perfectly whole and unscathed.

"What happened?"

"I always was a bum shot," confessed the Big Un apologetically; "and I hit ol' man Semple's cow—by mistake."

"Mistake! I'll bet you done it a-purpose."

"Maybe he won't find it out."

"Go on back and try again."

"No, sir-ree! I've done my share. Why don't you try it, Ben? Why pick on me?" The Big Un was growing stubborn now.

"Ain't that just like a boob? Who took out this policy, anyhow? For the last time, are you a-going to do it, or ain't you? If you don't, we'd best throw up our hands for keeps." Ben spoke with righteous indignation.

"Well, I'm willing to lose a finger, but dad-gum, I just cain't shoot it off myself. Honest, I cain't. You try."

"Uh-huh! I might miss, and then they'd get me for murder."

"Tell you what: I'll go git behind that tree and stick my hand out and you stand close up to it and crack down on this middle finger. How'll that do?"

"I can't, Big Un. I just couldn't do it. I'm too soft-hearted."

"It's me who'll be losing the finger, ain't it? All you'll have to do is pull the trigger. Well, of all the bums!"

It took him ten minutes to persuade Ben. The more Gober demurred, the warmer grew the Big Un's insistence, until finally he was hotly denouncing his partner.

"All right," the latter consented. "Remember, it's your own idea. Let's go before it gets too dark."

So the Big Un hid behind a thick tree and stuck out his right hand, with the fingers well spread. He shut his eyes and waited. Ben took up position so close that he could not miss, sighted carefully and fired. And there remained of the Big Un's middle finger only a bleeding stump. They bound up the hand and Ben made a tourniquet, and then the pair set out for town.

"Hurt much, ol'-timer?" Gober quavered, fairly yearning over the victim.

(Continued on Page 80)

# FEDERAL
## CORD TIRES

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to do business with an authorized Sales Agency that will insure him of a square deal on Price, Quality—and Service. Federal Authorized Sales Agencies are picked for that purpose. To back them up they must have tires that will give their complete value without inconvenience before the full benefit has been derived.

We are building high grade, wear-resisting tires which have an established reputation for their uniform quality and honest construction.

All that you can buy in any tire is raw material plus experience, equipment and labor plus the intent to produce quality goods—and the greatest of all these contributory factors is the intent.

We build quality tires that are giving great mileage. We mean that everyone to whom we sell these tires shall get from their use an all-round satisfaction sufficient to make them continue indefinitely to buy Federal Tires and to advise their friends to do so.

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Federal Defender Cords — Federal Quality—Lesser Price.

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FEDERAL
U.S.R.A. SERVICE TIRES

# DIXON SCHOOL PENCILS

IN just a few days the youngsters will be going back to school. Some of them will be entering the classroom for the first time—others will be stepping into the undiscovered country of a new grade.

Pause a moment, therefore, before you outfit your children for the school term, and consider the importance of good pencils. They have a greater influence on the development of the child than most parents realize.

The right pencils will help their handwriting—they will lessen eyestrain—they will ease and speed the daily, formative tasks in the schoolroom and in the home.

Make it a point, therefore, to see the DIXON DEALER in your neighborhood. He will very probably have the sign displayed below in his window. He will be glad to help you select the right pencils, crayons, erasers and other school supplies for your children.

*Send for Special School Catalog*

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*Canadian Distributors*
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**Look for This Sign in Dealers' Windows**

**PENCIL WEEK**
**August 27 to September 1**


(Continued from Page 78)

"Naw! It felt kind of numb at first, and now it stings. But it don't amount to nothin'."

The pair hurried to the hospital, where a doctor quickly did the necessary whittling and bandaged the hand, and the Big Un spent the night there. Where Ben slept I don't know. He probably found a soft board in one of the empties reposing on the railroad siding.

Early next morning he visited the office of the insurance agent, carrying with him the Big Un's policy.

"Shot off a finger, hey?" said the agent. "That's not bad shootin'. Let's see. What's the date? This is Wednesday—that makes it the eleventh. Say, this policy's expired, pardner. The year was up last Friday."

Ben could not utter a sound—there wasn't even a squeak left in him. He hadn't the heart to tell the Big Un; he hadn't even the courage to visit the hospital lest his face give everything away. Out from that den he went to wander the streets in a daze, after which he slunk back to camp like a whipped dog. Somebody else would have to carry wild flowers to the Big Un.

His head in his hands, he sat on a box for a couple of hours. From time to time he moaned. At last he rose and went to his war bag, from which he extracted an automatic. No, it was not suicide Ben contemplated. What good would that do his friend? He planned to return to town and lie in wait at some dark corner for one of the professional gamblers who infested the place.

"It'll only be gettin' back some of the money they've eased offn me in the last ten years," he argued with his conscience.

As he stood with his back to the entrance, oiling the automatic, he became conscious of somebody behind him, and whirled about. There stood an old, old man with a gray, drawn face. Ben hid his weapon.

"Is this where Mr. Gober lives at?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

For answer the ancient whipped out what looked like a young cannon and covered him.

"Stick 'em up!" he commanded in a rasping voice.

Ben's hands went up with a jerk.

"Now back up there and stay quiet, you hound! I want to talk to you."

With infinite caution, the visitor entered the tent.

"What's the matter? I ain't got any money—not a cent," Ben protested.

"I ain't a thief. I'm a-lookin' for one." Never removing his eyes from Ben's face, he took a seat on a box, still holding the revolver leveled at his midsection.

"I'm Myrtle's grandfather," he announced.

"Then what's the idea?"

"It's tooken me a good while, but I've come to settle accounts, young man."

Something in the deadly calm of his voice struck a chill to Gober's heart.

"Well, this is a fine business!" he exclaimed in faltering tones. "That's what a guy gets for doing a kindness."

"Kindness?" echoed his visitor. "You got the face to talk about kindness when you up and ruined that helpless child?"

A low laugh of relief and Ben lowered his hands.

"Don't shoot," he said, all anxiety fled. "You've got the wrong party."

The old man lowered his weapon, staring at him.

"Ain't you Ben Gober?" he demanded.

"Sure! But I never harmed your granddaughter, so help me God. I'm the guy who gave her a funeral. The man she done killed herself for run off."

Myrtle's grandfather passed a trembling hand over his face and down his beard, and huddled down dejectedly. In the space of ten seconds he was transformed from a dangerous man of purpose to a doddering wreck.

"You ain't lying to me?" he whimpered. "You sure you ain't the feller I been huntin'?"

"Positive. The man you want done drifted months ago. Sid Polasky was his name."

"Polasky! Sid Polasky! Why, he come from my own home town! What's he got to do with Myrtle?"

Gober sat down opposite him and explained. And on top of that explanation the whole pathetic story came out—how Myrtle had fled from home, nobody knew where; how they had waited and hoped, praying for the best but fearful of the worst, because her letters were so vague and rambling and were always postmarked from widely separated places. Her father—well, he never had treated Myrtle right since her mother died. Ben knew how that was—a stepmother is never the same. And then when news came of her death, he hadn't the nerve to do his duty, but up and got sick, and left it to strangers to send his child home.

"The whelp never did tell me nothin' about it!" cried the old fellow, shaking with rage.

"I was sicker'n he was at the time, but I'd of riz up from my bed and gone to bring that pore child home. When I did get the straight of it, I made up my mind to get even, and I sold my farm and come down here to settle accounts."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mr. Kincaid. This bird Polasky has beat it to South America."

"And I was fixing to kill you!" exclaimed the grandfather, staring at him dully.

"Oh, well, no harm done."

"And you're the gentleman who gave her a funeral! Boy, you're tellin' the truth? You ain't foolin' an old man?"

"It's the solemn truth, Mr. Kincaid."

"Then God'll reward you. I've lived nigh on to eighty years, son, and I've saw it work out too often to doubt—the good deeds you do bring their reward."

Gober laughed despondently.

"Then I must of lived a hell of a life!" he cried.

"How come? You in trouble, son?"

Ben told him all about it.

"Well," remarked Mr. Kincaid judicially, "I don't know as I've got the same confidence in this here business as what you have. But I've got four thousand dollars, boy."

Gober leaped from his seat. "D'you want to be a millionaire?" he exclaimed, seizing him by the shoulders.

"No, I don't. What would I do with a million? I'm an old man with one foot in the grave and nary a chick to leave it to—onless you count that ornery son of mine. And he ain't a man. No man's a man who lets a woman rule him."

"But I can make you rich. We'll take a coupla thousand and lease all this land that lays between the company sections for ourselves. I can get it for a dollar an acre."

"I don't want to be rich—I wouldn't know how to enjoy it." He paused, and his mind seemed to wander off into old age's borderland of dreams; but in a few minutes he came to with a start, shook himself, and said, "But I tell you what—this money is no good to me now, so I'll take a chance. I'll lend it to you for what you done for Myrtle."

About the noon hour Mr. Gober presented himself at the hospital, bearing a nosegay of wild flowers. Cunningly placed in an envelope in the heart of it was a check for a thousand dollars; and to this day the Big Un doesn't know that this money did not come from the insurance people. He smiled wanly at his friend and remarked in a loud voice, with a sidelong look at the nurse, "Ten thousand wouldn't pay me for what I'll be out on my time."

"Oh, you'll be all right soon, honey."

"Yeh," replied the Big Un, "but you done heard what the doc said, didn't you? He said the loss of this finger would sure enough spoil my tee shots! Har-har!"

Five days later Ben drilled deep into the sand, and with a roar that shook the ground and blew the tools into the next county, the famous Gober Number 1 came in, booming like a freed monster and shooting oil in a dense column high above the crown block.

"Thirty thousand barrels if she's a barrel," he said in a whisper as he watched the wonder. "Them boob stockholders'll get their 400 per cent, and me and the Big Un and Daddy Kincaid—say, maybe we won't be millionaires and then some."

## AMERICANS ON GUARD

(Continued from Page 23)

In passing, it is worthy of remark that in protracted investigation of conditions in the Near East I have not met a single American who does not strongly feel that the United States should greatly restrict immigration. Commonly the idea is expressed that twenty years ago the country should have shut her gates. Amazement is shown by these patriots, who see the tide of pollution at one of its sources, that the nation is not aroused over the menace to her institutions. This unanimity of opinion might be expected of consular and diplomatic officials, who deal at first hand with the applicants for immigration privileges; but the surprising fact, which carries still greater weight, is that many American missionaries and relief workers, who are giving their lives to the service of the very people who want to emigrate to the United States, are strong in the conviction that America desperately needs to adopt a stricter immigration policy. I have talked the matter over with dozens or scores of these American men and women who may be called professionally altruistic, and who are often dubbed sentimentalists, and I have yet to meet the first one who is not a sincere restrictionist. The only exception I have heard noted is that it might possibly be well to admit a few thousand Armenian orphans, but only on condition that they be distributed throughout the interior of the United States and absorbed into the national life. So if testimony has any weight with Congress in deciding the immigration question, the evidence of the Americans who know the aliens on their native heath should be conclusive.

Since practically all the Americans in Constantinople are more or less definitely involved in the present scheme to give America a slight chance in the matter of Russian immigration, it became certain that all possible checks and tests would be imposed. It is easier to fool a port official in New York concerning an alien than it is to deceive the person who has been living with him abroad. A series of blanks were drawn up, covering the facts of the Russian applicant's character and qualifications, all looking toward his being proved a fit candidate for American citizenship. His past affiliations and aptitude for self-support had to be given, along with his plans upon arrival on the other side. Acceptable witnesses to the correctness of the data were required. Every statement was checked.

Then an unofficial court of inquiry sat upon every applicant. Let no man say that patriotism is only a lip service among Americans abroad. Every day for weeks past, from ten to twelve o'clock, a group of eight experienced Americans—the ones who know most about the Russian community—have been sitting in the Red Cross rooms, scrutinizing the papers of every applicant and submitting him to a personal examination. It is harder to get into America on this list than it is to get into heaven. These are patriots on guard. They know, even if lawmakers and courts at home may not, that American citizenship is a prize that should go only to the deserving. They are a court of inquisition; and they are a spectacle to stir the blood of everyone who loves his country. I should like to propose them all for honorary membership in every patriotic society in the United States.

Eyes grow misty as one looks upon the Russian applicants. The local Russian community has been for long weeks aflutter over this possibility of the fulfillment of the dream of reaching America. Not for all is the boon. Only the industrious, with money saved toward the passage; and only the physically and morally fit can hope to pass the barriers that have been erected here. Those who have worked for and with Americans stand the best chance, for their sponsors are naturally the most responsible and interested persons. The whole proceeding now under way in Constantinople is a perfect illustration of the process that should attend the examination of every intending immigrant at the point of embarkation.

These Americans in Constantinople have overcome all obstacles except that of consular visa. No matter how keen the personal sympathies of the American consular officers, they must stick to the letter of the law. A Bolshevik drug peddler, if he can keep those two facts about himself in the background, has equal right with a Russian university professor when it comes to applying for a visa. So the greatest present difficulty is that of shepherding into line at

(Continued on Page 83)

# 6 Current Paramount Pictures

A James Cruze Production
**"HOLLYWOOD"**
By Frank Condon
Adapted by Tom Geraghty
Twenty-two real stars,
fifty-six screen celebrities!

**DOROTHY DALTON in**
**"The Law of the Lawless"**
Supported by Theodore Kosloff, Charles deRoche and Tully Marshall
Adapted by Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham
from a Pictorial Review story
by Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming

**THOMAS MEIGHAN**
in a Peter B. Kyne story
**"Homeward Bound"**
Directed by Ralph Ince
Based on "The Light to Leeward"
Screen play by Jack Cunningham

A George Melford Production
**"SALOMY JANE"**
With Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn
Book by Bret Harte
Play by Paul Armstrong
Adapted by Waldemar Young

An Allan Dwan Production
**"LAWFUL LARCENY"**
With Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody
From the play by Samuel Shipman
Adapted by John Lynch

**GLORIA SWANSON in**
A Sam Wood Production
**"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"**
Screen version by Sada Cowan
From Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play

**If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town**

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President

*In Cleveland at Loew's State Theatre*

*Paramount Pictures are the predominant attractions of the season, in both number and quality. They are shown amid every appropriate luxury of presentation.*

## *Check up the best pictures of the past to find the best "futures"*

ANYONE can think of two or three photoplays enjoyed very much.

But that's hardly enough to go by to tell who is putting out the worthwhile entertainment of today.

Make a list of two or three dozen of the best and *more than half of them will be Paramount Pictures.*

What are the great artistic and popular successes of the past two years?

Do you remember "Clarence", "To Have and To Hold", "Bella Donna", "Grumpy", "Java Head", "The Old Homestead", "Manslaughter", "Blood and Sand", "Three Live Ghosts", "Back Home and Broke", "Bachelor Daddy", "Lulu Bett", "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", "What Every Woman Knows", "Conrad in Quest of His Youth", "The Copperhead", "Sacred and Profane Love", "Sentimental Tommy", "Peter Ibbetson", "Male and Female", "One Glorious Day", "The Little Minister", "Something To Think About", and "The Blue Bird"?

No more artistic photoplay entertainments have ever been offered to the American public, and *all* of them are Paramount!

And now we have "The Covered Wagon", a Paramount Picture about which people are saying "This is the greatest motion picture ever made"!

# Paramount Pictures

# The charm of silver is Everywhere

Princess Mary Sterling

Lexington Pattern

Princess Diana now on the Leviathan—engaged and year from Sheraton, Trump and Lutz, Boston, table linen, etc., are an effective combination

WOULDN'T it give a touch of delight to your shopping today if you stopped at the best jewelers in town to see the whole set of Dorothy Quincy Wallace plate which was selected for the Ritz Carlton restaurant on the Leviathan. Chests of 26 of the most necessary table pieces in this design are $1[illegible], and go up to $[illegible] for 96 pieces. Princess Mary sterling silver chests begin at $88.25. Beautiful coffee sets of four pieces including the tray cost $45 and up. Shown on this page is the Ritz Carlton set which is $[illegible].

Every woman wants the reputation for always doing the correct thing. So, knowing that all her silver must match, she chooses the design carefully. You can readily see that it is not an expensive matter to have perfect silver and to have it all match.

If your favorite shop can not supply your Wallace needs, write us direct, addressing R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.

# When all the world loves a Lover

HONEYMOONING across the Atlantic—no wonder everyone on the ship smiles at you! No wonder you get the "flirting corner" at the far end of the Card Room where you and the-only-Man-in-the-World can talk of your future!

But it makes no difference whether you go on a great ship to Europe or visit a famous resort, you remember and always will remember every detail of this unforgettable time.

For music and flowers are never so sweet as when love is in them. Scenes and colors take on a more radiant hue. Even inanimate things like silver, for instance—have a greater beauty and smartness, which lasts just as long as love lasts. That is, if Wallace silver is chosen and if your love will last forever!

All just-married lovers are proud of their new home and everything that is in it. For today, beauty and refinement are within the means of everyone—even the very *silver* used on the luxurious Leviathan may be on your table.

Can you give a perfect buffet luncheon? Do you use the Russian, English or Mixed form of service in your entertaining? Send 50c today to R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn., for the Hostess Book which answers these and many other questions.

WALLACE *Silver* STERLING AND PLATE

(Continued from Page 60)

the consulate the Russians who have already passed the unofficial examination by the volunteer American committee. One thing is certain, however: there will be no minute when the American consulate in Constantinople is open, between May fifteenth and June fifteenth, that there will not be standing at the door an American-certified Russian with all the necessary papers in his pocket. Whatever Yankee shrewdness and efficiency and patriotic zeal can lawfully do is being done to purify the stream of emigration from this port of peril.

Probably the reader is already asking himself indignantly, "Why should it be necessary for private citizens abroad to resort to all sorts of schemes, at immense personal sacrifice of time and money, in order to do what is a plain and primary business of the Government?"

Ask that question of your congressman.

At least these aroused patriots afar are doing their utmost to demonstrate that, in the judgment of good Americans who know the alien amidst his native conditions, it is high time to take extraordinary measures to keep America American. The issue is far bigger than the shutting out for the present of a few hundred or a few thousand undesirables; they will probably get in later, anyhow. It is not a matter of succoring an equal number of deserving Russians who are judged good potential Americans. The very men and women who have given hard and costly days to the work I have outlined would unanimously vote in favor of shutting the nation's gates entirely. But they soundly reason that, since there is by law a Russian quota, a proportion of good material for citizenship should be included in it.

### A Case of Self-Protection

The larger concern of all Americans dwelling in lands from which immigrants come is that the American character and type and ideals be preserved so that our nation may disinterestedly play her true part in the affairs of the world. To denationalize America, as our existing immigration policy has been doing, is to do the greatest possible disservice to the whole human race. Nobody out here has any least doubt that it is more important to keep America American than it is to succor the Armenians or to feed the Greeks or to save the starving Russians or to rescue disintegrating China, or to do any other possible single piece of large-scale humanitarianism. For it needs no argument to demonstrate that if the historic American type of nationality disappears from the earth, then there will be left neither an agency to relieve the world's special calamities as they may arise nor a power to assure the preservation and ongoing of constitutional democracy in a tottering and menaced civilization.

The greatest single present force for world stability and world peace is the United States of America. Once let it become denatured and denationalized by the dominance of alien and un-American ideas and the jig is up for the family of nations. As one thoughtful naval officer expressed it, "If only the American people could see things from a foreign angle they would be more careful about letting in these people. But our folks simply do not understand the state of the Old World and how real the existing menace to civilization is. Therefore they let the sentimentalists and special interests follow a course that saps the very foundations of our country."

"How can you eat three full meals a day, and wear warm clothes and sleep in comfortable beds, when all around you are these thousands of hungry, ill-clad and homeless refugees?" So asks the sentimentalist of the American Relief worker in the Near East.

In the answer is found a philosophy which all straight-thinking Americans must weigh in these days of decision for their nation: "Don't you understand that in order to help these desperately needy ones, a worker simply must keep strong and well and rested? If he shared their lot, and possibly their diseases, then the worst of all disasters has overtaken them—not him, but them. It is a relatively small matter intrinsically whether one American Relief agent lives or dies, amid conditions such as these, especially when there may be a touch of the heroic, or even of martyrdom, in his death. But it is all important that he, as the one present representative of civilization and succor, shall be able to carry on and serve this host of helpless and hungry people who surround him. If he goes under, and his successors likewise, because of a short-sighted sense of sympathy and self-effacement, then all possibility of help for these sufferers disappears. The greatest service the almoner can render the needy is to keep himself fit to minister to them. Otherwise they all will perish together."

That very real situation exemplifies the relation of America to the world. The sentimentalist, who seldom sees farther than his nose, hears of the varied needs of the suffering people of earth and of their desire to emigrate to the land of plenty and he says, "Oh, let them come to America! We have abundance here, so open wide the gates and bid them welcome. Congress must let down all bars in order to admit these poor, persecuted, hungry, homeless creatures." To accept this benevolent philosophy means, of course, that the same thing would happen to America as a nation that would happen to the relief worker if he got down to the level of the hordes whom he hopes to help. The distinctive character and ability of America would disappear. All the world would be leveled down to one common plane of helplessness and hopelessness. The characteristic qualities which make America American would be submerged by a flood of baser traits. Gone would be the light of idealism and altruism which has made America the world's missionary and almoner nation. An immediate few millions would be succored, at the expense of all civilization. The very worst that could befall the human race, at the present time, would be for the unique and providential American type of character to be merged into the Old World's mad maelstrom of misery.

This is not selfishness. It is not merely to save America herself that we should fly the flag, Keep America American, but primarily in order to save an imperiled civilization. When I left the States there was a terrific hullabaloo being raised, especially in religious circles, to force America both to intervene in Turkey and also to open her gates to admit Christian refugees from Asia Minor, Greeks and Armenians. Naturally, I expected to find the fountainhead of this propaganda in the headquarters of the relief agencies out here, where the urgency of the case is best understood. Instead, in talking over the matter with the officials of highest responsibility at the headquarters of the Americans in charge of the refugees and the orphans, I found them ardent advocates of a stricter immigration policy. They are utterly opposed to dumping these people who are in their care into America. They see the real menace involved in the unassimilability of these Asiatic refugees. "What I can't understand," said the chief of the American Relief workers, "is why our country did not shut the gates twenty years ago."

### Idlers and Parasites

One educated American out here argues, on the basis of some expert sociological report he has read, that if we had long ago debarred the aliens of Eastern and Southern Europe and of Asia, the population of the United States would be quite as great as it is today, with all citizens of the historic American type; and that there would be no dearth of men to do the physical labor; for the old American notions respecting hard work would not have been altered by the European invasion.

The way in which these Americans abroad debate and discuss the country's problems is really affecting. Patriotism is a passion with these expatriates. Times without number, in many parts of the world, when a traveler recently from the homeland has yielded to the invitation to tell groups of Americans about conditions in the States, I have heard them, with tears in their eyes, cheer fervently for the old land and flag. To them there is a definite meaning in the historic and spiritual significance of the United States.

From afar they have caught a vision of the genius of the country and of the importance of its preservation.

Bluntly stated, the immigrationists put other considerations ahead of the interests of America. Those societies that promote emigration to the States cannot be expected to look at the subject from the American viewpoint; their interest is quite otherwise.

A Middle West politician was recently in Constantinople, at the expense of the Near East Relief. He took occasion, immediately upon his arrival, to make a plea for immigration before the American Luncheon Club, on the ground of the shortage of labor in America. He may have wondered why his burning words fell so cold upon his listeners' ears. Had he been better acquainted with these Americans he would have known that all of them have matured convictions upon this subject. Out here these independent Yankees are even guilty of the lese majesty of suggesting that there is a large army of idle politicians in America who could profitably be employed on the farms, in the mines and in the mills. From this distance we look upon the myriads of white-collar parasites, the nonproducers who are selling stocks and bonds, the youths who are doing women's work in stores and offices, and the lounge lizards and the vitiated habitués of cabarets and dance halls and street corners, and we dare to believe that they and the country would be bettered if they could all learn the old-fashioned American ideals of the dignity of labor. It is not a shortage of man power that ails America, but a misapplication of our present abundant supply.

We used to talk this subject over frequently at mess tables in France—there was the great forum for the discussion of national and international questions—and I never heard officers come to any other conclusion than this: "In this man's army, practically everybody has learned to use pick and shovel. On the whole, in spite of a lot of noisy grouching, the men like it. They have found that it is good for their bodies and for their minds; they eat heartily and sleep soundly. And the primitive man that is in every one of us feels proud of his ability to function physically, to exercise his sheer elemental strength—in short, to do a man's job. The A. E. F. has learned the dignity of labor."

### Low Standards of Honesty

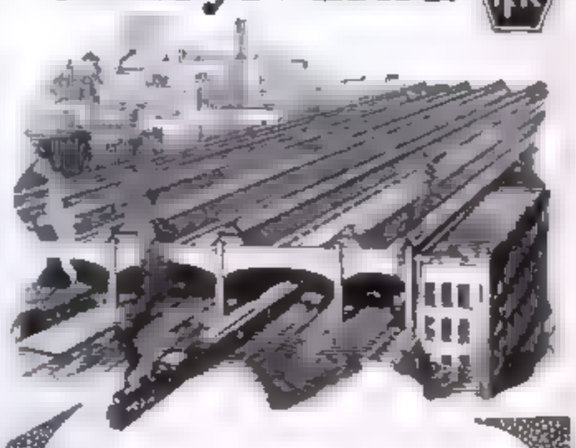
So far as the Near East is concerned, little of the emigration goes in for hard manual tasks. It prefers merchandising and restaurant keeping; much of it becomes straightway a public charge. The manner in which the refugees here squat down to the job of being charity-fed refugees, as a permanent profession, is illuminating. Anybody who has fully and patiently specialized upon the refugee problem is impressed most of all by this un-American trait of supineness and fatalism, of succumbing to existing conditions. A world removed in spirit from pioneering Americans are these men and women who so often spurn work, if they may but eat the easy bread of charity. Any relief agent in Turkey can tell numerous stories of the drastic measures necessary to force recipients of aid to move on to better conditions or to self-support. The Orient, near and far, likes to sit under the shadow of some bountiful hand. Our code of independence and self-respect is not its code.

This ineradicable difference between the Levantine mind and the American mind crops out at every turn. One trifling incident will illustrate. On the Orient Express I met an upstanding American from North Carolina who has spent seventeen years in the Near East as an American Tobacco Company agent. He was accompanied by a wealthy native of these parts, now a British citizen and an educated man. I shall not mention his race, for he might have represented any one of half a dozen peoples out here. At Belgrad the Anglo-Levantine had to buy a railway ticket. In a few minutes he came up to the two Americans, chuckling: "That agent did me out of four francs on exchange. But he made a mistake of ten francs on the price of my ticket. He cheated me and I cheated him, so honors are easy."

North Carolina looked at Pennsylvania, and then we changed the subject. Both of us were thinking the same thing. That Oriental had nothing within his own character that would prevent him from cheating when he had a chance. Because he was defrauded, he was justified, he felt, in a twofold fraud himself. Such a thing as the Anglo-Saxon conception of self-respect, which makes a man do right because he is himself, was outside his experience or comprehension. Whereupon, when North Carolina and Pennsylvania were alone, they collogued at length upon the vitiating influence upon the standard American qualities of the infiltration of Levantine methods of thought; and of the need of saving America in order that she may some day stiffen up the moral backbone of these slack peoples.

(Continued on Page 86)


Pennsylvania



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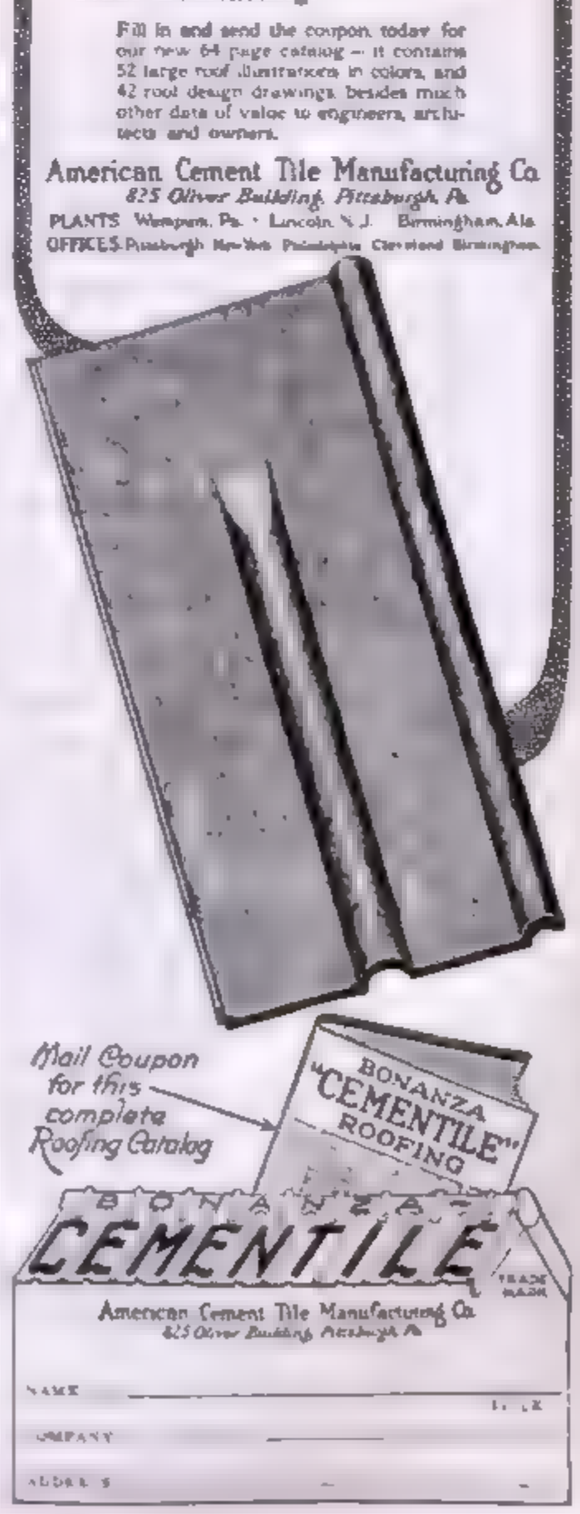


# Why U. S. Rubber Products enjoy such an Enviable Reputation for Uniform Quality

AT one time or another—probably many times—you have used some article made of or containing rubber, and bearing the celebrated "U. S." Mark of Quality.

It may have been a pair of Keds, or "U. S." Rubbers or Rubber Boots—or a Raynster—or a length of Garden Hose—or a sheet of "Rainbow" Packing—or a Hot Water Bottle—or a Royal Cord Tire.

But whatever the specific item, large or small, you found it showing an exceptionally high standard of quality.

### *Positive Control of Raw Materials*

Much of this exceptional "U. S." quality is the inevitable outcome of the ideals and experience of the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world.

But even the highest order of skill and ideals and integrity can *go only so far* in manufacture unless the *quality of raw materials* is under positive control.

The source of all crude rubber is the Rubber Latex.

Rubber Latex is the milky fluid which flows from a rubber tree when it is tapped.

In furthering its ideals of what rubber should be and do about 15 years ago the United States Rubber Company started to gain control of its own supply of rubber latex—uniform in quality and adequate in quantity.

This Company owns and operates today rubber plantations totalling 172 square miles in Sumatra and on the Malay Peninsula.

It has 5,000,000 rubber trees—selected specimens of *Hevea Braziliensis*, planted and cultivated as intensively as an orchard of prize fruit trees.

It produces its rubber latex to the extent of millions of gallons every year—uniform in quality.

It has practically unlimited facilities for expansion as more trees are planted—and as the plantations now bearing come into fuller maturity.

It is the only rubber manufacturing company in the world that grows its own rubber in any considerable quantity.

* * *

Now—even if this were all, you would probably agree that it in itself would be enough to give "U. S." Rubber Products the preference among buyers and users of rubber goods.

But this is *not* all, by any means.

A few weeks ago, the United States Rubber Company announced its new *Sprayed Rubber*.

*Sprayed Rubber* is the product of a new method of treating rubber latex.

It is the *first truly scientific* method—because it is the first that works *with* the natural qualities of the latex instead of against them.

Briefly, it sprays the latex in a snow white mist into pure superheated air—driving the water out—nothing else.

It does away both with the old primitive smoke treatment, and the acid treatment of the latex, the only two methods known before.

### *One Hundred Per Cent Pure Rubber*

It delivers 100% pure virgin rubber solids—free from smoke and acid residues.

In the panel on the right you will see the names of a few of the outstanding "U. S." Rubber Products to the manufacture of which *Sprayed Rubber* is applicable.

These products are uniform in quality, service and value. They are under the direct control of this Company every step of the way, beginning with the tapping of the latex from the rubber tree.

At the same time that this Company announced *Sprayed Rubber*, it also

announced two other discoveries of major importance—with special application to *Cord Tires:*

### *The new Web Cord*

### *The new Flat-Band Method of Building a Cord Tire*

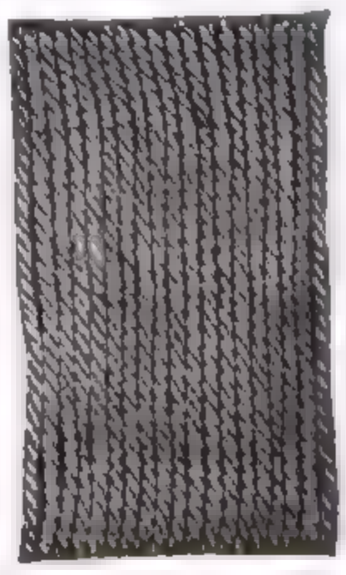
For some time now, motorists of this country have been riding on "U.S." Royal Cord Tires built on a *new principle.* Unannounced, but delivering a service that has been unquestionably the outstanding tire performance since the beginning of the automobile.

This may explain perhaps why you hear people saying everywhere that "U.S." Royal Cords are the most *uniform* tires made.

*An enlarged photograph of a section of tire made with Web Cord*

*An enlarged photograph of a section of tire made with ordinary Cord Fabric*

*An enlarged photograph of a piece of the new Web Cord. Every cord completely impregnated with pure rubber. The position of the cords absolutely uniform. No tie-threads.*



*An enlarged photograph of a piece of ordinary cord fabric. Note the cross tie-threads, which have a sawing action in a finished tire, and the irregularity of position of the cords.*

*Web Cord* is the first true *rubber-webbed* cord structure. It depends entirely on the United States Rubber Company's control of an adequate supply of pure rubber latex.

Rubber Latex is brought in steamers' tanks from this Company's Far East Plantations to America.

Tire cords are immersed in the latex.

The cords *soak up* the latex. It penetrates into, between and through all the fibres of the cords. Chemical solutions of rubber merely surround the cords.

Then the impregnated cords are laid side by side into a *Web Cord* sheet.

Web Cord is free from cross tie-threads such as are used in ordinary cord fabric. It is free from internal causes of friction. It is highly resistant to puncture and wear, ensuring long and uniform service.

### *The Improved Method of Building Tires*

The *Flat-Band Method* of building a Cord Tire is the first tire-building method to ensure equal length, equal angle, and equal tension of *all* the cords in the tire.

The tire is built *flat* on a drum. This gives for the first time *scientific precision in laying the plies.*

This flat band is then gently formed to tire shape by an easy air pressure, so that every thread moves freely to its normal position in the finished tire.

There is no variation in the twist of the individual cords. Each accepts its proportionate share of the load on the finished tire. No disproportionate strain can be laid on any cord.

The result is a *uniform* tire, equalized throughout in resiliency and resistance to wear.

A cord tire which fulfills, at last, the conception of what a cord tire should be and do.

• • •

These three discoveries date the beginning of a new science of rubber manufacture—of the greatest interest to the 110,000,000 American users of all kinds of manufactured rubber.

They were developed by the technicians of the United States Rubber Company, and are its exclusive property.

## For "U.S." Products Exclusively

•

Thousands of tons of pure rubber are produced on the "U.S." plantation every year *—for United States Rubber Company products exclusively:*

"U.S." Rubber Footwear—"U.S." Royal Cord Tires—"U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels—"U.S." Royal Golf Balls—Keds—Water-bottles, Gloves, Tubing, and other surgical and household rubber goods—Raynster Raincoats—"U.S." Rubber Hose—"U.S." Belting, Packing and Gaskets—Naugahyde Luggage—Paracore Insulated Wire—"U.S." Tile and Usco Sheet Flooring—Radio Parts, Battery Jars, and other hard rubber goods.

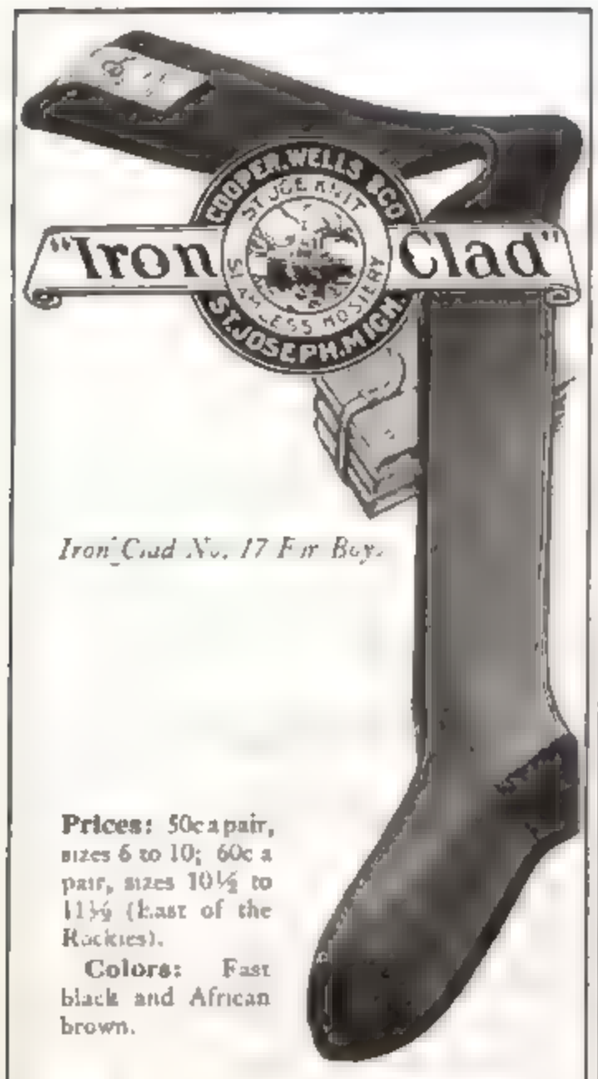
All bearing the celebrated *"U.S." Mark of Leadership.*

Trade Mark

# United States Rubber Company

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES




*Iron Clad No. 17 For Boys*

**Prices:** 50c a pair, sizes 6 to 10; 60c a pair, sizes 10½ to 11½ (East of the Rockies).

**Colors:** Fast black and African brown.

# Why they wear—

**Triple Knees**
**Double Soles**
**Fine Ribbed**
**Best combed lisle yarn**

Ask your dealer for Iron Clad No. 17. If he does not carry them, order direct, enclosing remittance and giving sizes and colors wanted. Your order will be shipped promptly, postage paid.

**Cooper, Wells & Company**
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

# Restful

Keep calm with Beeman's—rests the nerves, aids digestion, good for the teeth—all in all

*"a sensible habit"*

*Deliciously flavored*

**BEEMAN'S**

*Pepsin Gum*

American Chicle Co.


*(Continued from Page 83)*

Some weeks later as with an American plain-clothes intelligence officer I made the rounds of the night resorts of Constantinople, I thought I was looking into the vice question. In the midst of it all I suddenly realized that what I was actually doing was making an unpremeditated approach, from another angle, to the ubiquitous issue of American immigration. We were sitting in one of the numerous low cafés which the "Christian" Levantines and Russians maintain here; and my companion was chatting in desultory fashion about the coke fiends, or drug addicts and peddlers whom we saw, and about the Bolshevik agents whose hangout this place was, when I caught, belatedly, the American-ward drift of all he was saying. The wholesale end of the dope business is all directed toward the United States. Its retail end is aimed at our sailors, usually by way of Levantine women. These Greek and Armenian and Russian harpies are all trying—and too often succeeding—to marry American sailors, so that they may get to the States. The Bolshevik agents are moving heaven and earth to find ways of entering our country. Refugees whom the Navy had in pity kept aboard our ships had proved to be red propagandists among the American sailors. So incident after incident, phase after phase, was fitted into the theme.

### Work at Home for Levantines

Taking up this lead I followed it out, and soon found a glacier drift of both the debauched and debauching Levantines and the Bolshevised Russians toward an unsuspecting United States. Seen from this distance, anybody can understand that America is today the world's place of power. Not merely the wealth but also the dominant political influence of the nations is found between the two seas. "Capture America and the world revolution is won," reasons the red apostle. It has really mattered little that Georgia and Armenia and Azerbaijan and Bokhara and Khiva have become sovietized. And what if Rumania and the new Baltic States do raise the red flag? They are only the outermost redoubts of civilization's defenses. Even though Germany becomes fully communistic the control of Europe is not assured. So why not capture the main citadel of the old order of constitutional government, the United States of America?

So argues the tireless and self-confident Bolshevik agent. And there is only one possible way for "the cause" to possess America, which is too strong to follow the example of any other nation; and that is to burrow within. Therefore every influence that can be counted upon to eat away the pillars of American stability—be it Russian "internationalism," Levantine lawlessness, Greek instability, Armenian sordidness, Southeastern Europe's debased standards of living, Continental codes of morality, or whatever else may be turned as a disintegrating force into the life of the United States—is a first aid to the long, long purposes of the Bolsheviks.

If America understood, as clearly as does the soviet representative who works out his schemes in the cafés of Constantinople, that it is through Ellis Island and the other gates of immigration that the revolutionary forces must enter the country, then these gates would be shut absolutely, and as quickly as Congress could act. I learned more than a little, here on the banks of the Bosporus, of schemes for smuggling drugs and drink into America; and of the social vices that spread from this focus to all the world; but these disturbed me not at all as compared with the evidence that from this central spot, by a variety of methods and from assorted motives, a stream of unassimilable life utterly alien to all American ideals is being directed toward the United States.

What of the Levantines who are meritorious and capable of assimilation into the real America? Undoubtedly there are such. Shall they be faced by closed gates? If there were no other remedy for Old World ills than flight to America this might be a supreme hardship. Plainly, though, not all the population of earth who desire a better lot can be taken into America. If there is to be improvement of human conditions, most of it must be self-improvement. The most alert individuals, with initiative enough to emigrate, are the very ones needed at home. Let them leaven up the lump wherein they find themselves. Thus they will be serving larger ends than their own, and themselves at the same time. It is not fair to the Old World to take out of it the most hopeful factors in its problems. These people who desire to emigrate cannot help America, but on the contrary; yet they can help their own lands. If they really are as patriotic as they will believe themselves to be when they become hyphenates in America, let them stand by loyally and help their country to weather its storms.

Free bread and free immigration fall somewhat into the same category in the Near East. Americans are not permanently benefiting the people whom they continue to feed long after the emergency has passed; nor are they assisting in the great international problems by shifting the burdens from the Mediterranean to the western shore of the Atlantic. Self-help is a sound principle for nations as well as for individuals—as, vis-à-vis with Europe, America is beginning to understand. There is not a nation in the Eastern Hemisphere that does not seriously need its own desirable citizens; and America neither needs nor wants its undesirables.

Looked at from the Near Eastern viewpoint, the American immigration question has a peculiar angle. These people are Asiatics and therefore generally unassimilable. Subsequent legislation will surely bar them out, along with the people of Eastern Asia. In spite of all talk about their being a connecting link between the East and the West, they simply do not fit in. Any reader who dwells in New York, or in any other community where there are considerable numbers of Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Syrians or Rumanians, can say of his own knowledge whether these people merge their former identity into true Americanism, or whether they persist in the type and characteristics of their homeland, to the second and third generation.

A Constantinople teacher, who has spent a lifetime in work among Armenians, bore this testimony in a recent conversation: "On my last furlough I attended in Boston a big Armenian dinner. The ballroom was crowded with the best Armenians of the city. Some had been in America for many years; many had been born there and had never seen Turkey. Yet I could easily have imagined myself at an Armenian function in Tokatlian's, back in Constantinople. The faces were all Armenian, the ways were Armenian, the speech was Armenian, the viewpoint was Armenian. I studied the company closely, especially the second generation of dwellers in the States, but I could not see that in any particular America had touched them, except in the matter of greater prosperity. They had come out of the melting pot as hard-boiled Armenians."

### Asiatic Traits

Then our talk proceeded to a consideration of the effect upon American life, already in evidence, of the peculiar genius of the Armenian for agitation and propaganda, in relation to a political situation half a world away. This missionary teacher, whose friendship for the Armenian people has been abundantly proved throughout the years, is of the opinion that it is a mistake to transfer the Armenian question to the United States by encouraging their emigration thither.

Certain forces and conditions—largely religious, by the way—have created the American character. Certain other conditions—also mostly religious—have created the Levantine character. Why transplant the latter to supplant the former?

It would seem unkind, and a sweeping attack upon the ways of feeble and friendly folk, to analyze at length the traits of these Mediterranean peoples. Also the proprieties forbid it, for any definite description of the sanitary—or, rather, insanitary—practices that prevail east of the Adriatic would be unprintable. The wonder is not that they create slums when they go to America, but that they can be restrained from creating worse slums. Our standards are not their standards; nor is our life their goal. Levantine immigrants proverbially labor and save in America only that they may return to the land of the olive trees and of no boards of health. The racial urge within them calls them back to Asia. In the meantime, America is not better, but worse, for their sojourn; a trace of the Levantine spirit is left behind them.

Asia holds her own with a strong hand. She seems seldom to let any of her children get wholly out of her control. Immigrants in America from the Levant appear to be always hearing the call of the East. They answer in two ways. First, they become agitators in America for the nationalist cause of the particular group they represent, and so make endless trouble for the United States. For example, there is more extreme and noisy Greek and Armenian nationalism rampant in America than in the homelands of both these unfortunate peoples. One reason is that they are far enough away from the facts to enjoy full liberty of speech!

The other familiar way in which Levantine immigrants in America respond to the call of Mother Asia is to return to her with their accumulated savings. During their sojourn in the States a large proportion of their earnings goes back to the old country; it is a matter of cold statistics that a considerable percentage of the economic support of Greece, Syria, Italy and other Mediterranean lands is received from their nationals in the United States. On the Island of Patmos I was told, a few days ago, that "the life of the island comes from America." Existence for these aliens is orientated toward the old home. And as soon as they make their pile they return, to live as rich men amid their old associates.

### Keep America American

Doubtless much that is fine and beautiful may be said about this phase of America's influence. But let me cite a concrete instance. In the refugee camp at Samsun, on the Black Sea, is a Greek. For seven years he had worked in Canton, Ohio. He had learned no English and had not become an American citizen. But he had saved twenty-seven hundred dollars, with which he had returned to his old home, to be a swaggering nabob. Now his money has gone the way of most Greek possessions in Turkey and he is a penniless refugee in an American camp, where he claims special consideration because he once resided in America. The relief workers find him a difficult customer, and their chief put up to me the blunt question, "Do we want Mike back in the States? Will he do any more for America than he did before? He never was a good citizen. Is it fair that he should depress wages, because he can live so meanly, in order to take American money overseas?" The answer applies to ten thousand like him in the Near East, whose simple solution for all their problems is to get to America. This country has been the world's almoner; is it now to become the world's almshouse?

All of which suggests that touching little epitaph:

*Here lies the body of Mary Ann,*
*Who rests in the bosom of Abraham;*
*Mighty nice for Mary Ann,*
*But rather hard on Abraham.*

It may fairly be submitted that the hour has come to consider the rights of the American nation. The Constantinople Americans are as true patriots as the members of the Boston Tea Party. They see, from their peculiar point of vantage, that it is high time active steps were being taken to preserve America from the perils that enter her gates in the form of unfit and overnumerous immigrants. Because of the upheaval in the Near East, the pressure from this quarter of the globe is becoming tremendous. The lavishness with which American Relief funds have been distributed among these peoples has begotten the popular conviction that America is an El Dorado where money is to be had without work and where the people are so gullible that they may easily be imposed upon in any of the ways wherein the ancient East is so experienced. To all these cognate perils the one sufficient answer is an intelligent resolution to keep America American.

GET PARKER DUOFOLD IN BLACK-TIPPED LACQUER-RED OR FLASHING BLACK ALL OVER

# "Class"-mates

**Parker Duofold** OVER SIZE $7
**and Lady Duofold** DUOFOLD JR. $5

*Both with strong gold girdle*
*Neat gold pocket-clip or ring-end free*
*Ribbon, $1 extra*

# 17 College Professors asked their classes

*"What Pen will you buy next?"*

## Nearly twice the number that named any other answered, "Parker!"

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# UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

# THE ARTLESS AGE

(Continued from Page 11)

"And I am ready to lend a hand," Mrs. Askew declared heartily.

On this note of not too agreeable hilarity I left with the promise that I should run over again after dinner. But when I reached my home, which was next door, I found that my husband had returned from a business trip a day sooner than I expected him. I did not keep my promise to see Mary Louise dressed for the dance, and not until breakfast was over next morning could I find an opportunity to ask my neighbor if the country visitor had been the belle of the evening. When I went down into my garden to gather flowers for the table, Mrs. Askew was inspecting a border of tulips on the other side of the hedge, and as soon as she caught sight of me she motioned with a beaming smile for me to come nearer.

"You ought to have seen her," she breathed in the rapturous tone of a young lover. "She was a vision."

"And, of course, it was the happiest time of her life?"

"She doesn't say much. I suppose you noticed that she is not a great talker. But she must have enjoyed it. Richard said everyone thought her a beauty."

"And what about Geraldine?" I inquired lightly.

Mrs. Askew raised her eyebrows until their exaggerated arch disappeared under the gray fringe on her forehead.

"Geraldine is worse than ever," she answered. "I don't know what has got into her except that Richard always rubs her the wrong way. I sometimes believe that she hates him."

"What did she wear?" I asked, for I had no wish to betray Geraldine's secret.

"That spangled green thing that makes her look exactly like a fish. I wonder she didn't slip out of Johnny Preston's arms when he danced with her."

"And what did she say about Mary Louise?"

On this point, I confess, I was really curious.

Mrs. Askew laughed shortly.

"She said, 'Of course, everybody wanted to dance with her once.' Isn't that like Geraldine?"

Yes, I recognized the sting. It was like Geraldine. Then Mrs. Askew was summoned to the telephone and I turned back to my flowers.

After this there were dances every night for a week, and I watched the airy figures flit out of the house next door and heard the cars roll back again in the small hours of the morning. I knew that Richard was with Mary Louise a great deal. Mrs. Askew was doing her best to throw them together; and they appeared, from my not too close observation, to need little assistance. I had seen them go out in the evening, and for a spin in his car every afternoon, so I assumed that my friend's matchmaking scheme was progressing according to her design.

Then, quite suddenly one morning, she told me over the garden hedge that Mary Louise had twisted her ankle and could not dance any more until it was well. The news seemed to me so distressing that I was duly compassionate.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"It was night before last at the dance the Caldwells gave. Richard brought her home just after supper. She said she couldn't stand without pain, but she was very sweet and brave about it. Mary Louise is a wonderful girl, Julia."

"Wonderful," I assented; "but what does the doctor think?"

"She hasn't let me have a doctor; she hates so to give trouble. Of course, I wanted to at once, but she insists her ankle is only strained inside, that it isn't swollen or bruised, and that the doctor would tell her to give it a rest. She won't let me send her meals upstairs, and she limps down to the dining room without a single complaint. Late yesterday she managed to get as far as Richard's car, and they went for a little drive. All the afternoon she lay on the sofa in the drawing-room."

"And does Richard sit with her in the drawing-room?" I asked.

"He was there yesterday; but he is going to play golf with Geraldine this afternoon. She is simply making him go. You know Geraldine's way. I'm afraid she has been teasing him—ragging, she calls it. Isn't their vocabulary dreadful beyond words?"

"I shouldn't mind it so much," I returned, "if I could understand what it means." After a minute I added impulsively, "I'll come over this afternoon and take Mary Louise off your hands for a while before tea."

She accepted my offer with an eagerness that surprised me.

"Oh, do!" There was a yearning sound in her voice which I couldn't explain. "Mary Louise is the sweetest girl in the world," she added, as she turned away; "but I don't find her always easy to talk to." Then, as if her conscience were pricking her for the confession, she tossed back gayly, "Of course, Richard would be perfectly satisfied if only Geraldine would let him alone. They quarreled all through breakfast about his going with her. She'd rather have anybody else in the world, she told him frankly; but he is the only man she knows who has the whole afternoon free. I did all I could for Richard, of course; but I am no match for Geraldine when there is anything that she wants."

No, I had begun to wonder if even Richard—if any man, for that matter—was a match for Geraldine.

When I entered Mrs. Askew's delightful room that afternoon I caught my breath at the vision of loveliness on the Sheraton sofa. Arrayed in chiffon of an angelic blue, Mary Louise sat enthroned in the midst of a twittering group of Geraldine's friends. A beam of sunlight was falling over the Madonna head, and I thought how it would have enraptured any artist whose taste had not been corrupted by the jazz art of the period.

I told her how distressed I had been to hear of her accident, and she lifted her poetic eyes to my face, and responded appealingly that it did not hurt her except when she tried to walk.

"But you've had to give up the dances?"

"Oh, yes, that was a disappointment, of course," she replied, with a strangely stoical philosophy for one so young.

She loved dancing, she added, but people had been so kind to her, and had sent her so many lovely flowers that she had not had time to remember the parties she had missed. Richard, she rippled on like a shallow brook, had sent her the most beautiful roses because the rose was her favorite flower, and Mr. Plummer had brought her a copy of Sesame and Lilies, bound in blue and gold. She was so fond of it. They had read a part of it aloud that afternoon.

During this gentle flow of words, the other girls, all lean and supple and slangy, kept up an incessant twitter, like so many noisy sparrows in the spring grass. They behaved to Mary Louise exactly as if she were a distinguished foreigner whose language they did not understand, while she gazed at them, in their startling sports clothes, with a detached and serene wonder. When tea was almost over Richard and Geraldine were heard quarreling on the front steps, and a minute later they rushed in breathlessly and demanded something to eat in a hurry.

"Golf makes you simply ravenous," declared Geraldine; and then, while they devoured all the sandwiches that were left, the dispute began again more shrilly than ever. Geraldine was in knickerbockers—they had ridden out—and a peaked cap, which made her look like an impudent little boy. Exercise or the warm day had washed the chalky white from her face. Her cheeks were glowing with natural color, and I had never seen her look so attractive. There was a witchery about the girl, I couldn't deny it.

"Beaten me?" jeered Richard. "Why, you were never in sight of me! Where would you have been, Jerry Boy, without that handicap?"

"Well, at the ninth hole, anyhow ——"

It kept up vehemently for some time, the other girls breaking in hilariously whenever an opening occurred, which was not often. At the end, Mrs. Askew was obliged to call them to order.

"Mary Louise does not play golf," she said firmly. "This discussion cannot be amusing to her."

"I beg your pardon. I forgot," replied Richard, polite and amiable; "but Geraldine is such a monkey."

"Monkey yourself, old thing!" sang out Geraldine pertly.

Richard turned his square shoulders on her with the classic gesture of the cave man in a moving picture. For the first time since he had entered the room he looked directly at Mary Louise on her sofa; and I watched the startled admiration, as of one who is dazzled by too bright a light, leap again into his eyes. While he gazed at her, she held him fast without lifting her finger and he had the manner of brushing the impertinences of Geraldine away as if they had been the light stings of a bee.

"I am sorry you couldn't go with us," he said. "You would have liked the ride anyway. I hope you haven't been too awfully bored."

Mary Louise responded, with her adorable smile, "Oh, I wasn't bored at all. Mr. Plummer gave me the most beautiful Ruskin. I am so fond of Ruskin."

But Geraldine had been ignored too long.

"What's a Ruskin?" she demanded with sardonic mirth. "Do you make it with gin?"

As usual she gained her point by her rudeness, for Richard turned at her indecorous outburst and shook her soundly by the shoulders, while she got a firm grip on his hair and gave it a vicious tug. Of course, they were near cousins, but even then ——

In the midst of the squabble the callers floated casually to the door, and I went down the steps into the yard, with Mrs. Askew calling wearily after me, "Don't you find the younger generation very exhausting?"

Over the garden hedge, several days afterward, I replied to her question.

"How they keep it up is a mystery."

"Could we ever have been like that?" she asked wonderingly. There was a frown between her arched eyebrows.

"No; but things were different then."

"Were we like Mary Louise?" she persisted, lowering her voice.

"I think so, don't you? Though some of us—you, for instance—were more lively. It seems like a different century, and of course it is ——"

She interrupted me impatiently.

"I am going to tell you something, Julia, that I don't wish you to repeat even to your husband." She paused long enough for me to absorb this admonition, and then continued relentlessly, "I have discovered that Mary Louise is sly."

"Sly?" I jumped, not with surprise but with amusement. "Well, we were, too, weren't we?"

She shook her head.

"If we were, it is so long ago that I have forgotten."

"Are you sure that you can't be mistaken about her?"

"I am perfectly positive."

"Well, how did you discover it?"

Our heads were close together, over the hedge, like two gossips on the comic page of a Sunday newspaper.

"Quite by accident. I've found out that she did not really hurt her ankle. She pretended it all the time."

I was unprepared, I confess, for this startling disclosure.

"Do you mean she never even twisted it?"

"Not a twist, not a twinge. She forgot all about it yesterday and ran upstairs as easily as Geraldine. I caught her at the top of the steps just five minutes after Horace and Richard had almost carried her down. 'Why, Mary Louise!' I exclaimed, and she stood there, blushing like a peony, and murmured 'Oh, I forgot!' There isn't any use trying to evade the truth, Julia. Mary Louise is sly."

"But what was her purpose?"

"Purpose? Why, she didn't have a bit of attention after that first german. Geraldine let that out to me, and I must say for her that she was glad enough of the opportunity. The men were all wild about Mary Louise when they first saw her, she said. They all danced with her once, but nobody asked her a second time, and at her last dance she would have been almost a wallflower if she hadn't decided to sprain her ankle."

I pondered this for a minute.

"Well, you can't blame her. No girl wants to be a wallflower if she can help it. It's exactly, you know, the sort of thing we should have done in her place. She is using the only weapons she knows by instinct—those of another day. I suppose," I added

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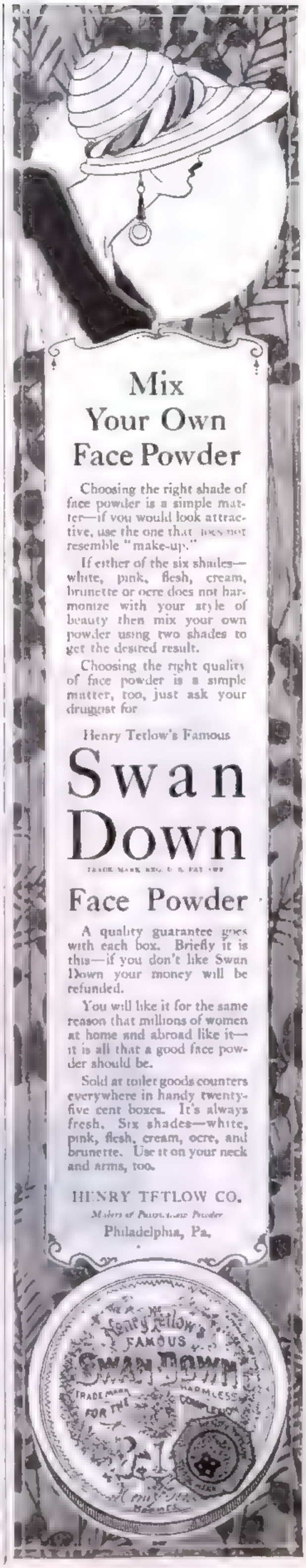
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(Continued from Page 89

compassionately, "it is all on Richard's account."

"Yes, I believe she is sincerely interested in Richard." My friend paused to sigh softly. "I wish I hadn't brought her here, but I did it for the best. She is a good girl as girls go in these days, though she hasn't been a success. Do you know, I've discovered something else too. Beauty isn't the power it used to be in our generation."

"I thought that never changed."

"I used to think so, but I've found out that I was mistaken. Everything changes. It used to be enough for a man just to sit still and look at a beautiful face; but today, as Richard says, there is so much else to do. Nobody wants to sit still, even with beauty, any longer. The age has a jazz temperament. I suppose that is the trouble. If young people stare at a picture, Richard says, it must be a moving one or they get restless. They are so easily bored, you know. That is why the really popular girl today is not the beauty like Mary Louise, but the comedienne like Geraldine. They are the same age, yet they are symbols of two different periods."

"And which do you dislike most?"

Mrs. Askew looked at me with an enigmatic expression.

"Both," she rejoined concisely. Stooping down, she snipped the head from a withered tulip. Then she straightened herself with a sigh. "It isn't the time; it isn't even the war," she said, with the philosophy of complete exhaustion; "it is youth. Don't talk to me of the designing selfishness of age! Why, nothing that has ever inhabited this planet is as designing or as selfish as youth. Our youth had illusions, and the youth of today has lost them; that is the only difference. Mary Louise and Geraldine are both fighting for what they want, and both are fighting unscrupulously whenever it serves their purpose. I can see no difference between the youth of yesterday and the youth of today except that we were ignorant, and the things that Geraldine knows"—she finished with a wail—"make me shudder!"

Her wail was answered by a shrill cry from the house.

"Aunt Edmonia! Aunt Edmonia, I am waiting for you!"

"There!" Mrs. Askew waved her garden shears in the direction of the sound. "Waiting is the one thing they have never wanted to do!" She had moved a step away, when she looked back and said dryly, "I am having a party, you know, for Mary Louise tomorrow evening, and nothing will satisfy Geraldine except that the guests shall be made to come in fancy dress. She simply adores making herself up like an actress."

"I suppose it is because she is such a good mimic," I answered; "but what will Mary Louise wear?"

"The robes of an angel, with gauze wings and a harp."

My friend lingered to perceive the effect of her reply.

"Well, she will look the part; and Geraldine?" I added as an afterthought.

A laugh broke from Mrs. Askew's prim lips.

"She is getting herself up as a devil. Of course, it is to spite Mary Louise; but she has been working for days over her costume of red satin. You must not fail me, remember. My strength has almost given out."

"Oh, I'll be there!" I tossed back gayly. "And I dare say Richard will appear as the squire of dames."

If my patience with the rising generation was greater than Mrs. Askew's, it was probably, I reflected, due to the fact that my experience was more limited and less evenly sustained. To live in the house with modern love must have been trying to a mind that was firmly fixed on one's duty to the race.

It was late the next evening when I went over to my neighbor's, and the two long drawing-rooms were already filled with dancers, who whirled before my gaze like the changing colors in a kaleidoscope. As I entered, Mary Louise drifted toward me, attired in flowing robes of white chiffon, with wings at her shoulders and a harp of gilded pasteboard in her hands. She was dancing tonight for the first time since her accident, and I noticed that she moved with a prim, old-fashioned step, and kept her partner, a bold blond youth, at arm's length. From a distance, at least, she presented the appearance of a reigning belle, though I surmised that this was due as much to the diligent attention of Richard and Mr. Plummer as to her own unaided charms. She was by far the loveliest girl in the rooms; but I overheard the bold blond youth complain when his dance was over that you couldn't get a thrill out of toddling with an Easter card.

Geraldine, in red satin tights, which gave the impression of extending from her slim feet to her sleek dark head, was, as usual, the life of the party. Though she was not the beauty that Mary Louise was, she possessed a fascination which made Mary Louise appear almost negative. Perhaps Mrs. Askew was right, and beauty alone, beauty "icily regular, splendidly null," was no longer the thing that men ran after.

As Geraldine darted like a slender flame among the dancers, my gaze followed her in spite of the disapprobation she aroused. Eager youths, with the blank faces and the glossy hair of the fashion, crowded about her. Swift, gay, defiant, a scarlet embodiment of magic, she ignored Richard completely.

They had quarreled again, I inferred, with greater bitterness; for when he asked her for a dance, I heard her reply with airy insolence, "You'd better ask Mary Louise. She needs you more than I do."

"She doesn't need me at all," he retorted, uncompromisingly loyal.

Geraldine tossed her head in its peaked hood.

"Then do you imagine that I do?"

"I was thinking of my pleasure, not of your necessity," he returned with distant gallantry.

But she flitted off with an elfin laugh.

"Sorry, old thing, but my pleasure comes first tonight. There are no substitutes in this war!"

He glowered after her for a moment; then, turning quickly on his heel, he went back to Mary Louise. Richard could stand as little as Geraldine not getting the thing that he wanted. He did not speak to her again, I observed, until the guests were leaving, and she tripped up to him saucily in the deserted library and spun round on one scarlet toe. I was standing in the doorway, waiting to say good night to Mrs. Askew, and I watched the little comedy unobserved by the actors.

"He wants to be an angel," she piped in a shrill treble, "and with the angels stand!"

For an instant he stood regarding her with a stormy expression. Then, picking her up as easily as if she had been a doll, he strode across the room, still holding her in his arms, and placed her on top of the high rosewood bookcase in one corner.

"There you stay till you mend your manners," he said.

While she scolded fiercely from her perch, he turned away to meet Mary Louise, who was coming in from the hall.

"Why, what in the world are you doing in here all by yourself?" she inquired, with her sweetest expression.

"Disciplining a bad child," he replied, smiling tenderly down into her eyes.

Well, I was thankful that one person knew how to get the better of Geraldine, I reflected, as I went home.

For two days after this I did not see Mrs. Askew; and then, on the third morning, just as I had finished breakfast, there came an imperative summons.

"Come over at once, Julia," said a trembling voice over the telephone. "Something dreadful has happened."

She did not wait for a response, and the impression I received, as she cut me off, was that my philosophic friend had burst into tears. The thought of her mysterious distress was too much for me. While my maids stared after me in astonishment, I ran breathlessly down the steps and across the strip of lawn to the house next door. When I rushed into my friend's room I found her sitting up in bed, with a handkerchief to her eyes and a lace cap awry over her long, sallow face.

As I appeared she removed the handkerchief and gasped weakly, "Oh, Julia, he has married her!"

"Married her?" I sat down panting beside the bed. "Do you mean Mary Louise?"

"Worse than that!" She waved the handkerchief feebly before her. "I mean Geraldine. Oh, Richard! Oh, my son!" she concluded in the Shaksperean manner.

For a moment I could do nothing but stare at her.

Then I asked bluntly, "Did you never suspect it?"

"Suspect it? Of course, I knew she had her eye on him. She had it on every man. That was the reason I asked Mary Louise to visit us. But I had such confidence in Richard. I believed he had too much sense, too much feeling of responsibility to the race," she added, lifting her head in that fantastic cap as if she were addressing the committee on eugenics. "It wasn't more than a week ago that he told me Geraldine would ruin any man who married her."

"Well, they have said that before and then gone and married them," I reminded her cynically. "When did they do it?"

"They went to Washington yesterday. Geraldine pretended she was spending the night with Lizzie Brandon." A sob broke from her lips. "If it had only been Mary Louise! At least you know where you are with her."

"That, I fancy, is exactly what he objected to. He liked the feeling of being at sea. Some men do."

"Oh, he told me he knew Mary Louise would make a perfect wife, but he said perfection wasn't amusing. Imagine marrying for the sake of being amused!"

"And what does he say now—about Geraldine, I mean? Has he told you why he did it so suddenly?"

"He has given no reason. He doesn't seem to have any. All he says is that it was time somebody took her in hand. He added, too, that he liked her because she was unafraid."

"Unafraid?" I laughed in spite of my effort to appear sympathetic. "It seems that her single virtue captured him, after all."

Mrs. Askew sank back wearily among her pillows.

"I shan't get up today," she said. "I don't want them to come near me. But I wish on your way out you would speak to Geraldine and tell me what she says. Richard has gone down to see about tickets, and she is in her room packing. They are going away on the noon train."

"And what about Mary Louise?" I inquired, for it seemed to me that she was the one who needed attention.

"It is hard on her, of course, because she must have known why I asked her here; but I must say she has shown a great deal of pride. Horace and I both think that she is a girl of much character, and that she would be good for Geraldine if they could be thrown together. I wish it could be arranged." A pucker of anxiety appeared suddenly in my friend's forehead, and I knew that the ruling principle of her nature was already beginning to recover from its defeat. "But Mary Louise," she continued, "lives in such an out-of-the-way place."

I comforted her as best I could in the circumstances; and then, with the promise that I would return as soon as I had finished my housekeeping for the day, I left her room and crossed the hall to Geraldine's open door. Here I found three large trunks standing in the center of the floor, and around them the bed, the couch and every available chair held a litter of dresses. In the midst of the confusion Geraldine was moving about in a composed and capable manner. She was wearing a kimono of rose-colored crêpe, her short dark hair hung in a cloud round her head, and her eyes were shining with happiness. She had the air of a woman who has attained the ambition of her life, the end for which she has suffered and striven, and who is satisfied with the reward. It appeared to me while I watched her that the child had grown up in a day. Smiling, serene, competent, she was wearing the crown of victory, and it rested like a rosy wreath on her brow.

"Well, Geraldine," I said as I kissed her, "you have certainly surprised us."

She made an ecstatic little face, like a child over a sugarplum.

"But I thought you knew all along."

"Oh, I saw there was something between you, but I thought you were going the wrong way to get what you wanted."

With a laugh she shook her head over the dress she was folding.

"How else on earth could I ever have got it?" she asked.

"Then you did it deliberately for a purpose?"

She looked at me with a flicker of Mrs. Askew's ironic humor.

"You don't imagine that I went to all that trouble just for fun, do you?" she demanded. Throwing herself back on a pile of clothes, she clasped her hands above her pretty head and surveyed me meditatively, as if I were an inanimate object which helped her to think clearly. "Do you really think any of us would be like that if we weren't obliged to?" she inquired at last.

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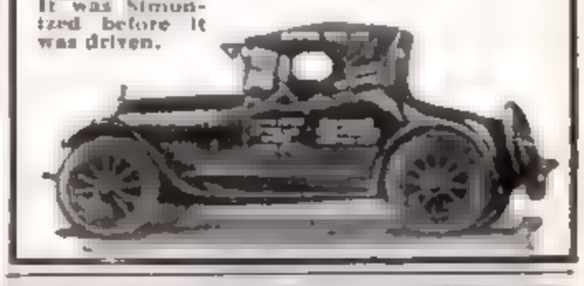

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(Continued from Page 91)

"Obliged to? But nobody makes you. Nobody likes that kind of behavior. Richard simply detested it."

She smiled with inscrutable wisdom.

"Oh, he did, did he? Then why did he marry me instead of Mary Louise? Of course, he thinks he doesn't like it," she pursued slowly; "but, until he began thinking he didn't like me, he had never thought of me at all, not for a single minute in his life. I had always liked Richard, you know," she confessed; "but he had never even looked at me until I made myself so conspicuous that he couldn't avoid it. You can't make a man fall in love with you," she explained sagely, "until you have first arrested his attention, and the only way to be absolutely sure of arresting his attention is by a shock. In this age," she concluded, while I stared at her incredulously, "if you aren't conspicuous, you might just as well lie down and die, or become another Mary Louise."

"Well, there are worse fates than that," I rejoined placidly.

For a few minutes she gazed at herself in the mirror as if she were alone. Then, without acknowledging my comment, she took up the tangled thread of her discourse.

"Beauty used to be enough," she said, "but it isn't any longer. Mary Louise is a real movie star as far as looks go; but what good did that do her when it came to being popular at a dance? If a girl wants to be a perfect lady, nobody is trying to prevent her; but she has got to realize just what she loses—and that is all the fun. Nobody is hunting timid bunnies these days. You've got to be bold game if you want any attention. Why, there's scarcely one of us who doesn't hate the smell of cigarettes on her fingers, and who wouldn't rather have the taste of rose water in her mouth any day than whisky. We get so tired of it sometimes that we'd like to have a vacation in an old ladies' home as a change; but it's as much as our popularity is worth to drop out of the rush." She yawned, stretched her arms, and added in a burst of confidence: "Do you think if the men really wanted the nice girl like Mary Louise; if they would rush her at a dance or keep her busy at the telephone, that the rest of us, every last one, wouldn't begin wearing dresses to our ankles and shying off when we toddled? But they don't want her, or they have a precious way of showing it." For a moment after this revelation she was silent; then she said abruptly, "Of course, with the older generation it is different. Now there is papa ——"

But she was wandering from the point, I thought, and I recalled her.

"Then it all comes back to the men, my dear?"

"Doesn't everything come back to the men?" she gibed mockingly. "Why, as long as swooning brought every man in sight to our sides, didn't swooning come to us as naturally as the one-step? Then just as soon as swooning ceased to do the trick, and the men left us to old ladies with *sal volatile*, we began to sit up and take notice. The fashion changes, that is all," she said with startling seriousness, "and I hope it will change to something else before I have a daughter." Sitting erect, she shook her finger warningly in my face. "If ever I have a daughter," she declared, "I am going to spank her till it hurts."

I laughed and rose to my feet. After all, did the eternal feminine ever vary?

"And what will you do now?" I asked.

Her figure drooped again, and she fell back with a gesture of exhaustion that reminded me of Mrs. Askew.

"I'd like to get a little rest," she answered. "for the Lord knows I need it! It takes work to be a success these days. It takes what Mammy Rhody calls elbow grease to put it over, and I did put it over," she boasted, with a sly wink at the mirror.

"If it is any satisfaction to you, and I hope it is," I echoed her lively slang, "you put it over completely."

She sighed, but it was the sigh of a weary conqueror.

"Then I hope marriage will be a little less strenuous," she said. "I think I'll try to take things easily until I see some other perfect lady beginning to make golliwog eyes at Richard."

"That's not fair to Mary Louise," I reprimanded her, while I laughed. "After all, it is hard on Mary Louise."

"Well, she got what was coming to her," Geraldine retorted, with imperturbable sagacity. "With the older generation her methods are infallible; and, of course, all the time it was papa she was after."

"Papa?"

The faithful widower of a single wife for twenty years toppled with a crash from his pedestal. Another idol was shattered.

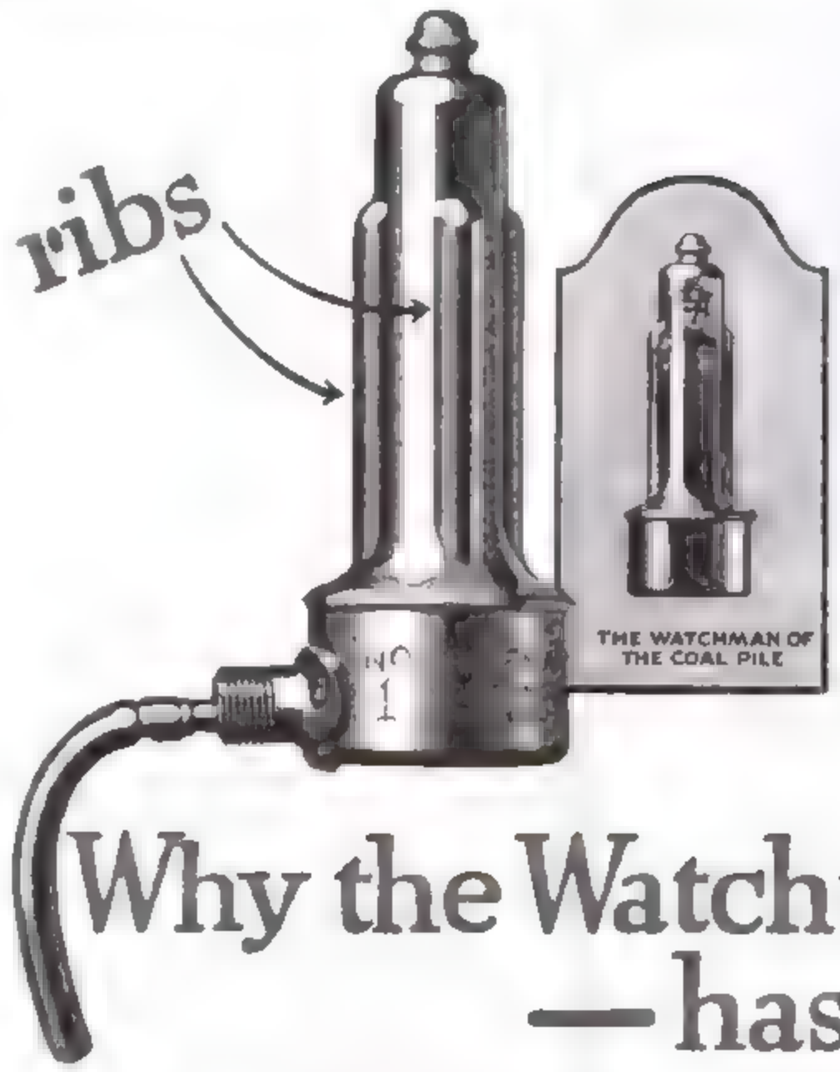
"Why, it didn't take young eyes to see that," remarked Geraldine sweetly.

"But he is old enough to be her father!" I cried in horror. "Would she marry him?"

Geraldine shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, he's the only archæologist she knows, isn't he? And I warned Aunt Edmonia in the beginning that she would have to provide a mossy stone."

*Tony, the Bootblack, Has an Artistic Soul*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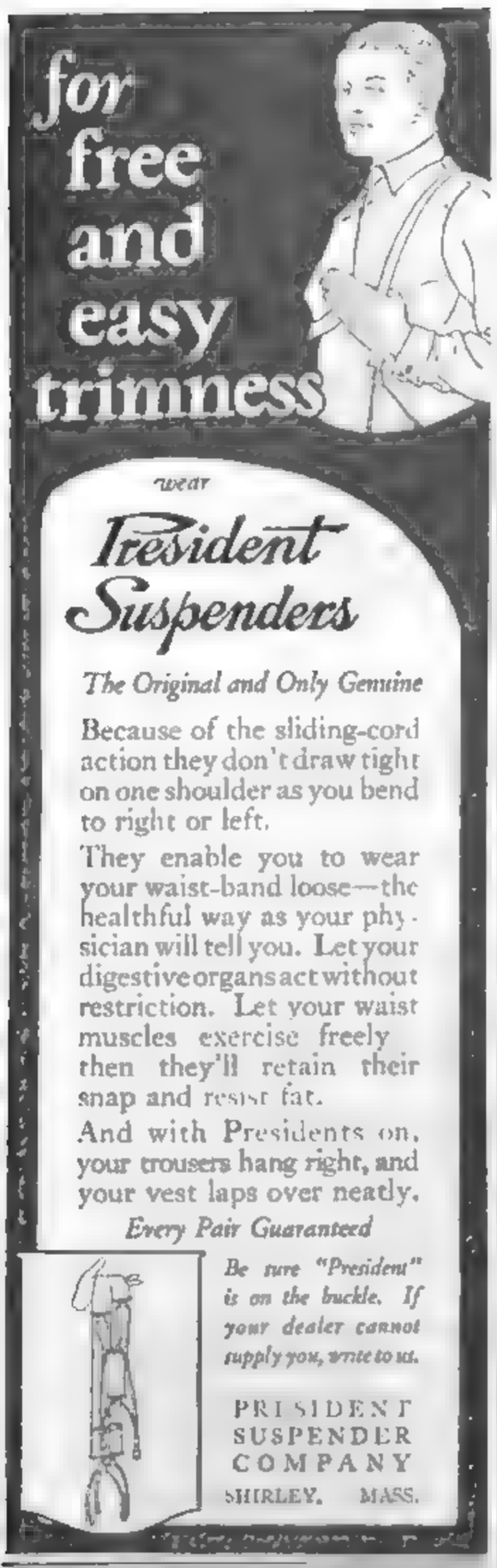
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# OLD STORMALONG

(Continued from Page 13)

In an hour Old Stormalong came up from the hold and went to the galley. When he emerged he bore a huge coffeepot and two tin pannikins each bearing a full tablespoonful of black molasses. He poured a jorum of coffee as black as the treacle, and handed it to the frowning helmsman.

"Them mules is only wet to their knees, Hank," he said. "Don't need to worry none—yet. There's other mules as don't keer overmuch for wet feet 'sides four-footed ones. Drink some coffee, then I got a yarn to spin you, you old wood spoiler."

The coffee disposed of, Old Stormalong lashed the wheel and led Hank to the big pump in the waist. He shipped the brakes and began to heave, while Hank stood by, scowling blackly, chewing on a quid, making no offer to assist. Old Stormalong heaved with rugged determination, as if he knew full well that a ship's carpenter was at best a sailor only through compulsion. He knew, from hard experience at sea, that a ship's carpenter could be as good as the best or better; but Hank had been too long ashore to feel the travail of a ship as he did himself. He heaved manfully, singing:

*"Oh, Shanandore, I love your daughter!*
*Awa-a-ay, you rolling river!*
*Oh, Shanandore, I love your daughter!*
*Ho-ho, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri!"*

He started another verse of the weirdly haunting old chantey:

*"Oh, Shanandore, I long to hear you ——"*

Yes, there was a faint rejoinder from Hank:

*"Awa-a-ay, you rolling river!"*

Water gushed forth from the pumps. Hank took hold of the other brake and heaved down with good will:

*"Oh, Shanandore, I long to hear you!*
*Ho-ho, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri!"*

"'Vast pumping!" cried Old Stormalong when froth took the place of clear brine. "Ain't nothing to be alarmed about, Hank. Just give her a few strokes every watch, onless she wants it oftener. Call me when you pick up the light."

Old Stormalong struck eight bells on his treasured old bell, and turned in. He heard the water sloshing about in the bilges under him. As he sank into the deep sleep of the born sailor that requires no rocking, that sloshing of bilge became the snoring, tumbling, lee-rolling bow wave of a storming China clipper. The rough-lumber bunk was magically changed into the mahogany, silk-curtained bed of the old Ariadne. As his eyes closed, the very groaning of badly matched frames and planking achieved the musical note of thrumming rigging, the solitary pair of shrouds visible against the stars through the little skylight grew into the dainty, orderly intricacy of backstays and braces, sheets and lifts, halyards and clewlines of a noble full-rigged ship.

The Ariadne delivered her unlucky mules. A mule is hard to kill; hard to drown as long as he can hold his nose above water. So Old Stormalong got his freight without any deductions for losses. But though shippers gave him a smile that was more than half admiration and pity, the only cargo he could get for a second voyage was bricks.

"Dumblast! What d'yew expect?" Hank wanted to know. "Would yew ship goods in sech an old wagon? Brick'll pay, some. Can't drownd bricks anyhow."

Later in that first brick voyage Hank Hollis went aft when he had finished an inspection of the hatch covers during a stiff November breeze in the Sound.

"'Tain't no manner o' use ——" he began to bawl; then stopped.

Old Stormalong stood at the wheel, his gray hair and beard flying in the salt breeze, his hard old hands gripping the wheel spokes with a delicacy of touch that yet held the power of the master. Now and then his keen eye flashed down to the compass card in the rough wooden binnacle; but in general his glance was aloft, upon the gently fluttering throat of the mainsail. It was plainly to be seen that his thoughts were not upon brick, nor upon the new Ariadne. To him the rough wooden binnacle shone resplendent with brass head and carved dolphins. That shivering throat of a poorly made fore-and-aft mainsail was the quivering leech of a snowy, lofty royal. The wheel he gripped, which in truth but clumsily controlled the loggy brick-laden schooner whose cargo absorbed water like a huge sponge until the hull was little better than a half-sunken raft, was the rich teak-and-brass wheel of the dainty Ariadne, the sweetest clipper that ever swung a skysail across the Eastern stars.

And Old Stormalong was singing, softly, unmusically, with his stout old heart in his song.

*"She's a jolly fine ship wi' a jolly good crew,*
*Awa-ay, Rio!*
*A jolly fine male and a good skipper, too,*
*And we're bound for ——"*

Hank snorted disgustedly, spat to leeward, and hauled himself up the ladder.

"Shet up yewr dumblasted bellerin'!" he shouted. "Here I be tryin' to tell yew as yew can see clear water between topsides and bottom plankin', and yew stand there a yawpin' about what a dumblasted fine ship she is! Hell an' high water! I tell yew this is my last v'yage if 'tain't the last v'yage for all on us, schooner as well! I allus said yew wuz crazy. I'm crazier'n yew to let yew whangdoodle me into j'inin' yew in sech a loony set-out."

Old Stormalong snatched his wandering fancy back to the prosaic world he now lived in, and turned a mild protesting eye on Hank.

"Hank, soon's we get in we'll put in a bigger pump," he said, and again his glance went aloft to the shivering throat of the mainsail. Hank glared at him for a breath or two, then swore fervidly, started to go below, and turned back and went in silence to begin pumping all over again.

There was not even brick the next voyage. Hank Hollis quit as soon as the mooring lines were fast. He came back in two days, shamefaced and conciliatory, for men in the port were talking about Old Stormalong and his crazy venture. That was not what worried Hank. Contemptuous though Cap'n Nickson, of the tug Gamecock, had been concerning the venture, Hank had heard the noisy cocksure young skipper mouth such an opinion of quitters that he had not slept a wink until he reported to Old Stormalong again.

"Never mind him," Old Stormalong growled indulgently. "Them young skippers may be good men, at that."

"Who? Nickson?"

"Never can tell, Hank. Only time you can tell is when the pinch comes. That's how come you're back aboard. Did you see

(Continued on Page 97)

"Dumblast!" He Whispered. "Here I be, Busted on a Lee Shore. Ain't No Money Comin' In, and That Jawbones You Got to Talk Me Up is a Shark for Money"

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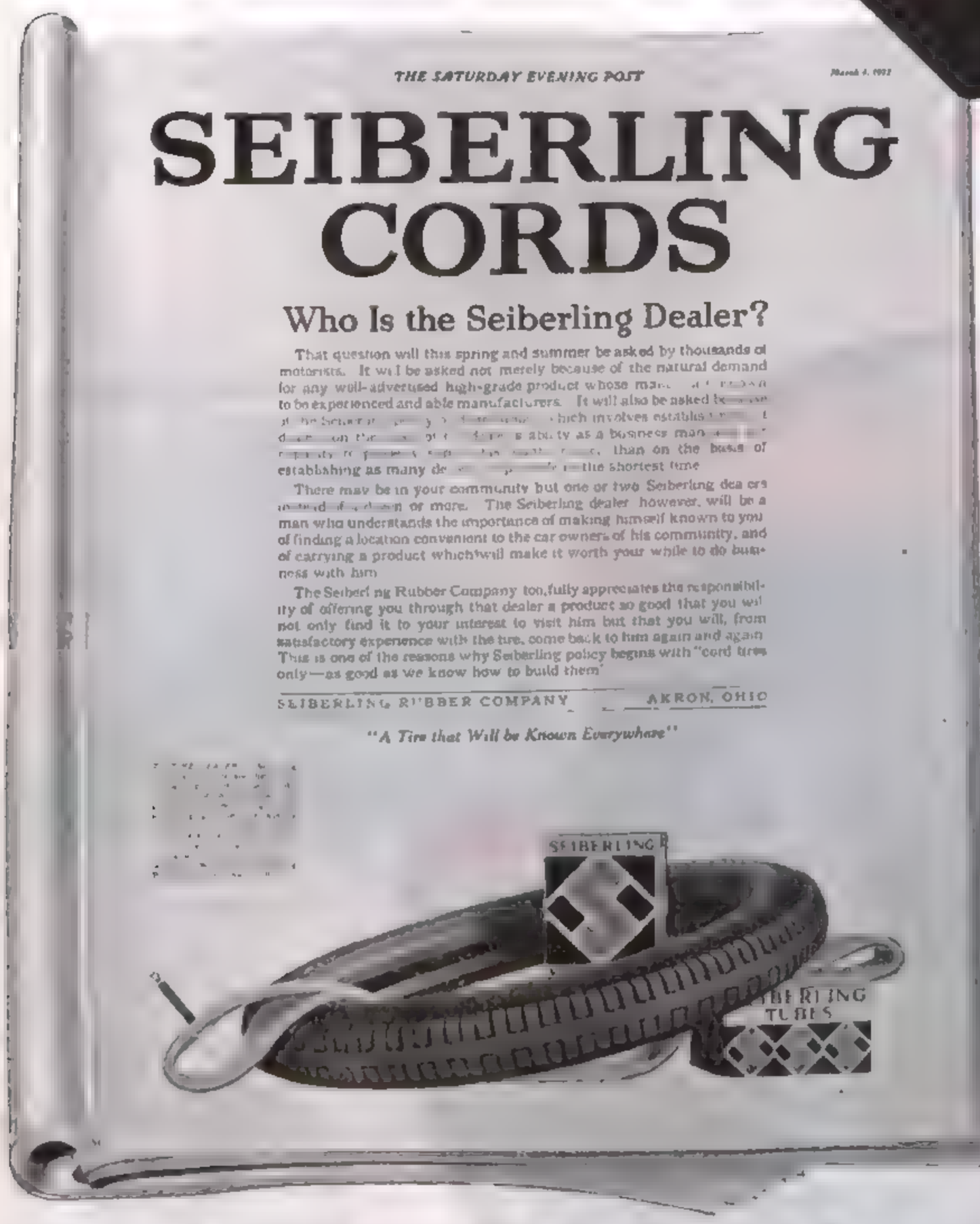
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# SEIBERLING CORDS

(Continued from Page 94)

the new windmill pump I rigged, Hank? She'll throw water faster than a basket could leak it in."

"Huh! Guess she'll need all of it too!" snapped Hank. "What kind o' cargo yew fished up this time? Gravel?"

"Not much of a cargo, Hank, but it'll keep the ship workin'."

"What is it?" persisted Hank suspiciously.

"Scrap iron."

"Dumblast if I goes to sea then! I quit right now! Scrap iron? Yew bet it'll keep th' ship workin'! Say nothin' of us!"

"Don't forget that windmill pump, Hank," Old Stormalong said patiently.

"I ain't forgettin' a dumblasted thing, not even the time o' year!" shouted Hank. "Fust thing tomorrow I'll hev a law shark fix about th' partnership. Scrap iron! Hell!"

*"Oh, pity Reuben Ranzo!*
*Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"*

Old Stormalong sang softly as Hank flung out in disgust.

Hank didn't quit, after all. Whether it was the memory of Cap'n Nickson's scathing opinion or the senile cackling of an old, old man who hobbled rheumatically alongside early in the morning and toothlessly mouthed a vast wonder that a shipwright should want to desert the ship he himself had built, might never be made clear, but when Old Stormalong returned from town with loading orders Hank was working in the hold in his oldest overalls, nailing planks along the bilges and sides to protect the hull from the ugly scrap metal to come.

That was a bitter voyage. Sleet and rain and gales in her teeth made the Ariadne a wallowing thing of horror. With her ghastly cargo and her leaky sides not even a windmill pump could save two stout-hearted old men from deadly labor and blood-chilling hardship. But they delivered their cargo, amazing once more their watchfully waiting critics.

There was no homeward cargo for them. The things that New Haven needed most, shippers preferred to intrust to a stauncher vessel. And the winter gales grew harder, the seas more icy, the lee shores more numerous and perilous. The Ariadne staggered out into the open sea flying light. She sat so high on the water with empty holds that she acted crazily under sail. Thrashing about in the seas, she began to leak. At first the water steadied her, until she took on a roll, when it acted like a pendulum and all but capsized her.

A blizzard struck down out of the northeast, blinding eyes and chilling bones. Twice in Hank's watch they entered breakers on a lee shore. They were saved only by Old Stormalong's desperate seamanship. He set full foresail and mainsail, never stopping to untie reef points, slashing them with his knife; and shouldering Hank away, took the helm himself and thrashed the schooner clear, his grim old face set stubbornly ahead, studiously refusing to see the bitter seas furiously swirling in the lee decks clear to the hatches.

Twice he did that. His bare head and deep-lined face were caked with frozen brine. His old oilskins flapped in the shrieking gale. He tacked the schooner when he thought he had sea room enough, and they reefed her down again, passing the new reef points through the sewn holes that had held the points he had cut in his haste. Old Hank Hollis sweat and shivered at once. He had none of the supreme sea instinct that possessed Old Stormalong. Gameness, a little shame, loyalty to a friend kept Hank to duty; none of these could make him see anything but insanity in attempting to carry on such a partnership.

"Dumblast yewr obstinate old skull!" he gasped as soon as he recovered his breath after the second escape from destruction among the jagged rocks. "If yew travel again, yew travel alone! I been a fool. I be cured. Yew been a fool, and 'tis ingrowin'. Yew'll never be cured. Why didn't yew foller the advice o' them as knows, cut th' masts out of her and make a towin' barge out of her? Allus get a cargo, 'cause she wouldn't never leak 'slong as she sailed upright. And yew'd be safe, gettin' towed around the coast by a steam tug, 'stid o' slammin' around out here in a dumblasted blizzard like a wing-shot duck. Can't yew say nawthin'? Yew dumblasted old ——"

*"Oh, Ranzo was no sailor!*
*Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"*

sang Old Stormalong.

"Shet up!" roared Hank, letting go his hold on the rail to shake his fists, and sliding in a swearing heap into the lee waterways.

He struggled back, half strangled, and glared at the heroic old figure at the wheel. Gulping down bitter words, he tore a piece of tobacco from a brine-sodden plug and chewed in angry silence.

Night came down, and the blizzard intensified. The wind changed, driving them now before it straight for their port. At the same time it made of their coast a lee shore again. Old Stormalong remained on deck after a terrific day, even though Hank was on watch and was able to steer and keep lookout as well as any one man.

They listened to catch some note in the driving blindness which would tell them their whereabouts. A hoarse roar came down the wind.

"Get that?" shouted Hank. "Thar's th' siren on the light!"

Stormalong waited, counting seconds. Again the roar came down, clearer. Old Stormalong shook his grizzled head.

"Steamboat, Hank," he said. "Get the bearing next time she blows."

Out of the whirling snow clouds that made the night more impenetrable, green seas leaped with vicious hiss. Somewhere—it was hard to check direction since the compass card swung wildly with the schooner's terrific motion—somewhere a faint siren note was barely heard. The steamboat's bellow sounded nearer; Old Stormalong fancied he heard the oncoming roar of her bow wave.

"How's that siren bear, Hank?" he shouted.

"How kin yew tell, when the dumblasted card swings like a spinnin' jenny!" Hank roared back.

In spite of his wordy disgust, Hank did all a man might do with his faculties. Old Stormalong gave no heed to his sourness, knowing the man. But he was worried at that faint siren note. It seemed far from the direction he wanted to hear it in.

"Let me know if you get a bearing, Hank," he said, and stood on the rail, leaning giddily out over the icy seas, straining ears for enlightenment.

Out of the nearer snow swirls came again the bellow of a steamboat. Hank seized the foghorn beside the wheel and sent forth three raucous blasts to let the world know there was a sailing craft running before the wind. The steamboat answered, and the bellow sounded almost nervous, as if the hand that tugged the siren lanyard belonged to a man as uneasy as Old Stormalong was.

Suddenly Stormalong leaped from the rail, hurling himself towards the mainsheet bitts.

"Breakers!" he roared. "Port hellum! Port hellum, Hank!"

He hauled in the wet, stiffened mainsheet as the boom came inboard, while Hank ground up the helm. The steamboat bellowed again; her shape loomed through the driving blizzard. Then the Ariadne struck something under her with a crash that brought down the foretopmast like a javelin.

"Port your hellum, steamboat! We're ashore!" shouted Old Stormalong.

He was a sailor, and would save another from the danger that had clutched at him.

"Hail him to stand by!" yelled Hank, leaving the wheel and capering madly. "Dumblast! I told yew ——"

The Ariadne struck again. She seemed to crash right over the obstruction, so light was she. The mainmast went to the deck, falling across the little half poop from rail to rail.

"Steady your hellum, Hank!" shouted Stormalong. "She's off again! We'll save her yet!"

Hank lay under the fallen mainmast in a wry heap. For an instant Old Stormalong left the schooner to her own devices while he peered into his old crony's blue face. Then he tore away tangled gear from the wheel spokes and steadied the schooner, bawling for the steamboat:

"Steamer ahoy! Steamer ahoy! Stand by! My mate's hurt bad! Aho-o-oy the steamboat!"

The steamer went as she had appeared, vague and ghostly in the blinding snow. Her siren boomed back as if to mock, twice or thrice, then that, too, was gone into the night, and Old Stormalong was left with a crippled ship, and a crippled crew to carry on.

His windmill pump blew away as soon as he turned the sails to the furious blasts. He could run the schooner only before the wind, since her mainmast was gone, unless he hauled down the forestaysail and let her lie to. That he had to do a dozen times that night in order to pump her free of water with the murderous hand pump that had never been made for one pair of hands.

Between tasks he carried Hank below and wrapped him in all the schooner's blankets. He could do nothing for his friend, except pour raw whisky into him and wrap him warmly. Hank's blue face had the hue of death mold. But Hank breathed, and Hank was entitled to as much care as the ship herself.

In the gray of morning, on the tail end of the blown-out blizzard, Old Stormalong sailed his ship up the harbor and ran her alongside the dock in the mud. Like an iceberg she was; like a frozen automaton, Old Stormalong. Making the inner harbor he had almost brushed along the ice-clad sides of the tug Gamecock, which looked as if it, too, had known the bitterness of that blizzard.

Somebody hailed him. He gave no heed. Men shouted to him for news as they took his lines. He gave no answer. When the last line was fast, he called a truck driver. Together they bore Hank ashore through gaping gangs, and took him home. Then Old Stormalong went back to his forlorn command, lit his ancient pipe, and sat for hours on the wreck of the mainmast, gazing aloft at what was left, his haggard face as inscrutable as the chipped frozen features of his cherished figurehead.

"The damned old loon came nigh putting me ashore too!"

Cap'n Nickson, of the tug Gamecock, laughed with a furtive awkward note. He was giving his friends a lurid account of his trip in of the night before. One of his deck hands, not entirely satisfied with things in general, had hinted to folks ashore that the tug had fallen in with a schooner that seemed in trouble. Awkward queries had begun to come Nickson's way.

"Ain't sure it was him," Nickson explained further. "I stood close in, but he hailed that he was all right, so ——"

"Somebody ought to have him took care of!" broke in one of Nickson's intimates. "Two crazy old fools, I call 'em!"

"He'll quit now," Nickson laughed. "Nothing else for him to do, unless somebody lends him some money to refit. Might as well throw money like that into the sea."

Old Stormalong spent one week between visiting Hank Hollis and trying to borrow money enough to refit the Ariadne. Of the two tasks—trying to encourage broken, disgusted Hank to live, and trying to persuade men with cash that he was sane and his vessel seaworthy—Hank at first presented the harder problem. Men with cash did, at least, treat the old man indulgently at first, even though they had never a notion to let him have their money to gild his dreams of former importance. But Hank, when full consciousness brought home to him the fact that life henceforth must be a dreary round of crippled, painful days, honestly told Old Stormalong that he wanted to die.

"Dumblast!" he whispered. "Here I be, busted on a lee shore, dismasted as bad as the Ariadne. Ain't no money comin' in, and that sawbones yew got to calk me up is a shark for money. And ——"

"I got the best there was, Hank," Old Stormalong said patiently. "Don't you worry about money. That'll be ——"

"Hell an' high water!" swore Hank peevishly. "Don't worry! How about that flossy nuss gal yew hired to see if my pillers is all foursquare? And yew don't know nothin' about my affairs nuther. I been payin' int'rust on money I borried on my yard for more'n a year. Now that'll be took away from me, and there won't be money enough to bury me, lest yew row me out to sea an' dump me."

"Who d'you owe money to, Hank?"

"Nickson," replied Hank shamefacedly. "'Tain't much," he added in extenuation.

"Nickson?" Old Stormalong echoed bitterly. "Not much? But enough for him to swipe your bit of land for, hey? And there's talk alongshore of him starting a repair yard for tugs. Hank Hollis, you're a silly old man!"

"Dumblast ef I ain't, else I wouldn't never have j'ined yew!" screamed Hank.

"You ought to have sold that yard for building lots long ago."

"Yew betcha I ought! Then who'd ha' built yewr crazy old vessel, Old Stormalong? Saved two dumblasted old idiots a hull raft o' trouble if I'd done that, Old Stormalong!" Hank gasped with pain, then went

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on half-whimperingly, "Didn't want to let go, I didn't. Yew know how yew felt about yewr old Ariadne. I felt that way 'bout my old shipyard, though 'twuz a'most as bad a wreck as yewr old clipper. Yew ought to hev ——"

He rambled on for several minutes before he discovered that Old Stormalong had gone, closing the door gently after him.

Old Stormalong beached his vessel, and for a week groped about in the mud under her, seeking for leaks. She had done little more than start a butt when she hurdled over the rock she struck. Those old seasoned planks and timbers from the first Ariadne were of stern stuff. Old Stormalong mended the greatest damage himself, and spent many days satisfying himself that the hull was otherwise sound. He watched when the tide rose around her, trying the pumps continually. And when his windmill, rerigged, failed to draw any water from her hold at high tide, he floated her off and moored her. Then curiosity mongers ashore, who had grinned wisely at the old man scuffling crablike in the mud beneath his old derelict, stared in new wonder to see the schooner's spars vanish under his hands until only the fore lower mast and a thick barrel-like stump of the bowsprit remained. Upon these inadequate spars a foresail and staysail were neatly furled. Broken rails were made new with laboriously hewn pieces from broken and discarded spars.

All through the bitter winter Old Stormalong labored, until the ice broke and went out under the battering of a fierce late-winter gale. It was the fiercest, bitterest gale of a long series, and wise old weather men shook their heads and foretold others to come. Old Stormalong's sunken eyes glittered as he looked at the sky; but what he thought remained unspoken. He began to haunt offices where his schooner had been refused freight. Now he offered a barge.

Shippers took him more seriously after he had actually shipped a mate, a gawky lad of suspected witlessness, but a husky two-handed human animal who could pull in a towrope as well as a harnessed cow at least. Then one day he went to see Hank.

"Dumblast ef yew don't look 'most ready to be planted under th' daisies!" said Hank. Hank was better, though he would never be well.

"No daisies'll grow over me for a long time yet," growled Old Stormalong. "I got a freight." Hank started; almost sat up. "Cut her down to a barge," Stormalong went on. Hank fell back and grinned breathlessly. "How long you got before that money's due, Hank?"

"Nickson wuz here yestiday. He wants his money when he gets in frum his next trip."

Hank's tone was hopeless. His grin had fled. Old Stormalong put a long envelope into Hank's hand.

"Just as soon as you hear the tow made port, Hank, you send that up to the bank. I fixed it with the manager. You can get my freight money advanced in time to wallop Nickson in the eye with it. Then you can sell the rotten old shipyard and pay me back. I told a feller up at the office to let you know when the tow gets in." Stormalong left, singing softly:

*"I wish I was Old Stormy's son!*
*To my way, you Stormalong!*
*I'd build a ship a thousand ton;*
*Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

"Why, yew dumblasted old grampus!" squealed Hank after him. He turned the envelope over and over in his fingers. He heard the front door close after his old friend.

*"Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

he yelled. Old Stormalong heard, and plowed through the windy streets with a soft smile on his worn old visage.

Men along shore said afterwards that the tow never should have gone out. The sea was gray, the sky gray, the barometer low and falling. But the Gamecock was staunch and powerful, the barges seaworthy; and who cared about the humble razeed schooner at the fore end of the line? If she couldn't stand the racket of dragging the rest of the tow while being dragged herself, she could pass her rope along and drop out of the line. Old Stormalong had sail. He boasted always about the sailing qualities of vessels he had sailed. He could make port somewhere to leeward.

Old Stormalong stood at his wheel, following the wake of the tug with infinite attention. He knew that his towing bitts were strong. He had built them in himself. His new windmill pump kept his cargo dry, too, for the Ariadne fluttered no pinions now to dip new planking deep in the seas. But he sailed alone. His mate had deserted as the last line went overboard, frightened by the talk. Stormalong feared to complain, lest he be told to cut out of the tow and wait for the next, getting another mate.

*"Old Stormy was a good old man!*
*Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

He sang his old chantey softly as he steered. He swept the slaty skies with weatherwise eyes from time to time. When night came, and he had lighted his lamps, he put on a heavier muffler and mittens, ate a cold supper at the wheel, and piled a heap of blankets on the gratings.

Men on the other barges, at their hot suppers or in their warm bunks, laughed to think of crazy Old Stormalong with his still crazier mate, as they thought, at last reduced to steering a despised barge at the end of a line.

At midnight the snow began to fall in soft big flakes. In an hour the Ariadne was covered levelly, for there was no wind. The lights of the tug and the tow shone brightly through the floating flakes; the sea was glassy. But there was a subtle heave underrunning the tide; the snowflakes grew perceptibly smaller and harder. The air was intensely cold, with little swirling eddies at times that drove the snow viciously.

Old Stormalong stood stoutly to his endless watch. As it grew colder, and the wind developed out of the eddies, he lit his pipe for comfort's sake, and stood on a doubled blanket to keep his feet warm. He scarcely noticed the moment when it was no longer possible to discern clearly the lights of the tug. He knew that the wind had increased to a rising gale, for his trained old senses heard the whistle of it in the Ariadne's scant cordage. His eyes never left that pitiful foremast very long. That was the only thing left to convey to his mind the idea of a ship. There at least were shrouds, and halyards, and a furled sail. In the snow flurries that had become incessant by dawn, that stump of a mast took on a grandeur that transformed the humble barge into a creation of marine beauty only enhanced by the driving gale.

Day was only a grayer night. Seas rolled in from the wide ocean thunderously, murderously. Unable to see how the others fared, Stormalong only knew that his Ariadne labored and plunged in the restraint of the towropes as she had never done under sail. Yet, not being kept down by sail pressure, she leaked far less than ever before. He left the helm and tried the pumps. He dared not turn the windmill to the wind. The gale would have torn it loose and hurled it to sea. But there was little pumping.

The Gamecock whistled frantically to him, and ponderously reviewing his newly learned whistle signals, he knew she was telling him to watch his steering.

He could barely see her vague blur through the howling blizzard now. The tow astern of him was only to be placed because of the twanging line that snaked out into the blank from his stern.

He had stood his watch twelve hours when the blizzard reached its terrific climax. His pipe was cold, his feet were numb. The tug began to send forth impatient blasts again, yet he knew his steering was good. A terrific blast of icy wind whistled athwart the deck, the Ariadne heeled over, roaring down to leeward as if she could never recover. Old Stormalong heaved down his wheel, watching that lone, forlorn foremast of his as if it bore lofty sail that was jeopardized by the squall. And as the vessel righted, his old face wore a wan smile. She had come through! He heard, far astern, faint and receding voices. He knew nothing of what they were; but his stern towrope was still taut, so his next in line was safe.

*"Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

he sang defiantly.

From the invisible tug ahead came peremptory siren blasts. The towrope streaked away ahead over the weather bow. Stormalong knew what that meant. The tow was sagging to leeward, the tug was struggling to keep it up to windward; the blizzard shrieked more fiercely, and the tug was

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

telling the barges in unmistakable language to cast loose.

"He don't mean that. No sailorman'd do that," murmured Old Stormalong. "Somebody's mixed the signals, I guess. Gosh! I wish old Hank was here. A pot o' hot coffee ——"

He listened again to the insistent whistle blasts. He was chilled to the marrow. He cupped a hand against his ear, and the hand shook so that it slapped his face. But he felt nothing of that. His face and hands were icy and beyond feeling.

*"I'd build a ship a thousand ton,*
*To my aye, Stormalong!*
*And all my shellbacks they'd have some——"*

"Whang!" something went in the darkness ahead, and the Ariadne's head fell off from the wind like something blown loose. Old Stormalong stumbled forward. Feet and limbs had no feeling, but instinctively they carried him. The vessel plunged heavily, flooding her decks and carrying the old man away aft again. He struggled out from the strangling brine and clawed forward again, ice forming on every inch of him. His sou'wester had gone; his grizzled old head wore a helmet of ice. At the bows the towrope hung loosely. Off to starboard the tug seemed to toot derisively. Men answered her out of the opaque snow swirls—desperate men, cursing men. Old Stormalong hauled doggedly on the rope. If he had to put out an improvised sea anchor it needed to be at the end of the rope anyhow.

He rather pitied Nickson. He knew how he himself would feel if such an accident forced him to let go of a tow, were he a tug skipper. And it would be hard for the Gamecock to pick up the barges again. They had no very audible signals; and the blizzard was surely the very worst he had ever seen. He could imagine the strain that had parted the towrope. Then the end of the rope came in.

Old Stormalong felt at it dazedly. Panting, gasping from his labor, his hands bleeding, his old knees about to give way, he tried to see the rope. He saw it but vaguely. Yet that vague glimpse served to prove what his hands had made him fear: That rope had been cut with an ax.

Voices sounded confusedly in the snow all about him. He tried to answer. His lungs held no more wind than would keep him breathing. Rapidly he thought back over the courses steered, and sketched a mental map of the coast ahead and to leeward. Then, with a flicker of ardor, he blundered over the coiled towrope and cast loose his cherished foresail.

He knew nothing about setting it and getting aft again. With the wheel in his hands, and canvas set, he spread his tottery legs to keep him erect and began to nurse his ill-balanced ship with all the uncanny skill of old. He knew that there was a terrific burden dragging at his stern. He could reach the ax that was becketed in the cabin companionway. It remained there. The burden dragged on.

*"We'll dig his grave with a silver spade!*
*To my aye, Stormalong!*
*And lower him down with golden chains!*
*Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*

Another night came with a lessening blizzard and a colder gale. Colder and more bitter, the wind had changed in direction. Voices bawled astern of the Ariadne. Ahead was a black line that might be squall or coast—equally to be dreaded. Old Stormalong, stiffly erect at his wheel, heard nothing of the bawling voices, saw nothing of peril ahead. For he was once again sailing a storming clipper down the trades. Up above the drenched rag of the foresail soared the swelling royals and stuns'ls of his beloved old Ariadne. A ghostly clock struck eight bells in a ghostly saloon. Old Stormalong leaned creakily to the Ariadne's silver-tongued bell hung on the wheel casing, and struck eight bells with grave precision.

The gale shifted a point. A sea climbed over the bow.

"Check the yards a trifle, mister!" shouted Old Stormalong.

Ghostly hands hauled upon braces, squaring phantom yards.

"Well the fore, mister. Small pull the main!" the old man shouted.

His eyes were glassy; but he saw the glory of his old ship in all her stately pride. His limbs were stiff, cold; he felt the rhythm of her as she foamed through azure seas with sparkling jewels of spray about her lovely figurehead. And a smile settled on his lips. Sometime during the night he had dared to trust to his windmill pump, forced to it by gaining water. Half of the vanes remained, and the hum of them was, to him, the hum of the log reel as the great clipper stormed the knots astern.

Old Stormalong lived his supreme moment then. The icy breath of the gale that had frozen his hoary old head was but the strong kindly trade wind that gave his clipper her flying heels. The gale began to die out. Dawn lightened, peopling his decks with the wraiths of his dreams. The gale was abating. Ahead lay the wide entrance to a safe harbor. One of the barges still hung astern of the Ariadne by its towline. It was from her that men bawled impatiently. Stormalong gave no sign. His gaze was fixed. The glorious smile was on his gray frozen face. His limbs had no relation to flesh and blood. The barge's men bawled impatiently. The Ariadne sailed on. They swung axes, the towrope parted, and the freed barge drifted swiftly into the harbor, while the Ariadne, with her motionless helmsman at the wheel, sailed on across the entrance and came to uneasy rest among the mudflats.

As soon as a harbor tug had met and secured the drifting barge, it steamed on to look over the stranded Ariadne. The bargemen went too. Old Stormalong still stood at his wheel, his haggard old face wearing a frozen smile, crowned with its helmet of frozen gray hair.

"Crazy as a loon, he is!" one of the bargemen said.

"Stone dead, seems to me," said the tugboat skipper.

He clambered aboard the ice-sheathed Ariadne. His men went over her to see what might be done about dragging her back into deep water.

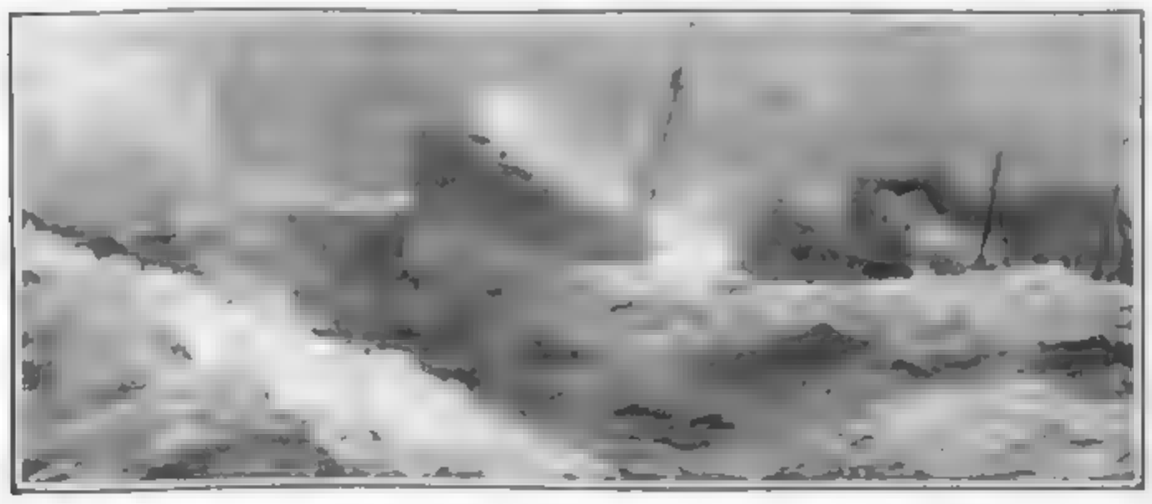
"Looks as if the crazy loon saved some o' your lives," the skipper went on as he looked around. "Frozen stiff at the wheel. Alone too. And the Gamecock piled up in the night, ten mile up the coast. Ain't found any of her crew neither. Crazy? Sure he was! And I'd be proud to be as ——"

"Hey, skipper, this towrope was cut!" bawled one of the hands forward. "No ax hereabouts."

"Needn't look for the ax as cut that rope aboard this craft!" snapped the skipper. Then, to the gaping bargemen he said: "Pry him loose and lay him on them blankets. Then stand by for'ard while we haul his ship off and anchor her for him."

So the Ariadne came to her haven. And the tugboat skipper, who had once been a real sailor of Old Stormalong's sort, sped the soaring spirit to its Snug Harbor in the way the old man would have liked above all others:

*"Oh, Stormy's dead and gone to rest!*
*To my aye, Stormalong!*
*Of all good sailormen the best!*
*Aye, aye, hay, Mister Stormalong!"*



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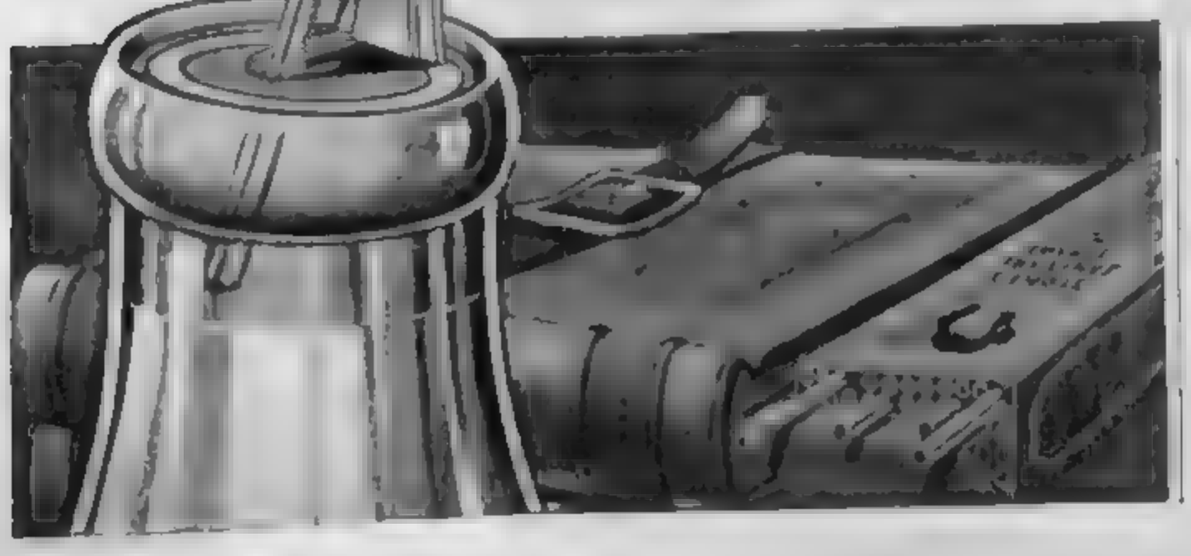


# OUR FOREIGN CITIES

(Continued from Page 15)

Some of these common characteristics may be briefly set down. First of all, they live in a communal congestion incomprehensible to more strongly individualized peoples, even though many have comfortable sums laid away, as the immigrant banks reveal. This congestion is due partly to poverty, partly to the peasant's consuming passion to save, but chiefly to his deep social need of the group life to augment the meager life of the individual. Secondly, all the groups—with the significant exception of the Jews—keep boarders, quantities of them, stuffed away in their cramped quarters like sardines in a tin; all of them exploit their women and children economically, and maltreat them as a patriarchal matter of course when they do not come through with the coin; though in this matter the boys are less oppressed, less browbeaten than the girls. All have medieval notions upon the subjects of cleanliness and health, and personally I found the South Italians and the Russians the filthiest of all the groups, with surprising exceptions here and there. All have their own internal group organizations, mutual aid and nationalistic societies, and in this respect the Jews and the Poles lead the groups and the Russians are farthest behind. Perhaps now you begin, as I did, to catch glimpses of a certain key pattern, or sameness, running throughout the groups.

Why do they bunch so solidly together and shut the big world out? Why do they keep boarders? Why are they so keen for group reaction, group organization within their own nationalistic group? Why are they exploited right and left? Why don't they merge? Why don't they climb?

Poverty is not the answer, though of poverty there's aplenty, and grim; nor absence of knowledge of our speech; nor even the lack of industrial training and the hazards of urban life. These three factors, it is true, do complicate the pattern; but they do not create the original design. They simply act like acids to etch it in more harshly and render it more shockingly visible to our unphilosophic Western minds, which conceive that every other race pattern must coincide exactly with our own. But for the real whyness of the peasant immigrant's behavior in this new land, in Chicago, Cleveland or Detroit, we must look behind or through these cities to the Old World pattern and see how he functioned in his native landscape. The odds are ten to one that you will find him putting up a champion fight to function in precisely the same fashion in the Chicago stockyard neighborhood as he did back in his pronounce-it-and-you-can-have-it native town.

### The Easy Weepers

And right here is where a good many sentimentalists who shed salty tears over the sad fate of the immigrant go suddenly blind. They see the American pattern, dented with imperfections and defects, with such vivid and virulent intensity that they do not get the European scheme at all, nor perceive the immutable laws of cause and effect. One would infer, from their outcries, that the immigrant was a spick-and-span product, fresh from the Almighty's hand, set down in the American wastes. These easy weepers and emotionalists flounder like Alice in Wonderland in a sea of their own maudlin tears.

"Alas, poor immigrant!" they moan. "Lured by base exploiters to these benighted, brutalized shores! Behold how industry destroys you, how courts of justice abuse you, how Americans trick and betray you for their own despicable ends!"

In very sober truth the average peasant immigrant's lot in America is bitter, drab and hard—which is all the more solid reason why we should cease to dribble soppy sentiment in the dark, and turn on the electricity of rational illumination to scare off these silly hobgoblins of sentimental fancy and to ascertain the actual facts of the case.

Looking, then, at the Central and South European scene—and looking at it through the magnifying lens, so to speak, of modern sociological research, proved-up-on evidence and documentary data which we cannot deny—we screw down our binoculars until we pick up the peasant village; then we steady our vision and squint. We have now under our focused gaze a village—but a village of which, with our modern mushroom growth, we have not the remotest counterpart. The whole layout over there resembles more nearly a coral reef, built up through endless centuries until it sticks above the waves, an incredibly tight little proposition of an island which can withstand the wildest rampages of the elements without budging in its tracks. Governments may come and governments may go, but the peasant villages stay on forever. Incidentally, it was upon these stout little coral reefs of peasant villages that Lenine, swashbuckling fantastically among the clouds, everlastingly stubbed his toe.

And now as to the differences. Well, first of all, cut right out of the pattern the American notion of pioneers—the smart dynamic fellow, bursting with energy and ideas, who bought the swamp along the lake front for a song, drained it, laid it off in town lots with streets like a checkerboard, developed the water and electric power, started a hotel and a bank, installed a preacher and a schoolmarm, digging down into his pants for their salaries until he could get the durn shebang under steam, and so cleaned up his first million because he had the vision to see that the railroad was coming through that way and was willing to gamble on himself.

### American Individualism

Nearly every town in America has a founder like that, a man of constructive, dynamic brain who contributes to the welfare of the entire community, stamping it with his resolute personality; making money, to be sure, but sticking it back into a hundred growing enterprises, much as a woman sticks plants into her garden for the fun of seeing things grow. That's America; that's its town life—the pioneer principle, the constructive vision working itself out in a thousand active ways.

But in Europe, in these peasant villages, the pioneer idea is conspicuous by its complete absence. Anybody whose ancestors have been lucky enough to scrape together a few simoleons hangs onto the same like grim death, nor squanders his sacred heritage by risking it in any such mad schemes as developing water power, building roads or draining waste lands—not to mention such crazy notions as giving it up altogether for endowments of public hospitals, libraries or free technical schools. In these peasant communities the turbulent fellow with brains, the strong individualist, the originator, has been rigidly cast out of their midst, excommunicated with a triple curse, or else his idiosyncrasies lopped ruthlessly off to fit the iron bed of conformity. And this relentless conforming process, having been going on apace through unconsidered centuries, the number of Newtons or mute inglorious Miltons born within their midst is now, not to put too fine a point on it, approximately nil.

In America we're breeding directly toward individuality, and the individual with a strong personality often gets more than his just meed of praise. But in Europe, in the peasant communities, the breeding is strictly along the opposite track. Not mountain peaks, but the *tabula rasa* is their ideal; for mountain peaks, you see, are exposed. Not for them the research magnificent, the quest for new values, nor the increased life of the intelligence, but a rigid as-you-were attitude of mind and soul.

"In the peasant group"—I quote from Old World Traits Transplanted—"the desire for security is opposed to the desire for new experience. Behavior is predetermined for the individual by tradition. He is secure as long as the group organization is secure, without the exercise of personal originality or creativeness; and security means not only physical security but a secure economic and social position, without apprehension of disturbing change." And this he attains by sticking like a leech to what Cooley, in his Social Organization, calls his "primary group," under which general social system he lives.

"By primary groups," says Cooley, "I mean those characterized by intimate face-to-face association and coöperation. They are primary in several senses, but chiefly that they are fundamental in forming the social nature and ideals of the individual. The result of intimate association, psychologically, is a certain fusion of individualities in a common whole, so that one's very

(Continued on Page 105)

# The Thrill of The Wills Sainte Claire

**Three thousand miles across the Continent—or in the surging traffic of the Avenue—your Wills Sainte Claire will meet and exceed your fondest expectations.**

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**Individual cars that have gone fifty, sixty, seventy thousand miles are today operating as smoothly, as quietly and with all the wonderful efficiency that they showed when first they left the factory.**

**Wills Sainte Claire owners are realizing, by actual experience that in purchasing a Wills Sainte Claire they have made a permanent investment in motor car satisfaction.**

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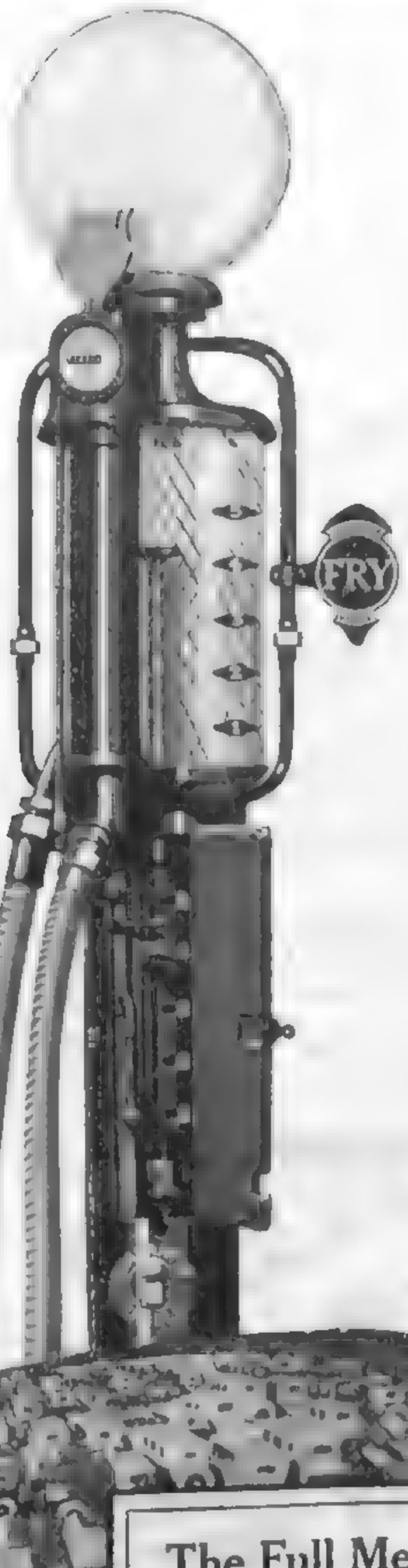


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Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one. Millions do.

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**Guarantee Liquid Measure Co.**
**Rochester, Pa.**

(Continued from Page 102)

self, for many purposes at least, is the common life and purpose of the group. Perhaps the simplest way of describing this wholeness is by saying that it is a 'we'; it involves the sort of sympathy and mutual identification for which 'we' is the natural expression. One lives in the feeling of the whole and finds the chief aims of his will in that feeling."

"The obvious value of this type of organization"—returning to Old World Traits Transplanted—"is that it gives solidarity and security to the group. It is not a rational form of association, and it is capable of assuming the fixity of animal behavior represented in the herd. Every value, every standard of behavior that is fixed by tradition becomes absolute and assumes a sacred character. Every member is expected to conform, and failure to conform produces violent emotions in both the group and the stubborn member."

Ordinarily, the peasants sink their individuality, which is not great, without difficulty, and even with a sense of deep inner harmony, to this fixed, rigid pattern of communal life; it becomes the bony skeletons of their beings; without it they cannot stand upright or exist; to cast it away is like casting away their spinal columns; they lose their sense of moral balance, become confused, demoralized. Occasionally, however, some mad perverse fellow, with faint traces of Old Harry in his system, does rebel. Krauss, in his study of the South Slavs, relates such a case.

"Unanimity prevails as a rule," says he, "but it also happens that when the question is put by the domacin, all except one agree to a motion, but the motion is never carried if that one refuses to agree to it. In such cases all attempt to persuade and talk over the stiff-necked one. Often they even call to their aid his wife, his children, his relatives, his father-in-law and his mother, that they may prevail upon him to say yea. Then all assail him and say to him from time to time, 'Come now, God help you, agree with us, too, that this may take place as we wish it, that the house may not be cast into disorder, that we may not be talked about by the people, that the neighbors may not hear of it, that the world may not make sport of us!' It seldom occurs in such cases that unanimity is not attained!"

### The Power of Mass Influence

Thus there is a kind of moral third degree applied to the original, perverse, nonconformist thinkers in order to break down their initiative. What price poets, painters, scientists, engineers or pioneers of any description in such a community? It is true that primitive customs of suppressing individuality, of differentness, as it breaks out in genius or in youth, are practiced to some extent by all societies, and in so far as they spur on the iconoclast to prove up on his wild, airy brain phantasms, such steadying forces are beneficial in moderate amounts; they are teething rings upon which the youthful rebels harden their gums. But when they become so overpowering as to force compulsion on all, they kill. And the mischief of it is, in these peasant communities, the rebels do conform, and thus initiative is killed at its source. Krauss describes another instance of a peasant who has been away some time from the commune, and, returning, wishes to take advantage of the state law concerning an inheritance of property, which differs from the communal practice. He is overwhelmed by the indignation of the peasants, who declare he has lost his reason.

"'Some strange sin,' they exclaim, 'is leading you into an abyss, and has brought you into conflict with the villagers, your brothers. Woe to the man without a brother! The village is always stronger than the bear. Shake off these strange thoughts and strange clothes.'

"And the returned peasant replies, 'Truly, brothers, how shall I answer you? I see myself that I have lost my reason and sinned against God and against you. I have mainly injured myself by my wanderings about the world.'" And he makes haste to shake off his strange ideas and to merge his individual identity in the herd.

That this suppression and negation of individuality prevails not only among the peasantry, but is the warp and woof of the whole European scheme, is the opinion of an Esthonian, an intellectual, who says:

"The appreciation of America as a wonderful country in which to learn dawned upon me after years of wandering, study and observation here and in Europe, and as a result of comparing this country with the European countries, within the limitations of my personal experience. My field studies and observations led me to the conclusion that in the public-school programs and methods in America and in European countries there is a still more pronounced difference than in the field of higher education. In Europe the main emphasis is laid upon form, authority, obedience, discipline, while in the American public schools freedom of action, imagination, initiative and self-reliance are pursued as the main goals in the training of youth. The European public school suppresses individuality, while the American system builds it up, or at least leaves it untrammeled."

And it is this suppression of individuality which finds its finest flowering in these peasant villages whence comes the bulk of our recent immigrants. And yet they live; and they live happily, the soul of one merged in the soul of all; they have their folk songs, village festivals and dances and spring picnics in the woods. A serene, tranquil, backwater existence untroubled by any wild, turbulent questings of that intelligence which, by its fermenting through the ages, has reared up man on his hind legs as an adventurous biped instead of continuing a foursome existence alongside his quadruped brethren. In these villages, intellectually speaking, a kind of noble, passive vacuum prevails. A knock-out of an existence for a moron, and it is from stagnant reservoirs like this that many of our morons derive. And that is what the whole proposition amounts to, boiled down—a grand and glorious vegetative existence for people with emotions, but with rudimentary, slow-gaited, picayune minds. For it may be stated as an axiom that the individual who is so anxious to merge his intellect with the other fellow's hasn't overmuch intellect to merge; he'll never set the Volga on fire; and thus a merger is all to the good—just so much velvet.

### Mental Differences

There is, it should be marked, a profound difference between a Central European of the educated class, let us say, whose mind and the minds of whose ancestors for ages have been agile, plastic, reaching out to wide horizons, and a peasant whose communal pattern rigidly exiles all that is original, ungrouplike or strange. Some of them do not even know, until they reach this country, that they have a nationality. A Polish peasant over here denied that he was a Pole. Questioned, he stubbornly affirmed that only aristocrats were Poles. Himself—why, he was a peasant from the village of P. That village was his country, his nation; it was his communal "we"; everything beyond its borders was bad, hostile, strange. Another peasant, an Albanian, declared that he did not know that he was an Albanian until his brother, who had joined an Albanian society in America, came back and told him so.

It was something like this which a consul—whose nationality I shall not reveal—had in mind when he said to me bluntly:

"You're not getting the best of our European immigrants over here. You're getting, I may say, about the worst."

Here was candor! I gasped. There was, then, in the European official mind such a thing as good, better, best among their own nationals; and, by the same token, such a thing as bad, worse, worst.

"What's the matter with them?" I asked. "I mean, why don't the best ones come?"

"Why should they?" he countered keenly. "Does your best citizen stuff leave the United States?"

"That's different," I replied rather weakly, for I saw he had me in a sure-enough hole. Obviously I couldn't tell him my thought, which was that America was the finest place on earth and knocked his measly little country into a cocked hat, for it was reasonable to suppose that he cared for his country as much as I did for mine. And so I repeated feebly, "That's different, you know."

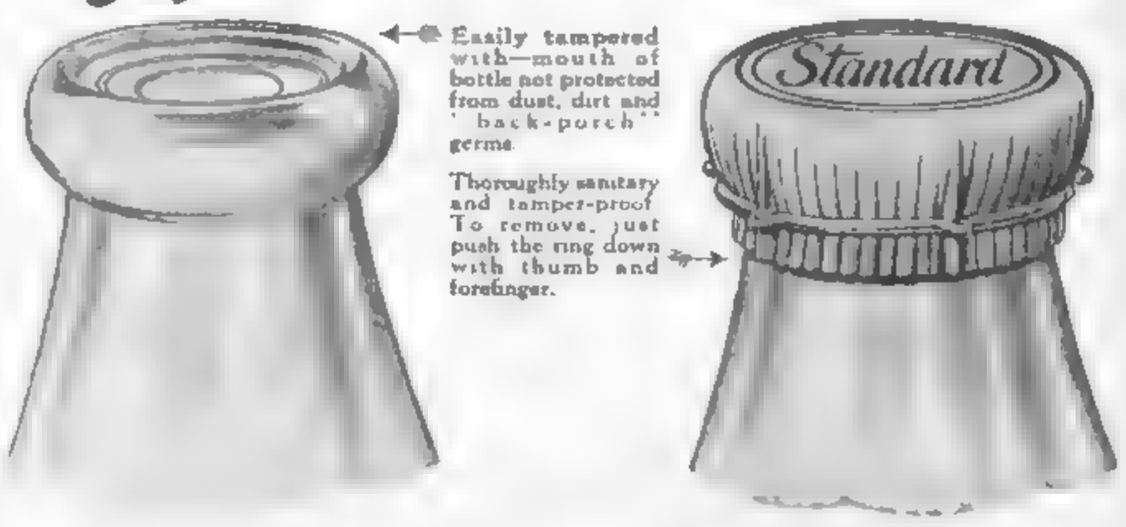
"Not a bit different," cried he vehemently. "You just think so because you're an American. And the way you think about us"—aha, so he had read my guilty thought!—"is the same way we think about you!"

He had me, and I laughed.

"As bad as that?"

He nodded.


# The Pouring Lip of your Milk Bottle




Easily tampered with—mouth of bottle not protected from dust, dirt and "back-porch" germs.

Thoroughly sanitary and tamper-proof. To remove, just push the ring down with thumb and forefinger.

## No Hands or Dust Can Touch It

The life-food of children should be certain. No hands, no insects, no dust can touch the pouring lip when milk bottles are capped with Standard Hood Seals

The last step has been taken now to protect your milk and cream.

Good dairies in nearly every city now deliver **selected** milk and cream with a **non-replaceable** hood seal—if you ask for it.

The seal cannot be tampered with. Once removed, it cannot be replaced. So you detect adulteration at once. It also covers the **entire top** of your milk bottle. Thus it shuts out any dust, dirt or "back-porch" germs that settle around the top and the pouring lip. To open this cap is just like breaking a seal.

No mother can overlook this. For milk, as you know, is a natural breeding place for germs. That is why the laws that protect it are so stringent. Milk, too, is a fatty substance, thus holding all the dust and germs that touch it. Especially around the bottle top.

### In New York

Some years ago in New York, tampering, switching of labels, thinning out of cream after it left the dairy became a real problem. This together with dust and "back-porch" germs that settled on bottle tops made milk an uncertain commodity.

It was to meet this situation that the Standard Hood Seal was invented and brought into use. Since then, it has spread everywhere. For leading dairies saw at once that with it they could at last **guarantee** that their milk and cream would not be tampered with in delivery—that it would come to your table as fresh and pure as when it left the dairy.

### The World Over

The Standard Seal is used today the world over. The U. S. Government specified its use in the Canal Zone at Panama. In India it was the chief means of wiping out typhus plague by protecting the milk supply.

### In Your Home

If your milk is not now protected by this cap—we would like to have you write us. We will help you secure it. For with this cap you can be sure that certified milk is "Certified" when it **reaches you**—selected milk reaches you "selected" that cream cannot be thinned—that nothing can contaminate the pouring lip of your milk bottles.

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Tear this off to remind you to write the Standard Cap and Seal Corporation, Fullerton and Racine Aves., Chicago, about their proposition for capping your selected grades of milk and cream with the sanitary, germ-proof Standard Hood Seal.

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I would like to have my milk protected by being capped with the Standard Hood Seal.

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When buying new or re-covering old furniture it is well to remember that there are many qualities of mohair velvet. Often only an expert can detect the difference until the test of service is applied.

For nearly half a century, mohair velvet of Sanford Mills weave—Chase VELMO—has been recognized as the world standard of quality.

Chase VELMO is made by the largest weavers of mohair velvet in the world and the oldest in America.

Ask your furniture dealer, decorator or upholsterer for genuine Chase VELMO. Your insistence will secure for you a fabric that is artistic in design, rich in colorings, luxurious, unusually durable and guaranteed color fast. The genuine has the Chase VELMO trade mark stamped on the back of every yard.

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"Our real nation builders—well, it's precious few of them who are coming over here to stay. Why on earth should they? Of course, if a world cataclysm comes, they stand out from under; but the majority of them don't run very far. Put yourself in their shoes and America endangered. Would you light out? I'm talking now about the average run of peasant immigrants who come over here, and I say they're not our best citizen stuff."

He looked at me as if I could take his statement or leave it. I did the latter, and asked, "Then you don't think it requires initiative or pioneer spirit for the immigrant peasants to come over here?"

He shook his head.

"Not much; no, not much—not any more. The trail's already blazed. I don't say, of course, that it's totally absent. And, in addition, some of the European riffraff you get we can very well afford to lose."

"This realistic point of view," I said, "will be a sad blow to some of our sentimentalists, who seem to believe that the peasants are 100 per cent pure product until they're debauched by America."

"They do have a hard time."

"Harder than at home?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because there they're in their own frame and they don't try to get out. Then they come over here with the Canaan complex; they expect the promised land, perfection, paradise—mountains of pure gold, a Golconda of wealth—all their little suppressed hankers satisfied. And they find ——"

He shrugged philosophic shoulders and spread out his hands.

"Well, what do they find?"

"A twelve-hour job in a steel mill. But that's not the worst thing. The worst thing is the breakdown of their former bases of stability."

"It's not that they're good or bad of their own kind, but that their kind is so different from ours. Their whole plane of existence is remote."

"Exactly," he finished off. "It's a question of evolution, and in evolution you can't take any short cuts."

Summing up the main features in the continental background of the Central and South European peasant, we find him living in a simple, face-to-face group organization, merging his individuality into a common whole, surrendering to a rigid social code based on sacred tradition which destroys initiative and individual creative expression. To be different is a vice. Otherwise, they're no better and no worse than other people, save only in this respect: That no human group can obstinately suppress intelligence, originality, the creative spirit and rebelliousness of the young, breeding stubbornly along the opposite track to create a slow-gaited, mentally torpid type, without the succeeding generations paying the price.

### *The Hereditary Handicap*

Thus the stone which these peasant builders rejected has become the corner stone in this new Western land of individual initiative, and their children's children, *émigrés*, have bitter need of it now. That is a heritage handicap in which we have no complicity or part. And yet it complicates infinitely the pattern over here for everybody concerned, and for themselves most grievously of all. For when you have a society such as that of this great Republic, in which the government, the courts, and the social and industrial systems are rooted and grounded in that magnificent assumption that all men are created equal; and when you thrust into that complex and highly individualized pattern millions of human creatures whose conduct of life and behavior has been stamped on them as by a conventional die; who are not individuals created equal, but deindividualized members of a group who are lost, bewildered, demoralized when forced to act on their own initiative and only whole when their personalities are merged in the little communal "we"—given such a situation, you have two powerful and mutually antagonistic patterns of life and behavior crashing in upon each other at every turn, with the inevitable consequence that a lot of human crockery is smashed.

It buys us nothing to call hard names and to shout accusingly, "Down with Industry!" or "Down with Democracy!" or "Down with the foreign scum!". For the fact is that all these three—democracy, industry and the peasant immigrant himself—are accomplices after the fact: all important witnesses in the case, but not the arch villain in the plot, that's Mister Biologic Evolution himself, that great, crabbed old specialist—and we can't subpœna him.

So much for backgrounds, which are rather important in explaining foregrounds. And now, coming to these same foregrounds, we discover that the dead line between the two is very shadowy and faint. For though they're in a new land, the immigrants keep on backgrounding for all they're worth; it's their chief business in life—just as it was back home. And the sober truth is that they must needs reproduce their old-country customs in order to exist. That's the reason they come to friends instead of striking out each fellow for himself. That's the reason for boarders, for congestion, for the indiscriminate crowding of sexes with the resultant hazards to morality and health—the deep psychic need of group association, of primary face-to-face communion, the merging of the weak, wabbly, undeveloped little "I" into the strength and solidarity of the "we." Thus and thus only they are made whole. So that these tight, isolated little foreign isles which we find scattered throughout Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh and other industrial centers, fraught though they are with danger, are necessary to existence. This also is the underlying reason why they do not pioneer, jump off into a new place, each man for himself, on some hardy, individualistic enterprise, where the risks and the rewards are great. They try this sometimes; but they are apt to go crazy, or to fall into some wild, grotesque behavior, or commit misdemeanors and crimes so incomprehensible that we shut them up for insane. But they are not, strictly speaking, insane; they are simply people of a low individualistic caliber, who, exiled voluntarily or involuntarily from their own group, have lost their moral steering gears.

### *Reaction to New Surroundings*

"At home the immigrant was almost completely controlled by the community." I quote from Old World Traits Transplanted. "In America this lifelong control is relaxed. Here the community of his people is at best far from complete, and, moreover, it is located within the American community, which lives by different and more individualistic standards, and shows contempt for all the characteristics of the newcomers. All the old habits of the immigrant consequently tend to break down. The new situation has the nature of a crisis, and in a crisis the individual tends either to reorganize his life positively, adopt new habits and standards to meet the new situation, or to repudiate the old habits and their restraints without reorganizing his life—which is demoralization. . . . There is, of course, violation of the traditional code, breaking the law in all societies. . . . But the demoralization, maladjustment, pauperization, juvenile delinquency and crime are incomparably greater in America than in the corresponding European communities. . . . An analysis of the puzzling cases of immigrant crime shows that the perpetrators often introduce features which they think are part of the proper procedure in the case, but which show a misapprehension of the motives of American modes which they think they are imitating."

As an example in point, the authors cite the case of a group of boys of foreign parentage who held up and killed a farmer on his way to Chicago with a load of vegetables:

"They had two revolvers, a bread knife, a pocket knife and a large club. They had been reading novels and planned a hold-up. When the farmer was ordered to hold up his hands he promptly did so."

They first stole his watch and chain, then killed and mutilated him.

"It appears from the complete records," say the authors, "that the boys were not satisfied with the mere hold-up. They were nonplused to find it was all over and there had been no killing. It was not complete and did not correspond to a hold-up as they had come to understand it. So they added the details which were lacking. The immigrant child is more likely than an American child to follow the suggestion got from picture shows."

And the authors add: "The person who has been completely controlled by a group

(Continued on Page 109)

# More Light, More Air
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**And not only at canning time, but also on washing and ironing days or any other day when household duties call you to the basement, you'll appreciate the flood of light, the perfect ventilation that Fenestra Basement Windows give.**

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There is no possibility of improper or unnecessary medication with Dr. Lyon's. It contains no harmful ingredient of any kind. It is a safely cleansing dentifrice. And white, polished teeth follow its use, without any risk. Besides beautifying and preserving the teeth, it sweetens the breath. There are no disadvantages in being *Lyonized*.

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(Continued from Page 106)

whose behavior in a limited number of possible situations has been predetermined by his community, tends to behave in wild and incalculable ways, to act on any vagrant impulse that invades his mind when withdrawn from the situation he knows and removed from the background of a permanent community. The result is behavior that is incomprehensible because it follows no known pattern."

Sometimes this demoralization becomes acute and amounts to actual insanity. The statistics from the state of Illinois on this phase of the subject I was unable to obtain, but those for New York State are sufficiently significant. In the manic depressive class of insanity in the New York State Hospital for the Insane, 24 per cent of all admitted were Hebrew, and 22 per cent were Italian—these two being the largest foreign groups in that state. In the dementia præcox class, 35 per cent were Hebrew and 26.6 per cent were Italian, while in general paralysis 13.3 per cent were Hebrew and 19.1 per cent were Italian.

With regard to the heavy percentages of mental cases of the Jews, it must be recalled that, in addition to the rigid social code, the group pattern, under which the Russian and Polish peasant Jews live in their native lands, there is also the severe and beneficial discipline of their own religion—a religion which, with its fine health tenets, tends to keep them sane, moderate and self-contained. Loosing themselves all at once from these double restraints has proved a boomerang. Of all the nationalities, those of the Hebrew religion have been the most eager to wipe out differences, to deback-groundize themselves all at once; and when the double barriers are down, with no new pattern to replace them, the immigrants of this religion tend to swing through an even wider arc of confusion. Upon this general aspect of the subject the authors of Old World Traits Transplanted make the following illuminating comment:

"The Jews have the settler psychology. They bring their intellectuals, professionals, business men, as well as their revolutionists and workers, and have, more than any other group, the elements for a complete society. Other immigrant groups are usually defective in leadership and creative individuals; few intellectuals come, and those who do come are usually only intelligent enough to exploit the simpler members of their own group, not to compete with intellectual Americans. Consequently, it is in general true that the immigrant leader is able and willing to organize his people just sufficiently for his own good but not sufficiently for their good."

### Highly Organized Experiments

"The Jews, on the contrary, are conspicuous as creators and organizers in different fields, and their superior members not only live without exploiting their own people but sincerely devote their abilities and resources to the improvement of the mass of their race. Furthermore, for the first time since the dispersion, the Jews have found in America a toleration which has made it possible for them to show an open interest in their own welfare and discuss openly the improvement of their status and the realization of their ideals. . . . From the standpoint of organization, the Jews are the most interesting of the immigrant groups. There is among them, indeed, a great variety of disorder and personal demoralization—gambling, extortion, vagabondage, family desertion, white slavery, ordinary and extraordinary crime—as a consequence of the rapid decay in America of the Jewish traditions and attitudes.

"Our interest in the organization of other immigrant groups is limited to the possible discovery of devices which may assist those groups until they are able to enjoy the benefits of American institutions. In the case of the Jewish group we find spontaneous, intelligent and highly organized experiments in democratic control which may assume the character of permanent contributions to the American state."

This is particularly true of the clothing trades in Chicago, in which the Jewish trade-union idea of collective bargaining, with permanent impartial chairmen agreed upon by both sides, has been used as a model of excellence throughout the ready-made clothing industry in this country and in Canada.

The main points of this discussion, however, are that the simple face-to-face group organizations of the peasants in the old country, with the submergence of individuality, unfit them for active participation in the American individualistic régime; in order to exist they must continue those group combinations over here; and yet those very group combinations isolate them, prevent them from merging with the broad common stream of American life; while their lack of intelligent leadership—save only in the case of the Jews—hampers them still further and lays them open to constant exploitation on the part of their more cunning and unscrupulous brethren. Thus they find themselves in an impasse; they are damned if they continue their Old World nonindividualistic régime and they are equally damned if they don't.

"Although almost five years have passed," wrote Rose Cohen in her Out of the Shadows, "since I started for America, it was only now that I caught a glimpse of it. For though I was in America, I had lived in practically the same environment which we brought from home. Of course, there was a difference in our joys, in our sorrows, in our hardships, for after all this was a different country; but on the whole we were still in our village in Russia."

### Are Immigrants Exploited?

Of these various foreign group organizations, the Jewish, as has been already stated, is the most powerful, both intellectually and financially, and the most philanthropic to its own people; the Polish is the most intensely patriotic and nationalistic in tone; the Italians, slow ever to change, retain longest the simple, affectionate, familial spirit of the old-country peasant life; while the Russian organizations are the most revolutionary in tone, and more or less openly hostile to American institutions and ideals. But here again it should be noted that even in the Russian societies of avowedly revolutionary type, their chief value is social rather than political; the members foregather for the group communion, to stretch their egos, contorted and cramped in this bleak, individualistic Western world—and to talk.

How they talk! I accepted an invitation to listen-in at one of their meetings, and very innocent diversion it seemed to me. The subject under debate was how much to pay for the coffin of a deceased fellow member, and the verbal battle waxed so fierce that I began to fear that coffins would be in order all around. But no; their egos were simply enjoying an outing upon the communal green, and they emerged from the exhausting controversy with perspiring bodies and gleaming eyes, vastly invigorated and refreshed, like lads who have pummeled and doused each other in the swimming pool on a hot day. The net result of such group organizations, however, is to retard or arrest development along American lines.

One comes, somewhat reluctantly, to the subject of exploitation. And what is one to say? Exploited? Of course they are! At every turn and on every hand, industrially and individually and collectively and chiefly, though not entirely, by unscrupulous scoundrels of their own nationality. And this is as bound to be so as that a rock, thrown into the water, will sink; their own inherent defects drag them down. Suspicious of strangers and of the law, slow-gaited and sluggish of mind, their proneness to regard their own countrymen as their blood brothers renders them peculiarly susceptible to be skinned alive by other immigrants; and the foreign colonies bristle with bloodsuckers and crooks who make a specialty of separating fools from their coin. Volumes could be written on this aspect of the situation. I confine myself to a few individual instances.

I was sitting one late afternoon in the Irene Kauffman Settlement House, discussing the old-school synagogue Jews and their modern unorthodox descendants with a young woman of the latter school, when a fine-looking bearded old father in Israel of the patriarchal type entered and laid a five-dollar bill on the desk. The girl duly noted the amount in a book.

"What is it?" I asked.

The old gentleman explained, the girl interpreting. He had indorsed a note for a friend, a Jew from his native town; the scalawag had decamped, leaving him to meet the note. He had borrowed money from the settlement, and now, month by month, was painfully paying it back. What graveled him particularly, he explained, was that the black-hearted scoundrel came from his own native town. One expected


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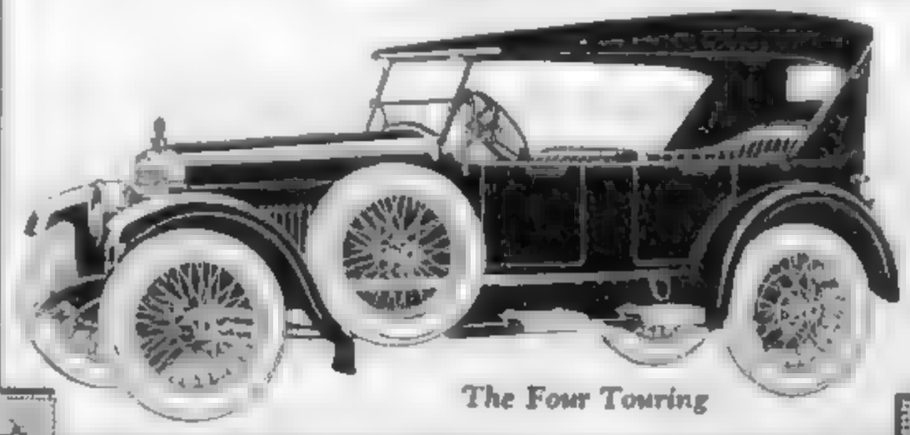

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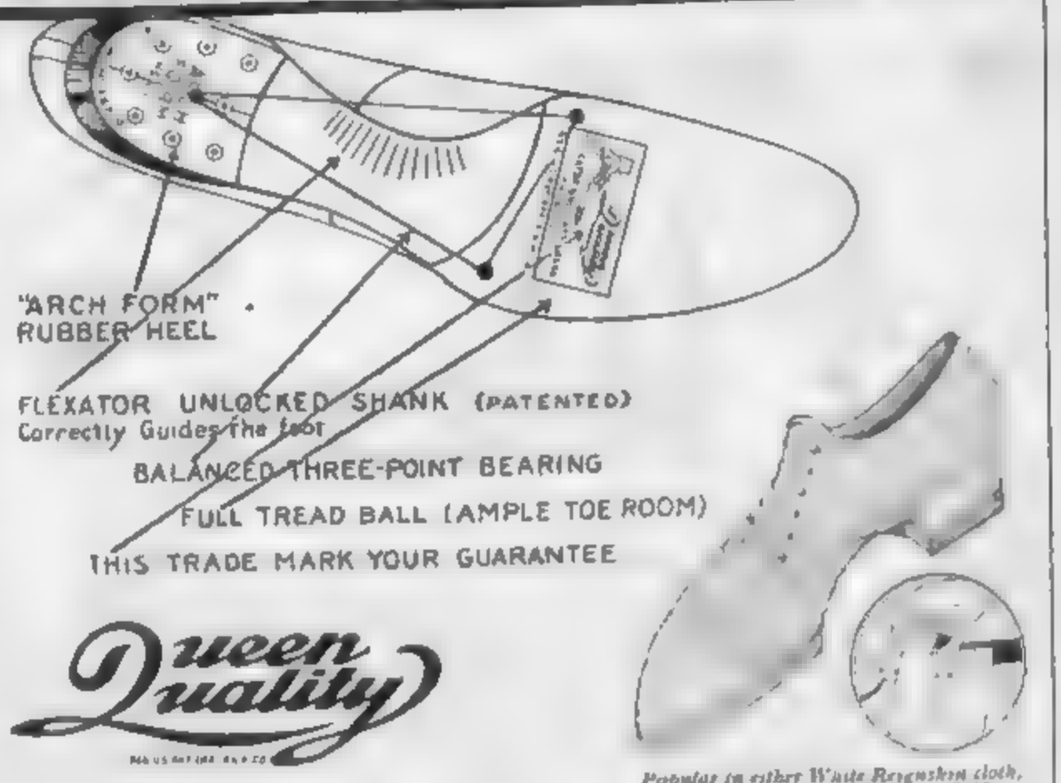
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dishonesty from Americans and strangers from the outside.

Another instance was narrated to me by an industrial manager of a large factory employing thousands of foreign laborers, himself the son of German immigrants but of the skilled artisan class.

"The worst thing about these fellows," said he, "is that they won't believe you or that you're working for their good. Several weeks ago a millworker in our employ was robbed on his way home by two highbinders who jumped out of the shadows of his street and relieved him of his wad—a sum amounting to about two hundred dollars. One frisked him while the other guy held his arms. The man was a Hungarian, a hunky as we say, and being a plucky lad he yelled bloody murder and held onto his assailant like grim death. A cop came running up, arrested the assailant, and at the station Mister Hunky was told that he'd have to appear in court to identify his man and testify in the case.

"And right here comes the joker. For Mister Hunky goes home, advertises around among all his friends how he has been held up, relieved of his hard-earned roll, and must go to the American court. 'They may jug you too,' says a friend. 'What for?' says Mister Hunky. 'I didn't do nothing but hold onto the thief.' 'Well, you gotta have a lawyer just the same, to protect you in the court, so those American guys won't put anything over on you, see? I know a fine man—and cheap. I'll go along and introduce you.'

"The poor fish swallows the bait, the friend takes him to a shyster lawyer who promises to protect him from the American wolves, and makes him sign a contract for services rendered to turn over half his weekly earnings for a year. It was costlier than getting robbed. That was the tune they gouged him to, and the poor dumbbell signed. The first thing we knew about it, in comes a duly executed order commanding us to turn over half his weekly wage for a year to a certain law firm. It looked phony to our legal man and he brought it in to me. I rang up the law firm.

"'What was the nature of the services you performed for our employe?' I inquired.

"'None of your business,' snapped a voice over the wire. 'Your sole business in this matter is to sequester that sum and turn it over to us, as is required by law.'

"'Is that so?' I said, for his raw nerve got my goat. 'Well, maybe your notion of my obligations to my employes and my notion of those same obligations don't coincide. We won't pay one single penny of that money until hell freezes over unless we know what it's for. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.'

"'We'll sue you!' he squeaked.

"'Sue and be damned!' I said. 'But you'll find it cheaper to come through. If your claim is just, we'll pay.'"

### *Tales of Hardship*

"Well, he finally came through to the extent of admitting that his firm had represented his client in court, and that's how we got on the trail. We rang up the police and got hold of the officer who'd arrested the thief.

"'Sure!' he told me. 'That law firm represented your man in court. But say, that hunky didn't need a lawyer any more'n a rooster needs three legs to crow; it was the guy we sent up that needed the legal aid.'

"Well, then we had the employe on the carpet and he explained that the lawyers had told him that unless he got under their protecting wing the Americans would send him to jail along with the thief. They had the poor boob scared out of his hide. Well, we fixed that firm aplenty, but we couldn't persuade Mister Hunky to play safe and bank his money with us. Not on your sweet life! He wouldn't trust us to that extent."

But the foreign immigrant in our cities does not get a fair deal in industry, say his spokesmen—usually fine, sincere social workers; and he does not get a fair deal in the courts. Both those statements are incontrovertibly true. One cannot go about in these foreign colonies, sit down humanly with these folk, listen to their tales of hardship, of anguish, of bitter injustice, of the piled-up weight of misfortune that never seems to lift, without coming away oppressed, with a painful pressure about the heart. Surely life was not meant to be thus!

Our entire scheme of things—government, society and business, little and big—is based on the assumption that the normal individual is sufficiently intelligent to look out for his own private interests in the simple daily issues of life. We may have to overhaul the proud doctrine that every man is born free and equal, upon which our whole superstructure of society rests; and even now we are subjecting it to strains per square foot which may pull the bolts out of their sockets yet. And if those bolts fly it will be a sorry day for all concerned.

With respect to business, it may at once be admitted that self-interest is the main driving force of the policy framers; nor are they the only self-interested ones. Self-interest is divided in the ratio of about fifty-fifty between the industrial camp on one side and the immigrant camp on the other, the deep-seated motives in both cases being identical. Industry, it is averred, is a mighty magnet which drags little atoms from their homes thousands of miles away by its destructive lure; but no magnet on earth can do business worth a cent unless the iron filings are also magnetized and willing to be dragged; and that the little human filings are willing and even eager to hurry along that golden magnetized trail is proved by the fact that Canada has recently complained that her immigrants are deserting her splendid agricultural regions and beating it with singular accord across the border, down to Chicago, where the big industrial magnets lie, quietly exuding magnetism night and day. Why do the immigrants do it? Because less individual enterprise is required of common labor in industry, and the money rewards are higher than upon the farms.

### *The Alternatives*

Then what is the big answer? Well, there isn't any. At least, there isn't any single clear, ringing solution which, applied, will make all parts of the puzzle suddenly click into their proper places and reveal a beautiful, perfect whole. Sweet dénouements like that are reserved for the realm of the movies. But there are certain steps which if taken may serve to relieve the tension and reduce the vast human slag heap which is piling up in the land.

"The conclusion of greatest significance developed by the investigation of the United States Immigration Committee," says Mr. Jett Lauck, who was a member of that committee, "is that the point of complete saturation has been already reached in the employment of recent immigrants in mining and manufacturing establishments. Owing to the rapid expansion in industry during the past thirty years, and the constantly increasing employment of Southern and Eastern Europeans, it has been impossible to assimilate the newcomers politically or socially, or to educate them to American standards of compensation, efficiency or conditions of employment. . . . It is essential to limit temporarily the number of incoming aliens so that the foreign workers already here may be industrially assimilated and educated to the point where they will demand proper standards of living and will be constrained by the economic aspirations of the native Americans. Unless there is restriction at the present time the outlook for the American workers is not very promising. The successive waves of immigration completely inundate the workers already here and cause a downward tendency in methods of living and conditions of employment."

This is simply a warning to stop, look and listen. The time has arrived to halt, to consolidate our position, so to speak, and to reaffirm our original objective in democracy; or, if we decide to continue to receive the present inflowing millions from Central and Southeastern Europe, then we must abandon that original objective and screw down our high-geared individualistic processes of society, of industry, of government, of law to meet the needs of the unindividualized millions who cannot function in our present individualistic scheme. These are plain alternatives: to plug the spigot until we see where we are, or reorganize from the bottom up on the European, unindividualized plan. There is also another alternative, which is, namely, to do nothing at all; to let the vast tide roll on, increasing the strains on our institutions—until the bolts of our present system fly asunder by themselves.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Miss Fraser. The next will appear in an early issue.

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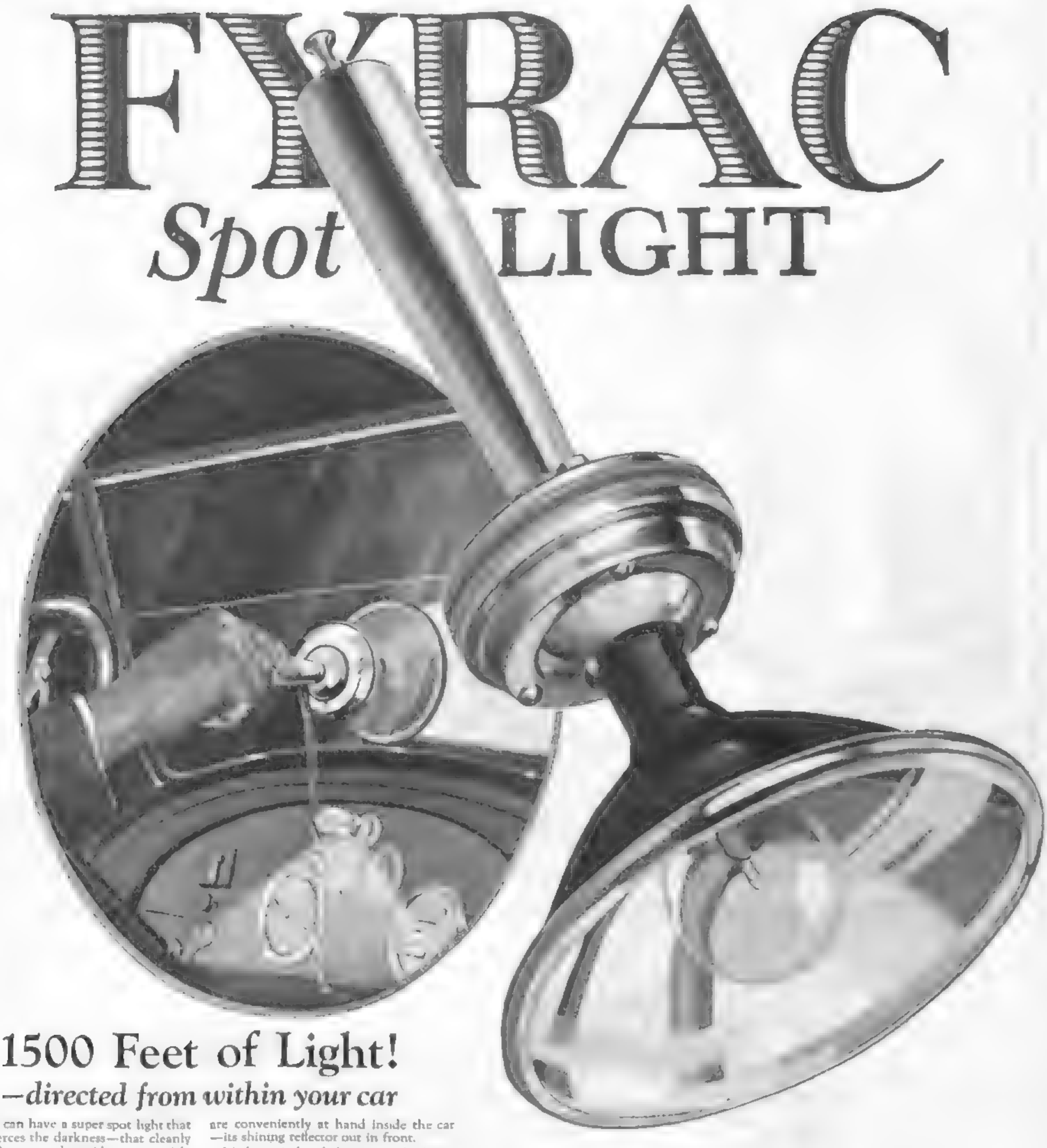

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# THE BABY BLIMP

(Continued from Page 5

Tish, to cut off her lashes, and later to shave her eyebrows with an old razor which Hannah had for some unknown purpose, and although much of the glue remained Tish was able to see once more. When I left her she was contemplating her image in her mirror, and a little of her fine frenzy of early enthusiasm seemed to have departed.

It is characteristic of Tish that, once embarked on an enterprise, she devotes her entire attention to it and becomes in a way isolated from her kind. Her mental attitude during these periods of what may be termed mind gestation is absent and solitary. Thus I am able to tell little of what preparations she made during the following weeks. I do know that she went to church on her last Sunday with her bonnet wrong side before, and that during the sermon she was unconsciously assuming the various facial expressions, one after the other, to the astonishment and confusion of Mr. Ostermaier in the pulpit.

But we also learned that she had again taken up her riding. The papers one evening were full of an incident connected with the local hunt, where an unknown woman rider had followed the hounds in to the death and had then driven them all off and let the fox go free.

My suspicions were at once aroused, and I carried the paper to Tish that night. I found her on her sofa, with the air redolent of arnica and witch hazel, and gave her the paper. She read the article calmly enough.

"I belong to the Humane Society, Lizzie," she said. "Those dogs would have killed it."

"But what made you join the hunt?"

"I didn't join the hunt," she said wearily. "How did I know that beast was an old hunter? I was riding along quietly when a horn blew somewhere, and the creature just went over a fence and started." Tish closed her eyes. "We jumped eleven fences and four ditches," she said in a tired voice, "and I bit my tongue halfway through. I think we went through some hotbeds, too, but I hadn't time to look."

"Tish," I said firmly, "I want you to think, long and hard. Is it worth it? What are they going to pay you a thousand dollars a week to risk? Your beauty, your virtue or your neck? I leave it to you to guess."

"It's my neck," said Tish coldly.

"Well, you've lost the head that belongs on it," I retorted. And I went home.

We were to leave on a Monday, and the Saturday before Tish called me by telephone.

"I've been thinking, Lizzie," she said. "A portion of my picture is laid in the desert. We'd better take some antisnake-bite serum."

"Where do you get it?"

"For heaven's sake, don't bother me with detail," she snapped. "Try the snake house at the Zoo."

I did so, and I must say the man acted strangely about it.

"For snake bite?" he inquired. "Who's been bitten?"

"Nobody's been bitten," I said with dignity. "I just want a little to have on hand in case of trouble."

He looked around and lowered his voice. "I get you," he said. "Well, I haven't any now, but I will have next week. Eight dollars a quart. Prewar stuff."

When I told him I couldn't wait he stared at me strangely, and when I turned at the door he had called another man, and they were both looking after me and shaking their heads.

*IV*

IT HAD been the desire of Tish's life to fly in an aeroplane, and we knew by this time that much of her story was laid in the air. But during the trip west I believe she lost some of her fine enthusiasm. This was due, I imagine, to the repeated stories of crashes with which the newspapers were filled, and also to the fact that we passed one airship abandoned in a field, and showing signs of having fallen from a considerable height.

This theory was borne out, I admit, by Tish's reception of Mr. Stein at the station in Los Angeles.

"We've got a small dirigible for the bootleggers, Miss Carberry," he said cheerfully, "and a fast pursuit plane for you, machine gun and all. Got the plane cheap, after a crash. A dollar saved is a dollar earned, you know!"

Tish, I thought, went a trifle pale.

"You won't need them, Mr. Stein. I'm going to take the story out of the air."

"Great Scott! What for?" he exclaimed.

"It is too improbable."

"Improbable! Of course it is. That's the point." Then he leaned forward and patted her reassuringly. "Now, see here, Miss Carberry," he said, "don't you worry! We've got a good pilot for you, and everything. You're as safe there as you are in this car."

Unfortunately the car at that moment failed to make a sharp turn, left the road, leaped a ditch, and brought up in a plowed field. It seemed a bad omen to begin with, and Tish, I think, so considered it.

"My nephew developed jaundice after an air ride, Mr. Stein," she said as the driver backed the car onto the road, and we pulled Aggie from beneath the three of us. "An attack of jaundice on my part would hold up the picture indefinitely."

But Mr. Stein was ready for that, as we later found him ready for every emergency.

"We've a doctor on the lot, Miss Carberry," he said. "Specializes in jaundice. Don't you worry at all."

Looking back, both Aggie and I realize the significance of the remark he made on leaving us after having settled us at the hotel.

"We've made one or two changes in the story, Miss Carberry," he said. "Nothing you will object to." He smiled genially. "Have to give the scenario department something to do to earn their salaries!"

Had Tish not been preoccupied this would not have gone unchallenged. But she was staring up just then at the blue California sky, where an aviator was looping the loop, and so forth, and she made no comment.

When we recall our California experience, Aggie and I date our first disappointment from the following day, Tish's first at the studio.

Though Tish cannot be termed a handsome woman, she has a certain majesty of mien, which has its own charm. Her new transformation, too, had softened certain of her facial angles, and we had felt that she would have real distinction on the screen. But it was to be otherwise, alas!

Aggie and I had been put out, and sat on the dressing-room steps, perspiring freely, while numerous people came and went from Tish's room. We had heard of the great change effected by the make-up, and our hopes were high. We had not expected her to compete with the various beauties of the silver sheet, but we had expected to find her natural charms emphasized.

But when, some time later, the door opened and Tish appeared, what shall I say? It was Tish, of course, but Tish in an old skirt and a blouse, with no transformation, and her own hair slicked into a hard knot on top of her head.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and she can never be utterly plain to us. But I must say she was not ornamental.

She did not speak, nor did we. She simply passed us, stalking across the lot to a large glassed-in building, and I went in to comfort Hannah.

*V*

THE picture, The Sky Pirate, having made a great success, I need only briefly outline Tish's story. As an elderly clerk in the secret service, she is appalled by the amount of rum smuggling going on, especially by dirigible from Mexico. She volunteers to stop it, and is refused permission. She then steals an airship from the Army, funds from the Treasury in Washington, an air pilot from the Marines, and starts West, unheralded and unsung, in pursuit of her laudable purpose.

The various incidents, as the great American public will recall, include her fastening a Mexican governor in a cave by exploding dynamite in the hillside above him; dropping from a bridge to a moving train below to search the express car for liquor; trapping the chief smuggler on top of the structural-iron framework of a building, and so on. In the end, by holding up the smugglers' dirigible with her own aeroplane and a machine gun, Tish forces them to hand over the valise containing their ill-gotten gains, and with it descends by a parachute to the ground and safety. Later on, as you will recall, she finds the smugglers at an orgy, and with two revolvers arrests them all.

This simple outline only barely reveals the plan of the story. It says nothing of the pursuits on horseback, the shipwreck, the fire, and so on. But it shows clearly that the original story contained no love interest.

I lay stress on this at this point in the narration, because it was very early in the picture that we began to notice Mr. Macmanus.

Mr. Macmanus was a tall gentleman with a gray mustache, and with a vague resemblance to Mr. Ostermaier, but lacking the latter's saintliness of expression. We paid little attention to him at first, but he was always around when Tish was being photographed—or shot, as the technical term is—and in his make-up.

Aggie rather admired him, and spoke to him one day while he was feeding peanuts to Katie, the tame studio elephant—of whom more anon.

"Are you being shot today?" she inquired.

"No, madam. Not today, nor even at sunrise!" he replied in a bitter tone. "From what I can discover, I am being paid my salary to prevent my appearance on any screen."

He then gloomily fed the empty bag to Katie, and went away.

We had no solution for the mystery of Mr. Macmanus at that period, and indeed temporarily forgot him. For the time had come for Tish to take to the air, and both Aggie and I were very nervous.

Even Tish herself toyed with her breakfast the morning of that day, and spoke touchingly of Charlie Sands, observing that she was his only surviving relative, and that perhaps it was wrong and selfish of her to take certain risks. To add to our anxiety, the morning paper chronicled the story of a fatal crash the day before, and she went, I think, a trifle pale. Later on, however, she rallied superbly.

"After all," she said, "the percentage of accident is only one in five hundred. I am sorry for the poor wretch, but it saves the lives of four hundred and ninety-nine others. Figures do not lie."

From that time on she was quite buoyant, and ate a lamb chop with appetite.

During the flight Aggie, Hannah and I remained in the open, looking up, and I must admit that it was a nervous time for us, seeing our dear Tish head down above the earth, and engaged in other life-imperiling exploits. But she came down smiling and, when the aeroplane stopped, spoke cheerfully.

"A marvelous experience," she observed. "One feels akin to the birds. One soars, and loses memory of earth."

She was then helped out, but owing to the recent altitude her knees refused to support her, and she sank to the ground.

*VI*

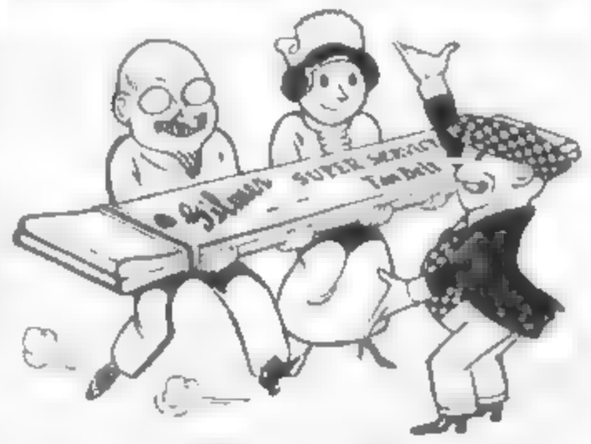
THERE were, of course, occasional misadventures. There was that terrible day, for instance, when Tish hung from a bridge by her hands, ready to drop to a train beneath, when through some mistake the train was switched to another track and our dear Letitia was left hanging, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. And that other day, of wretched memory, when on exploding the hillside to imprison the governor, a large stone flew up and struck Aggie violently in the mouth, dislodging her upper plate and almost strangling her.

There was, again, the time when the smugglers set fire to the building Tish was in, and the fire department did not receive its signal and failed to arrive until almost too late.

But in the main, things went very well. There were peaceful days when Aggie and I fed peanuts to the little studio elephant, Katie, and indeed became quite friendly with Katie, who dragged certain heavy articles about the lot and often roamed at will, her harness chains dangling. And there were hot days when we sought the shelter of the cool hangar which housed the smugglers' dirigible, or baby blimp as it was called, and where we had concealed several bottles of blackberry cordial against emergency.

At such times we frequently discussed what Aggie now termed the Macmanus mystery. For such it had become.

"He's not hanging around for any good purpose, Lizzie," Aggie frequently observed.

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"He's in Tish's picture somehow, and—I think he is a lover!"

We had not mentioned him to Tish, but on the next day after she took her parachute leap we learned that she had her own suspicions about him.

I may say here, before continuing with my narrative, that Tish's parachute experience was without accident, although not without incident. She was to leap with the bag of stage money she had captured in the air from the smugglers, and this she did. But a gust of wind caught her, and it was our painful experience to see her lifted on the gale and blown out of sight toward the mountains.

Several automobiles and the dirigible immediately started after her, but dusk fell and she had not returned to us. Even now I cannot picture those waiting hours without emotion. At one moment we visualized her sitting on some lonely mountain crag, and at another still floating on, perhaps indefinitely, a lonely bit of flotsam at the mercy of the elements.

At nine o'clock that night, however, she returned, slightly irritable but unhurt.

"For heaven's sake, Aggie," she said briskly, "stop sneezing and crying, and order me some supper. I've been sitting in a ranch house, with a nervous woman pointing a gun at me, for three hours."

It developed that she had landed in the country, and had untied the parachute and started with her valise full of stage money back toward the studio, but that she had stopped to ask for supper at a ranch, and the woman there had looked in the bag while Tish was washing, and had taken her for a bank robber.

"If she had ever looked away," Tish said, "I could have got the gun. But she was cross-eyed, and I don't know yet which eye she watched with."

As I have said, it was the next day that we learned that Tish herself had grown suspicious about Mr. Macmanus.

She sent for us to come to her dressing room, and when we appeared she said, "I want you both here for a few minutes. Light a cigarette, Hannah. Mr. Stein's coming."

To our horror Hannah produced a box of cigarettes and lighted one by holding it in the flame of a match. But we were relieved to find that Tish did not intend to smoke it. Hannah placed it in an ash tray on the table and left it there.

"Local color," Tish said laconically. "They think a woman's queer here if she doesn't smoke. Come in, Mr. Stein."

When Mr. Stein entered he was uneasy, we thought, but he wore his usual smile.

"Going like a breeze, Miss Carberry," he said.

"Yes," said Tish grimly. "And so am I!"

"What do you mean, going?" said Mr. Stein, slightly changing color. "You can't quit on us, Miss Carberry. We've spent a quarter of a million dollars already."

"And I've risked a million-dollar life."

"We've been carrying insurance on you."

"Oh, you have!" said Tish, and eyed him coldly. "I hope you've got Mr. Macmanus insured too."

"Just why Mr. Macmanus, Miss Carberry?"

"Because," Tish said with her usual candor, "I propose physical assault, and possibly murder, if he's brought on the set with me."

"Now see here," he said soothingly, "you're just tired, Miss Carberry. Ladies, how about a glass of that homemade TNT for Miss Tish? And a little all round?"

But when none of us moved he was forced to state his case, as he called it.

"You see, Miss Carberry," he said, "we've made the old girl pretty hard-boiled, so far. Now the public's going to want to see her softer side."

"As, for instance?"

"Well, something like this: The rancher who's been the secret head of the smugglers, he's a decent fellow at heart, see? Only got into it to pay the mortgage on the old home. Well, now, why not a bit of sentiment between you and him at the end? Nothing splashy, just a nice refined church and a kiss." When he saw Tish's face he went on, speaking very fast. "Not more than a four-foot kiss, if that. We've got to do it, Miss Carberry. I've been wiring our houses all over the country, and they're unanimous."

At Tish's firm refusal he grew almost tearful, saying he dared not fly in the face of tradition, and that he couldn't even book the picture if he did. But Tish merely rose majestically and opened the door.

"I warned you, Mr. Stein, I would have no sex stuff in this picture."

"Sex stuff!" he cried. "Good Lord, you don't call that sex stuff, do you?"

"I dare say you call it platonic friendship here," Tish said in her coldest tone. "But my agreement stands. Good afternoon."

He went out, muttering.

### VII

JUST what happened within a day or two to determine Tish's later course, I cannot say. We know that she had a long talk with Mr. Macmanus himself, and that he maintained that his intentions were of the most honorable—namely, to earn a small salary—and that his idea was that the final embrace could be limited to his kissing her hand.

"I have ventured so to suggest, madam," Hannah reported him as saying, "but they care nothing for art here. Nothing. They reduce everything to its physical plane, absolutely."

That our dear Tish was in a trap evidently became increasingly clear to her as the next few days passed. Nothing else would have forced her to the immediate course she pursued, and which resulted in such ignominious failure.

It was, I believe, a week after the interview with Mr. Stein, and with the picture drawing rapidly to a close, that Tish retired early one night and was inaccessible to us.

We were entirely unsuspicious, as the day had been a hard one, Tish having been washed from her horse while crossing a stream and having sunk twice before they stopped shooting the picture to rescue her.

Aggie, I remember, was remarking that after all Macmanus was a handsome man, and that some people wouldn't object to being embraced by him at a thousand dollars a week, when Hannah came bolting in.

"She's gone!" she cried.

"Gone? Who's gone?"

"Miss Tish. Her room's empty and I can't find her valise."

Only partially attired we rushed along the corridor. Hannah had been only too right. Our dear Tish had flown.

I did not then, nor do I now, admit that this flight, and the other which followed it, indicate any weakness in Letitia Carberry. The strongest characters must now and then face situations too strong for them and depart, as the poet says, "to fight another day."

I do, however, question the wisdom of her course, for it put her enemies on guard and involved us finally in most unhappy circumstances.

Be that as it may, we had closed Tish's door on its emptiness and were about to depart, when on turning she herself stood before us!

She said nothing. She simply passed on and into the room, traveling bag in hand, and closed and locked the door between us.

We believe now that her flight was not unexpected, and that her door and windows had been under surveillance. Certainly she was met at the station by Mr. Stein and his attorney and was forced to turn back, under threat of such legal penalties as we know not of. Certainly, too, she had closed that avenue of escape to further attempts, and knew it.

But from Tish herself we have until now had no confidences.

Some slight revenge she had, we know, the following day. As this portion of the picture has received very good notices, it may interest the reader to know under what circumstances it was taken.

I have mentioned the scene in the studio where the smugglers were banqueting, and Tish, followed by revenue officers, was to appear and, after a shot or two, force them to subjection. Aggie and I had been permitted to watch this, the crowning scene of the picture, and stood behind the camera. The musicians were playing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, and the rum runners were drinking cold tea in champagne glasses and getting very drunk over it, when Tish entered.

Aggie took one look at her and clutched my arm.

"I don't like her expression, Lizzie," she whispered. "She ——"

At that moment Tish fired, and the bandit who'd been standing gave a loud bellow. She had shot his wine glass out of his hand.

"Stop the camera!" the chief smuggler called in a loud voice. "She's crazy! She's got that gun loaded!"

(Continued on Page 117)

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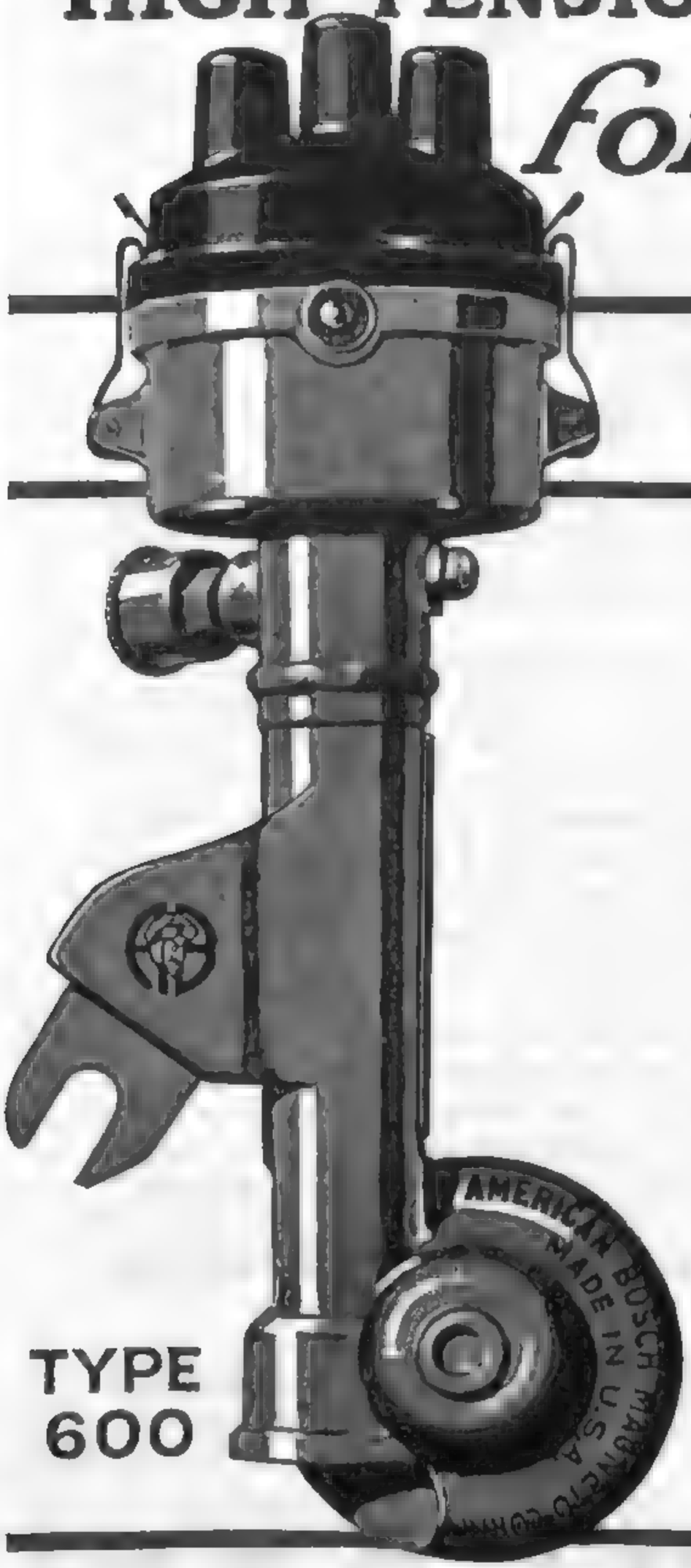


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(Continued from Page 114)

The director, however, seemed delighted, and called to the camera men to keep on grinding.

"Great stuff, Miss Carberry!" he yelled. "I didn't think anybody could put life in these wooden soldiers, but you have. Keep it up, only don't kill anyone. Hold it, everybody! Camera! Camera! Now shoot out the lights, Miss Carberry, and I'll think up something to follow while you're doing it."

I believe now that he referred to the candles on the table, but Tish either did not or would not understand. A second later there were two crashes of broken glass, and wild howls from the men with the arc lamps above, which lighted the scene. The stage was in semidarkness, and pieces of glass and metal and the most frightful language continued to drop from above. In the confusion all I could hear was the director muttering something about five hundred dollars gone to perdition, and the rush of the entire company from the stage.

It has been no surprise to me that this scene has made the great hit of the picture, the critics describing it as a classical study in fear. It was, indeed.

This small explosion of indignation had one good effect, however. Tish was almost her own self that night, recalling with a certain humor that a piece of one arc lamp had fallen down and had hit Mr. Macmanus on the head.

*VIII*

TISH is the most open and candid of women, and nothing so rouses her indignation as trickery. Had Mr. Stein not resorted to stratagem to compel her consent to the final scenes, I believe a compromise might have been effected.

It was his deliberate attempt to imprison Tish on the lot the night before those final shots which brought about the catastrophe. To pretend, as he does now, that he thought we had left at midnight does not absolve him.

The fact remains that after the final night shots, when Tish had her make-up off and we started to leave, we found that the gates were locked and the gatekeeper gone. What is more, there was a man across the street behind a tree box, watching the exit.

Tish called to him in an angry voice, but he pretended not to be there, and we finally turned away.

From the beginning Tish had recognized it as a trick, and she lost but little time in organizing herself for escape. A trial of the high fence which surrounded the lot, with Aggie on Tish's shoulders while Tish stood on a box, revealed three strands of heavy barbed wire. But, more than that, Aggie declared that there were guards here and there all around.

On receiving this information Tish stood for a moment in deep thought. She then instructed Aggie to go on to the balloon hangar and open the doors, while she and I gathered up her personal possessions and followed.

It is not our method to question Tish at such times; ours not to reason why, ours but to do and die. But I confess to a certain uneasiness. If she proposed to escape by means of the baby blimp, well and good. At the same time, it required a dozen men to haul the balloon out of its shed, and we were but three weak women. I believed that she had overlooked this, but, as usual, I underestimated her.

On reaching the hangar I found the door open, and I could see in the darkness the large balloon, with what appeared to be a smaller one beside it, a matter of surprise to me, as I knew of no other. But I could not see Aggie.

I entered as quietly as possible and advanced into the hangar.

"Aggie!" I called in a low tone. "Aggie! Where are you?"

There was a silence, then from somewhere above came a sneeze, followed by Aggie's voice, broken and trembling.

"On—on a r-r-rafter, Lizzie," she said.

I could not believe my ears and advanced towards the sound. Suddenly Aggie yelled, and at the same moment the smaller balloon lurched and came toward me.

"Run!" Aggie yelled. "Run. She's after you!"

Unfortunately, the warning came too late. Something reached out from the running balloon and caught me around the body, and the next moment, to my horror, I was lifted off the ground and thrust up into the timbers which supported the roof of the building. I am a heavy woman, and only by a desperate effort did I catch a rafter as the thing let go of me, and drew myself to safety. Aggie was somewhere close at hand, sobbing in the darkness.

It was a moment before I could speak. Then I managed to ask what had happened to me.

"It's Katie, Lizzie," Aggie said between sobs. "I think she must have found the blackberry cordial we left here, and it's gone to her head!"

Our position was very unfortunate, especially as time was important. Katie was merely playful, but on any attempt to move on our part she would trumpet loudly and reach up for us. Most annoying of all, she had taken a fancy to one of my shoes and kept reaching up and pulling at it.

"Let her have it, if it keeps her quiet," Aggie said tartly when I told her. "Give her anything she wants. Give her your bonnet. I never liked it, anyhow."

It was then after midnight, but fortunately it was very soon after that that we saw an electric flash and heard our dear Tish's voice.

"Aggie! Lizzie!" she called. And then she saw the elephant and advanced toward her

"Katie!" she said. "What are you doing here? I've been looking for you all over the lot!" She then turned the flash on Katie and beheld her swaying. "Shame on you," she said. "I believe you've been drinking."

"Don't reprove her; kill her," Aggie said suddenly from overhead, and Tish looked up.

"I thought so," she said rather sharply. "I cannot count on the faintest cooperation. I need two courageous hearts, and I find you roosting like frightened chickens on a beam. That elephant's harmless. She's only playing."

"I don't like the way she plays, then," I protested angrily. "If you do, play with her yourself."

But Tish had no time for irony. She simply picked up a piece of wood from the ground and hit Katie on the trunk with it.

"Now!" she said. "Bring them down, you shame to your sex. And be gentle. Remember you are not quite yourself."

Thanks to Tish's dominance over all types of inferior minds, Katie at once obeyed, and brought us down without difficulty.

Then she ambled unsteadily to a corner, and proceeded to empty another bottle of cordial we had concealed there.

I have always considered, in spite of its dénouement, that Tish's idea of using Katie to drag the blimp out of the shed was a brilliant one. Katie herself made no demur. She stood swaying gently while we harnessed her to the balloon and at the word she bent to her work. Tish was in the car, examining the controls at the time, and turning up what I believe are called the flippers, which direct its course away from Mother Earth.

But I have blamed her for her impatience in starting the engine before we had unfastened Katie's harness. Tish has a tendency now and then toward hasty action, which she always regrets later. There is this excuse for her, however: She had apparently no idea that the balloon would rise the moment the propeller reached a certain number of revolutions. But it did.

It seemed only a moment after we heard the engine start that I felt the car lifting from the earth, and in desperation flung myself into it, as Aggie did the same thing from the other side.

The next instant we were well above the ground, and from below there was coming a terrible trumpeting and squealing. We all looked over the side, and there beneath us was Katie, fastened to us by her harness and rising with us!

I shall never forget that moment. One and all, we are members of the Humane Society. And if Katie's ropes and straps gave way, she would certainly fall to a terrible death. Even Tish lost her sang-froid and, frantically starting the engine, endeavored to maneuver the thing to earth again. But anybody who has traveled in a blimp knows that it cannot be brought to earth again without outside aid.

Moreover, we were already outside the studio grounds, and traveling over roofs which Katie barely escaped. Indeed, from certain sounds, we had reason to believe that she was striking numerous chimneys, and I think now that this may account for the stories of a mysterious electric storm that night, which destroyed a half dozen chimneys in one block.

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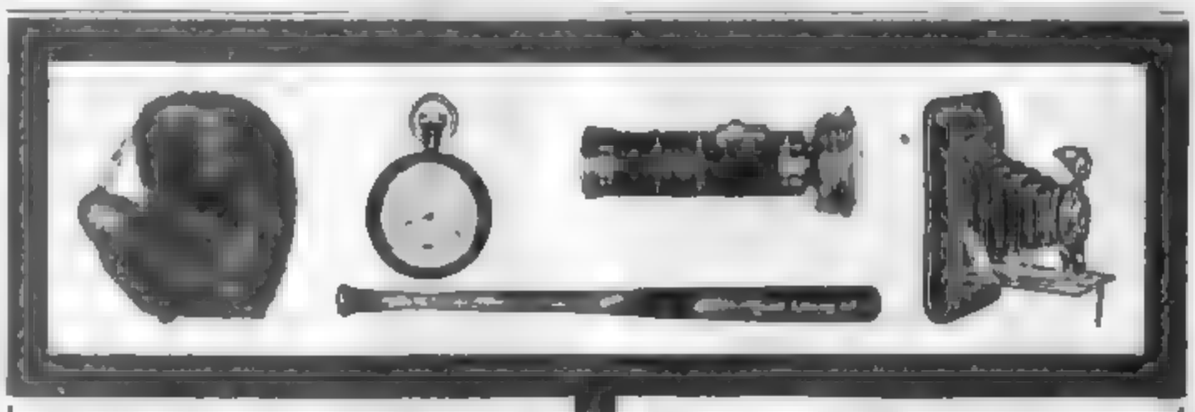

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It was a fortunate thing that Tish remembered in time to elevate the flippers still further, thus giving us a certain amount of leeway. But a strong breeze from the sea had sprung up and was carrying us toward the city, and it became increasingly evident that, even if we cleared the highest buildings, Katie would not.

It was a tragic moment. Aggie proposed lightening the craft by throwing out the bottles of liquor, which had been a part of the smugglers' cargo in the picture, but Tish restrained her.

"Better to kill an elephant," she said, "than to brain some harmless wretch below."

Katie meanwhile had lapsed into the silence of despair, or possibly had fainted. I do not know, nor is it now pertinent, for in a few moments the situation solved itself. We had barely missed the roof of the First National Bank Building when the blimp gave a terrific jar, and momentarily stopped.

On looking over the side the cause of this was explained. Katie had landed squarely on the flat roof of the building, and had immediately thrown her trunk around a chimney and braced herself. Even as we looked, her harness parted and left her free of us.

Katie was saved.

Glancing again over the side as we quickly rose, we could see her in the moonlight still hugging her chimney and gazing after us. What thoughts were hers we cannot know.

I am glad to solve in this manner a problem which had caused much perplexity throughout the country—namely, how an elephant could have reached the roof of the First National Bank Building, to which the only possible entrance was through a trapdoor two feet six inches each way. As will be seen, the explanation, like that of many mysteries, is entirely simple.

It is necessary to touch but lightly on the unfortunate incident which concluded our escape. That the apparently friendly villagers who, the next morning, ran out from their peaceful businesses to haul on our ropes and bring us to a landing, should so change in attitude in a few moments has ever since been a warning to us of the innate suspicion of human nature.

How could they look at Tish's firm and noble face, and so misread it? Why did they not at once open the smugglers' rum cargo which had remained in the car, and discover that the liquid in the bottles was only cold tea?

Can it be possible that Charlie Sands' explanation is correct, and that the fact that many of them purchased the stuff from the sheriff and later threatened to lynch him, can account for his peculiar malignity to us?

One thing is certain—they held us in the local jail for days, until Charlie Sands was able to rescue us.

We never saw Mr. Stein again. Nor, frankly, did we ever expect to see Tish's picture, since she had not finished it. But, as all the world now knows, it opened in June of this current year, and made a great success.

But our surprise at this was as nothing compared with the fact that Tish's name did not appear in connection with it, and that the announcements read: "Featuring Miss Betty Carlisle."

There had been no Miss Carlisle in Tish's cast.

On the opening night we went to see it, accompanied by Charlie Sands. He said very little while watching Tish perform her various exploits, but when, after the shooting scene, Tish prepared to depart he protested.

"I've stood it up to this point," he said grimly. "I propose to see it through."

"There will be no more, Charles," Tish explained in an indulgent manner. "I quit at the end of this scene. Be glad of one picture which does not end with an embrace."

But she had spoken too soon!

Judge of our amazement when we saw our Tish, on the screen, disappear through a doorway, and return a moment later, a young and beautiful girl, who was at once clasped in Mr. Macmanus' arms.

The title was: Her Elderly Disguise at Last Removed!

*Always in Glass Bottles*

New-Skin is always put up in glass—never in tin tubes. Be sure to get the genuine.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

***(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)***



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**A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS** must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

# Play Fair with the Youngsters

THERE they go trudging off to school with shining morning faces—books tucked under arms—your greatest treasures—our country's Future Citizens! What a wonderful privilege to have these little lives in your keeping.

Do you love them enough—these children of yours? Are you going to play fair with them? Are you going to make sure that they are physically able to stand the strain of the school year?

Just because they have rosy cheeks and bright eyes, don't make the common mistake of taking it for granted that your youngsters must be perfectly well. What do *you* know about eyes, throats, ears, teeth, lungs, hearts, posture, etc.?

Wherever tests have been made, records usually show that the boys and girls who are backward in their studies are suffering from some physical defect which, if taken in time, could be easily corrected. They aren't *dull*—they're *sick*.

These helpless little children are dependent upon you to save them from the lifelong unhappy consequences of neglected health and neglected education. Do not let sickness keep your boys and girls from getting the education they will need in future years.

## *Health Examinations in Schools*

Splendid work is being done in some places in advising parents as to what is the *real* trouble with their children. Many little lives have been saved through free health examinations in schools.

© PIRIE MAC DONALD

### *And He was a Sickly Child!*

**Can you imagine that the Theodore Roosevelt you have always known—the man of indomitable strength—the tireless reader and doer and thinker—was a delicate, fragile child?**

**Some parents might have sighed over the fact that little Teddy was so sickly and let it go at that. Instead, Theodore Roosevelt's parents gave him the special care and attention that he needed and he grew strong and well. Theodore Roosevelt, famous President of the United States, student and naturalist, intrepid hunter and explorer, athlete, leader of men, might have been a useless bit of driftwood in the stream of life had his parents been less wise. They built his body first. His schooling followed.**

**In writing of his delicate boyhood, Theodore Roosevelt said, "The recollection of my experience gives me a keen sympathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical cause of deficiency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious or stupid."**

The teachers and committees responsible for this work need all the help and cooperation you can give them. Formerly, a good many honest thinking people held the idea that health was purely a personal matter—to be dealt with at home. It is *not*. The health of the children in your schools concerns *every one* in your community. You know the danger of everybody's business being nobody's business. It is *your* job to do your part.

## *Things You Can Do*

Make sure that *your* children are in fit condition to go back to school. There are four things at least to do immediately.

**1. *Eyes.*** Children who cannot see clearly are under a constant nervous strain which is bound to affect their health. Have your children's eyes examined by a competent eye specialist.

**2. *Throats.*** Have your children examined for adenoids and diseased tonsils. Total deafness and many serious illnesses often come from neglecting this danger zone.

**3. *Ears.*** Thousands of children are thought dull in school because they cannot hear distinctly. If anything is wrong with your child's hearing consult a specialist.

**4. *Teeth.*** Much sickness comes from decayed teeth. Physicians say that poison may be carried in the blood from the tooth to other parts of the body. Take your children to a dentist. Teach them the necessity of brushing the teeth thoroughly—night and morning.

Send your boys and girls back to school this fall as healthy as possible. The day is not far off when these youngsters of ours will be the backbone of the Nation—*make them strong!*

Dr. S. Josephine Baker, former Director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of New York City, states that "approximately 35% of the children of school age have one or more physical abnormalities:" and she adds that this condition is "universal".

There is a remarkable uniformity in various communities as to the percentage of the physical defects that are found each year.

According to the law of averages, 35% of the school children in your own town or city are suffering from some disability which, if not corrected, will hold them back in their studies. Where tests have been made results prove that an immediate gain in weight and height follows the correction of physical defects.

It is most important that health examinations be made regularly in the public schools for the sake of those children who could not otherwise be taken care of.

In many cities this work is first undertaken by a group of benevolent, public-spirited men and women who through private donations have supported a program of medical examinations and free clinics in the public schools. The work is usually taken over later by the city and an appropriation voted to cover necessary expenses. That may be the way in which the work can best be begun in your community.

Important as it is to safeguard the health of school children, the best time for preventive work is in pre-school days—from babyhood to six years. Just as the best time to take care of the health of the baby is before it is born, so the best time to take care of the school child is before it enters school, rather than after.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published three booklets on the care of children which it will be glad to send you—"Care of the Teeth", "Tonsils and Adenoids" and "Eyesight and Health". You will find them helpful.

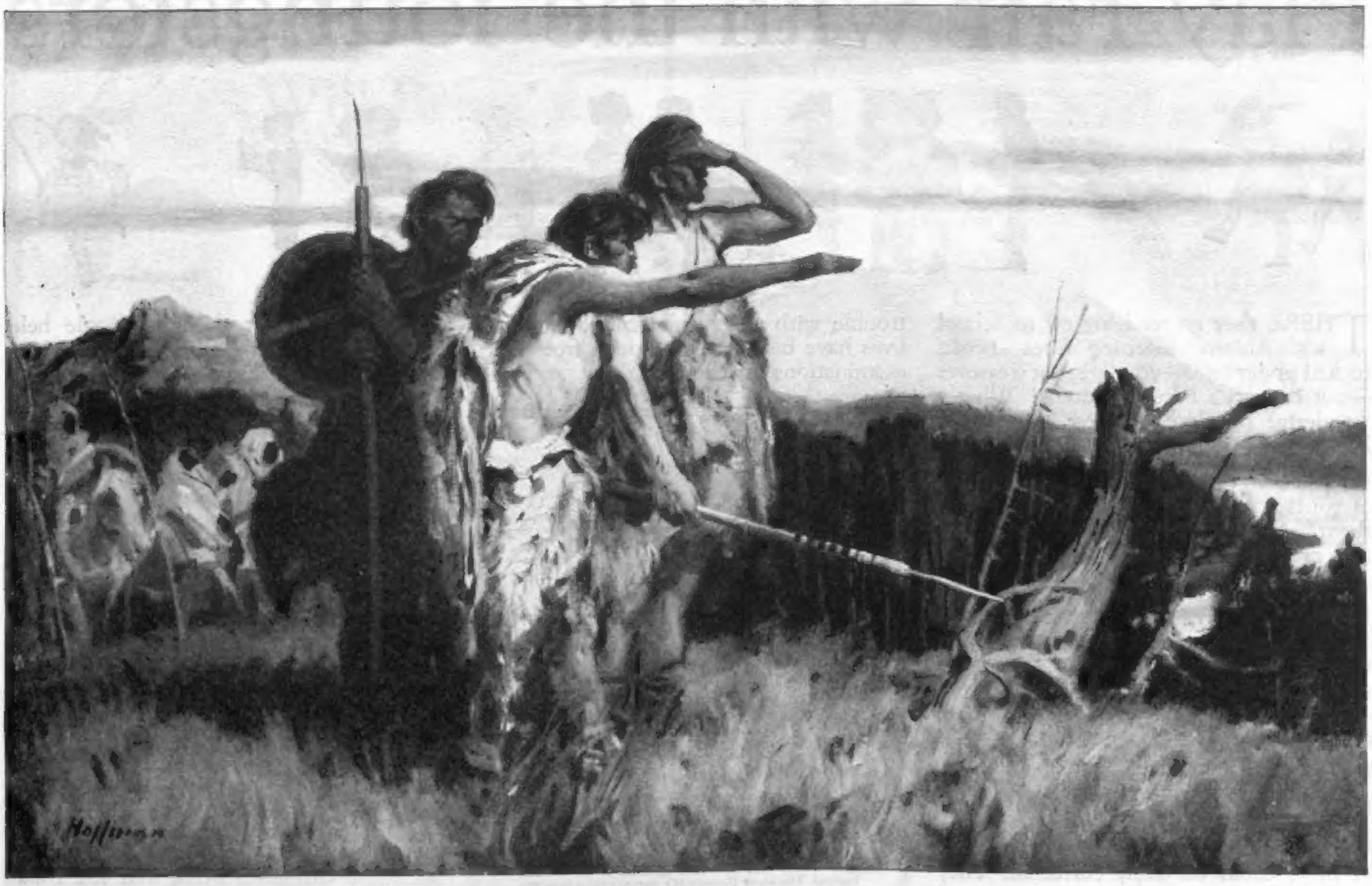
HALEY FISKE, *President.*

*Published by*

# METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

*Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year*

"FOR WE LIVE BY HOPE AND BY DESIRE..."—*WILLIAM WORDSWORTH*




# THE QUEST OF HEART'S DESIRE

Man forever seeks the rainbow's end.

—The Aryans rumbling across the face of the world in their primitive wagons;

—Moses leading his people to the Promised Land;

—The Pilgrims sailing out from Plymouth Harbor for a home across the seas.

All of these have gone upon man's ancient quest for happiness. It is the quest of all of us—some to win to "Heart's Desire" . . . some to fail.

* * *

It is this age-old urge that has brought and is bringing new thousands into the Pacific Northwest year by year.

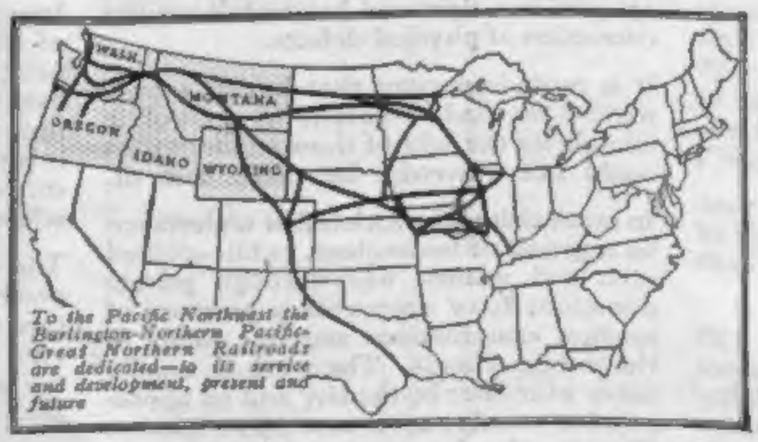
Some few, of course, have failed to find contentment. But millions more have found life brimming. Millions have discovered here a homeland where there is a joy in mere existence. Assuredly, you too will find it so.

You too will find a glorious climate, tempered in the eastern sections by the warm Chinook winds; in the west by the Japan current, so that roses bloom the year around. A land of brilliant sunshine, with nights that are always cool. A climate, in fine, for hard work, hard play and a gusto for the gifts of life.

And you will find health. The mortality rate in the Pacific Northwest is lower than for any other similar group of states. The infant mortality is especially low.

You and your children will know the out-of-doors—a wonderful out-of-doors of inspiring mountains, virgin woods, lakes and streams and wild-flowers. It will be around you always, easily and quickly reached.

In the splendid, clean, thoroughly modern and thoroughly American cities—with their fine churches, schools, colleges, and centers of social life; in the thriving, pleasant towns and villages; on the farms and great ranches—everywhere throughout the Pacific Northwest you will meet with people who are happy at their work, people who play with enthusiasm, people who seem to have absorbed some of the fineness, the beauty and largeness of the land in which they live.




*To the Pacific Northwest the Burlington-Northern Pacific-Great Northern Railroads are dedicated—to its service and development, present and future*

* * *

There are today some three and a half million of these people. They have room for as many neighbors more.

Here, where life is richer and fuller, there is room for you. Here, in a homeland where new thousands every year are learning how to really *live*, in a land dedicated to equal opportunity and a man's chance for every man, there is a place for you. You owe it to yourself and yours to learn about it further.

***Write for interesting booklet, "There Is a Happy Land"***

Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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Cucumber Server
HERALDIC PATTERN

## *The guest with a package*

Alice arrived before most of the others and turned quickly into the dining-room.

"Here they are," she whispered, "a half-dozen of each —salad forks, ice cream forks and iced tea spoons. I'm awfully glad to bring them."

Alice certainly was a jewel, never seeming to mind if the invitation to her included her silverware, too. But it was irritating not to have enough silverware of one's own—especially pieces that were needed so often!

# Is your silverware equal to the entertaining you do?

IN planning a tea or a dinner, have you silverware enough for the number of guests you wish to invite? And does that silverware, in beauty and suitability, make entertaining easier for you and pleasanter for your guests?

Sometimes, no doubt, you are forced to use table settings that do not match, or to borrow many pieces. You have delayed the purchase of new silverware because you fear the expense. But you need not!

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate, the cost of providing the half-dozens or dozens of things and the serving pieces you need will not be great. The cucumber server, for instance, in the distinctive Heraldic pattern, or in any other, costs only $3.25. Other pieces are priced as reasonably.

Remember that "1847 Rogers Bros." is the kind of silverware you will delight to use. Its beauty, durability and guarantee are unsurpassed. For three-quarters of a century the most fastidious hostesses have approved it without reservation.

And "1847 Rogers Bros." comes in all the refinements of the well-set table—salad forks, iced tea spoons, ice cream forks and coffee spoons. Purchase to-day the pieces you need most. On a later occasion, should you wish, you can add to your 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Leading dealers always have the newer patterns in stock.

*Our booklet H-90, "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," has been written as a guide to the sensible purchasing of silverware for families of various sizes. Its conservative estimates are based upon actual experience. You will find it very helpful. May we send you a copy?*

*International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.*

HERALDIC BOWL AND VASE

*To match the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns there are many practical pieces, like vegetable dishes and platters, and decorative pieces, like candlesticks and flower baskets. All are superbly made and will stand the rigors of everyday use.*

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

# Three new Victrola models

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Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250 Electric, $290

Victrola No. 410
Mahogany, $300 Electric, $340

The three new Victrola models illustrated herewith incorporate Victrola musical quality in cabinets reflecting all the skill of the master designers of other generations—a perfect combination of art and utility with moderate cost, resulting from our unequalled facilities and long experience.

Fully equipped with albums, Victrola No. 2 sound-box, new improved Victor tapering tone-arm and goose-neck sound-box tube, full-floating amplifier, speed indicator and the simple, reliable Victor motor.

Built entirely in the Victor factories, which are the largest devoted entirely to the production of one musical product.

In buying a talking-machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

# A selected list of Victor Records illustrating Victor quality

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|---|---|---|---|
| Lucia—Sextet | Galli-Curci, Egener, Caruso, de Luca, Journet, Bada | 95212 | $3.50 |
| Berceuse from Jocelyn | McCormack and Kreisler | 89106 | 2.00 |
| Elégie—Mélodie | Caruso and Elman | 89066 | 2.00 |
| Song of the Volga Boatmen | Chaliapin | 88663 | 1.75 |
| Whispering Hope | Gluck and Homer | 87524 | 1.50 |
| Ave Maria (Schubert) | Heifetz | 74563 | 1.75 |
| Minuet in G (Paderewski) | Paderewski | 74533 | 1.75 |
| La Capinera (The Wren) | Galli-Curci | 64792 | 1.25 |
| Traviata—Prelude<br>Waltz of the Flowers | Victor Symphony Orchestra | 35717 | 1.25 |
| National Emblem March<br>Lights Out March | U. S. Marine Band<br>Arthur Pryor's Band | 18498 | .75 |

# Victrola

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Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks.

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